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OHIO.

From **HON. ANSON SMYTH,** *late State Supt. of Public Instruction, Ohio*

McGuffey's *Old* Eclectic Readers I esteemed as among the *very best* works of the kind; but the *New* are certainly a decided improvement upon the Old. I know of no others which I could more earnestly and honestly indorse.

I have examined with care the new editions of Ray's Arithmetics, and am greatly pleased with them. The Primary is certainly a very decided improvement: I have seen *none* so well adapted for a text-book in the elements of Mental Arithmetic. The Intellectual is an *admirable* work. The importance of Mental Arithmetic is now generally appreciated; and I know of no work that embodies so systematic, complete, and thorough a course in this useful branch of study. Ray's Practical Arithmetic *needs* no praise. It is its own commendation.

Pinneo's Series of Grammars I esteem as among the *best* text-books extant, for guiding the learner to a knowledge of the correct use of our language. The definitions are clear and exact; the rules are simple and comprehensive; and the whole plan and arrangement well adapted to achieve their purpose.

INDIANA.

From **HON. M. J. FLETCHER,** *former State Supt. Public Instruction, Ind.*

The public sentiment, as expressed in Indiana by the almost universal use of the Eclectic Educational Series of School Books, embracing McGuffey's New Series of Readers and Speller, Ray's Series of Arithmetics and Algebras, and Pinneo's Series of Grammars, was sufficient in itself to induce the State Board of Education to adopt them.

In addition to this, by careful examination, I am well satisfied that their true intrinsic and relative merit entitles them to such recommendation. They are printed on good, firm, substantial white paper, are durably bound, and of unrivaled cheapness.

ILLINOIS.

From **HON. N. BATEMAN,** *State Supt. of Public Instruction, Illinois.*

No series of books has *ever* obtained as many voices of approval from teachers as McGuffey's Eclectic Readers. Certainly no other Series has been so popular throughout the West. We unhesitatingly say that *we know of no better books*, and should not take the trouble to look for any. The printing is beautiful, the paper very fine, and the binding good: and McGuffey's Readers are proverbially *cheap*.

RAY'S ARITHMETICS have deservedly shared in the popularity of the Eclectic Series. The HIGHER ARITHMETIC is better than any other that we know to be used in this country. RAY'S ALGEBRAS are clear, full, and comprehensive. We advise all who wish to arrange a course of studies, including Algebra, to examine these before choosing.

* * *

MINNESOTA.

From **HON. B. F. CRARY,** *former State Supt. of Public Instruction, Minn.*

I have examined McGUFFEY'S NEW ECLECTIC READERS, and have no hesitation in saying that they are *superior* to any similar text-books that have come under my observation. The standard of morals and taste in the Readers is very high, and in their LOW PRICE, and beautiful printing and binding, they distance all competition. I rejoice that a *Western House* has been able to meet the increasing wants of the West in this great field.

* * *

IOWA.

From **HON. ORAN FAVILLE,** *State Supt. of Public Instruction, Iowa.*

Having recently reëxamined the ECLECTIC SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS, I am fully confirmed in the opinion that they are *the best* Series, on the whole, now in use in the West. Their remarkable popularity, and the continued attachment manifested for them by practical Educators, give evidence both of their intrinsic worth, and of their adaptation to the place designed for them.

Without specifying further, I will say that McGUFFEY'S NEW ECLECTIC SERIES OF READERS, SPELLER, and PRIMARY SCHOOL CHARTS, PINNEO'S SERIES OF GRAMMARS, and RAY'S SERIES OF ARITHMETICS and ALGEBRAS, are *unsurpassed* by any similar Series with which I am acquainted. I therefore recommend their continued use in our State.

* * *

MISSOURI.

From **HON. W. B. STARKE,** *former State Supt. of Public Instruction, Mo.*

I have taken much pains to ascertain what are the most approved text-books throughout the country, and after free consultation with leading teachers from different sections of the State, and with their hearty sanction of this course, I recommend the following list of books to be used in the Common Schools of Missouri: McGUFFEY'S NEW SERIES OF READERS, SPEAKERS, and SPELLER, PINNEO'S SERIES OF GRAMMARS, and RAY'S SERIES OF ARITHMETICS and ALGEBRAS.

WISCONSIN.

From **HON. J. L. PICKARD,** *State Supt. of Public Instruction, Wis.*

The books I have recommended below, [McGUFFEY'S NEW READERS, RAY'S ARITHMETICS, PINNEO'S GRAMMAR, and WHITE'S CLASS-BOOK OF GEOGRAPHY,] are such as commend themselves to my judgment. I would advise their adoption in all schools where no uniformity at present exists.

* * *

KANSAS.

From **HON. WM. R. GRIFFITH,** *State Supt. of Public Instruction, Kan.*

I recommend McGUFFEY'S NEW ECLECTIC SERIES OF READERS, SPEAKERS, and SPELLER, and RAY'S SERIES OF ARITHMETICS and ALGEBRAS to the favorable consideration of the Teachers of our Public Schools. These works possess *real merit*, and I trust they will be approved by the citizens of the State generally. I have spent a week in examining McGuffey's Series, and *I most heartily commend them.*

I have also, after careful examination, concluded to recommend PINNEO'S SERIES OF GRAMMARS. I have endeavored to examine the most popular works on the subject of Grammar, as a teacher rather than as a critic, and, in so doing, have been *compelled* to give my preference to Pinneo's. The early introduction of *analysis*, and the abundant *blackboard exercises* provided, make Pinneo's Grammars *very practical works.*

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

From **Rev. BISHOP CLARK, D. D.,** *formerly Editor of the Ladies' Repository.*

I have had frequent occasion, during the past few years, to examine and reëxamine the ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES. Taken as a whole, they are unquestionably the best issued by any house in America. The popularity enjoyed by the ECLECTIC SERIES rests upon the substantial basis of merit.

* * *

From **I. W. ANDREWS, D. D.,** *President of Marietta College.*

I have examined carefully McGUFFEY'S ECLECTIC READERS, and am prepared to speak of them in terms of *unqualified* commendation. They appear to me to combine more excellences than any other readers with which I am acquainted.

The favorable opinion I had formed of them from examination has been confirmed by the use of them in my own family. I was really charmed with them, and so were my children. I do not believe better books for this purpose were ever prepared: *I have never seen any as good*

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PREFACE.

The Exercises in this volume are from a great variety of the very best sources of American and English literature. They have been selected with reference to purity of sentiment, beauty of style, real eloquence, interest and instructiveness of matter, and, *especially*, their adaptation to instruction in *declamation* and *reading*.

The peculiarities of this work are the following.

1. *Every* exercise may be appropriately used *both* for *reading* and *speaking*.

2. The exercises are *very short*. A great fault of most books of this kind is, that the extracts are too long for declamation, and the judgment and patience of the teacher much taxed in modifying them.

3. Many of the speeches and dialogues are so prepared, and arranged in a connected series, that either one of them may be spoken *alone*, or *any number* of them *in connection*, thus leaving it at the option of the teacher to make the exercise long or short.

4. Prefixed to all the exercises which need it, is such explanation of the matter, or of the circumstances connected with the subject, or such information with regard to the author, as will render the extract intelligible and interesting. Learners are too often required to declaim what they do not understand.

5. The Elementary Principles of reading and speaking are very fully explained and illustrated. The directions and exercises, especially on the management and culture of the voice, and the remarks on gesture, all of which are particularly important to the speaker, have been prepared with great care, and are in accordance with the best American and English authors.

6. A highly elevated tone of religious and moral sentiment has been carefully secured throughout. This is esteemed especially important,

although many popular school books contain matter very objectionable in this respect.

7. Great liberty has been taken with the exercises introduced into this book. This was found necessary, in order to adapt them to the purpose for which they are here designed. Many articles have been entirely remodeled, and, to a considerable extent, rewritten. This has required much labor and thought, and renders them properly *copy right property.* For this reason, the credits are expressed as "*from*" the author named.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

THE art of speaking well, requires attention to the following subjects:

ARTICULATION,
INFLECTION,
EMPHASIS,
THE VOICE, its management,
THE VOICE, its culture,
GESTURE.

I. ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the formation of sounds by the organs of speech.

To secure a correct and distinct articulation of words, the following faults must be carefully avoided:

I. DROPPING A VOWEL.

Incorrect.	*Correct.*	*Incorrect.*	*Correct.*
des-t'ny	des-t*i*-ny.	reg'lar	reg-*u*-lar.
col'ny	col-*o*-ny.	fem'ral	fem-*o*-ral.
eb'ny	eb-*o*-ny.	man'fold	man-*i*-fold.
crit'cism	crit-*i*-cism.	prob'ble	prob-*a*-ble.

II. SOUNDING A VOWEL INCORRECTLY.

Incorrect.	*Correct.*	*Incorrect.*	*Correct.*
ob-st*u*n-*i*t	ob-st*i*-n*a*te.	fel-*er*-ny	fel-*o*-ny.
*u*v-ent	*e*-vent.	cir-k*i*-late	cir-c*u*-late.
ter-r*u*b-ble	ter-r*i*-ble.	reg-*i*-late	reg-*u*-late.
judg-m*u*nt	judg-ment.	treat-m*u*nt	treat-ment.
pil-l*er*	pil-l*ow*.	tem-per-*u*nce	tem-per-*a*nce.

III. OMITTING A CONSONANT.

Incorrect.	*Correct.*
He an' his brother.	He an*d* his brother.
The severes' storm.	The severes*t* storm.
Singin', talkin', shoutin'.	Singin*g*, talkin*g*, shoutin*g*.
They cas' the mas' down.	They cas*t* the mas*ts* down.

IV. MISPRONOUNCING SYLLABLES.

Incorrect.	*Correct.*
mis´-*rur*-ble	mis´-*er-a*-ble.
nes´-sa-ry	ne´-*ces*-sa-ry.
tol´-*rer*-ble	tol´-*er-a*-ble.
co-tem´-p'r'y	co-tem´-p*o*-*ra*-ry.

V. BLENDING WORDS TOGETHER.

Incorrect.	*Correct.*
He wen *t*on.	He wen*t* on.
For man *s*illusion given.	For man'*s* illusion given.
With fortitu *d*resigned.	With fortitu*d*e resigned.
Bri *t*as the summer.	Brigh*t* as the summer.

Practice is the only thing necessary to insure a correct and distinct articulation, except in those very few cases in which there is a defect in the organs of speech. But this practice must be judicious, faithful, and perseveringly continued.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRACTICE.

I. Let the learner practice upon the vowels by pronouncing the word, and then the vowel *sound*.

$\overset{1}{\text{mate}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{a}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{met}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{e}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{not}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{o}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{rub}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{u}}$
$\overset{2}{\text{mat}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{a}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{her}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{e}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{nor}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{o}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{fur}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{u}}$
$\overset{3}{\text{far}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{a}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{fine}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{i}}$	$\overset{4}{\text{wolf}}$	$\overset{4}{\text{o}}$	$\overset{4}{\text{pull}}$	$\overset{4}{\text{u}}$
$\overset{4}{\text{fall}}$	$\overset{4}{\text{a}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{fin}}$	$\overset{2}{\text{i}}$	$\overset{5}{\text{move}}$	$\overset{5}{\text{o}}$	oi	boy
$\overset{5}{\text{was}}$	$\overset{5}{\text{a}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{sir}}$	$\overset{3}{\text{i}}$	$\overset{6}{\text{dove}}$	$\overset{6}{\text{o}}$	ou	now
$\overset{1}{\text{me}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{e}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{note}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{o}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{rude}}$	$\overset{1}{\text{u}}$	y same as i	

☞ For very extensive exercises on these sounds, see McGuffey's New Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Eclectic Readers.

II. Let the learner practice upon the consonant sounds, single and combined, pronouncing first the word, and then the consonant element.

WORD.	ELEMENTS.	WORD.	ELEMENTS.	WORD.	ELEMENTS.
bib	b.	paddle	dl.	mix	ks.
did	d.	paddles	dlz.	mixt	kst.
fife	f.	paddlest	dlst.	sect	kt.
gig	g.	paddled	dld.	sects	kts.
he	h.	drop	dr.	queen	kw.
jo	j.	bids	dz.	fold	ld.
kick	k.	bidst	dst.	folds	ldz.
lull	l.	muffle	fl.	fold'st	ldst.
mum	m.	muffles	flz.	gulf	lf.
nun	n.	muffled	fld.	gulfs	lfs.
pop	p.	muffledst	fldst.	tills	lz.
row	r.	from	fr.	tillst	lst.
sit	s.	pufs	fs.	hilt	lt.
tat	t.	pufst	fst.	hilts	lts.
van	v.	sift	ft.	hem'd	md.
web	w.	sifts	fts.	hem'dst	mdst.
yet	y.	siftst	ftst.	nymph	mf.
zag	z.	joggle	gl.	nymphs	mfs.
zha	zh.	joggles	glz.	hems	mz.
sha	sh.	jogglest	glst.	hemst	mst.
chin	ch.	joggled	gld.	send	nd.
the	th.	joggledst	gldst.	sends	ndz.
thin	th.	digs	gz.	sendst	ndst.
hang	ng.	digst	gst.	kindl'	ndl.
brim	br.	digg'd	gd.	kindl's	ndlz.
blab	bl.	digg'dst	gdst.	kindl'st	ndlst.
babbles	blz.	grim	gr.	kindl'd	ndld.
babblest	blst.	wedg'd	jd.	kind'ldst	ndldst.
babbled	bld.	clip	kl.	ranks	nks.
babbledst	bldst.	tackl's	klz.	rankst	nkst.
dubs	bz.	tackl'st	klst.	rank'd	nkd.
dubst	bst.	tackl'd	kld.	rank'dst	nkdst.
robd	bd.	tackl'd'st	kldst.	flinch	nch.
robdst	bdst.	crop	kr.	flinch'd	nchd.

WORD.	ELEMENTS.	WORD.	ELEMENTS.	WORD.	ELEMENTS.
change	nj.	darts	rts.	bang'd	ngd.
chang'd	njd.	dartst	rtst.	bangdst	ngdst.
rings	ngz.	parch	rch.	thinks	nks.
ring'd	ngd.	parch'd	rchd.	thinkst	nkst.
runs	nz.	scan	sk.	rank'd	nkd.
runst	nst.	asks	sks.	rankdst	nkdst.
rent	nt.	ask'd	skd.	width	dth.
rents	ntz.	askst	skst.	widths	dths.
plan	pl.	ask'dst	skdst.	bulge	lj.
print	pr.	lisp	sp.	bulg'd	ljd.
sept	pt.	lisps	sps.	bulb	lb.
septs	pts.	lisp'd	spd.	bulbs	lbz.
cord	rd.	fist	st.	milk	lk.
cords	rdz.	fists	sts.	milks	lks.
cordst	rdst.	sweet	sw.	milkst	lkst.
hark	rk.	strut	str.	milk'd	lkd.
harks	rks.	bottl'	tl.	milk'dst	lkdst.
harkst	rkst.	bottles	tlz.	helm	lm.
hark'd	rkd.	bottlest	tlst.	helms	lmz.
hark'dst	rkdst.	bottl'd	tld.	help	lp.
hurl	rl.	bottl'dst	tldst.	helps	lps.
hurls	rlz.	hits	ts.	helpst	lpst.
hurlst	rlst.	hitst	tst.	help'd	lpd.
hurl'd	rld.	try	tr.	help'dst	lpdst.
hurl'dst	rldst.	twelve	tw.	valve	lv.
urge	rj.	prism	zm.	valves	lvz.
urg'd	rjd.	puzzl'	zl.	health	lth.
harm	rm.	puzzles	zlz.	healths	lths.
harms	rmz.	puzzlest	zlzst.	filch	lch.
harmst	rmst.	puzzl'd	zld.	filch'd	lchd.
harm'd	rmd.	puzzl'dst	zldst.	turf	rf.
harm'dst	rmdst.	shrink	shr.	turfs	rfs.
burn	rn.	sooth'd	thd.	turfst	rfst.
burns	rnz.	soothes	thz.	turf'd	rfd.
burnst	rnst.	sooth'st	thzt.	turf'dst	rfdst.
burn'd	rnd.	sings	ngz.	throb	thr.
burn'dst	rndst.	singst	ngst.	thwack	thw.

III. Let the learner practice upon words and sentences containing difficult sounds or combinations.

EXAMPLES.

*Thrift*y, blo*tch'd*, mi*lk'd*, pro*b'dst*, be*gg'dst*. Plu*ck'dst*, boa*st'st*, wron*g'dst*, *prostr*ate, hu*sh'dst*. Thou spli*tt'st* the unwe*dg*ea*bl*e and g*narl*ed oak.

When Ajax *strives* *s*ome ro*cks* va*st* weight to *thr*ow. Up the *h*igh *h*ill *h*e *h*eaves a *h*uge rou*nd* *st*one. The bat*tl*e la*sts* *st*ill. The ho*sts* *st*ill *st*ood.

He could pay *no* one. He could pai*n* *no* one. His cry *m*oved me. His cri*m*e *m*oved me. Waste*s* and deserts. Waste *s*and deserts.

An*d* gleamin*g*, an*d* streamin*g*, an*d* steamin*g*, an*d* beamin*g*. An*d* curlin*g*, an*d* whirlin*g*, an*d* purlin*g*, an*d* twirlin*g*. Advancin*g*, an*d* dancin*g*, an*d* prancin*g*, an*d* glancin*g*.

Delayin*g*, an*d* strayin*g*, an*d* playin*g*, an*d* sprayin*g*. Lucubration, lugubrious, incalculably, disinterestedly. Apocrypha, agricultural, astrological, chronological.

He gave *h*im good advice which *h*e did not *h*eed. He came at las*t* *t*oo la*t*e *t*o be of any se*r*vice. The magistra*tes* *st*ood on an elevated platform.

A good *d*eal of disturbance *s*eem*d* abou*t* *t*o follow. No one dare*d* *d*o wha*t* ough*t* *t*o have been done. Co-extensively, necessarily, ordinarily, apologetic.

Apocalyptic, congratulatory, expostulatory, ecclesiastical. Spirituality, compatibility, dietetically, authoritatively. Annihilation, colloquially, collaterally, appropriate.

A thousan*d* *shr*ieks for hopele*ss* mercy call. The a*ct* more than all other a*cts* laid the ax at the root. Then ru*stl*in*g*, *cr*a*ckl*ing, *cr*a*sh*ing thunder down.

Thou ha*st* not a*sk*ed riches, or wea*lth*, or honor. Thou ha*st* not a*sk*ed long life, but ha*st* a*sk*ed wisdom. The magistrate*s* ought to prove the charge.

The magistrate*s* *s*ought to prove the charge. On both sides a*n* ocean exi*sts*. On both sides a *n*otion exi*sts*.

He propose*d* an amicable a*djustment*. The ceremoniousness of his incommunicability is inexplicable. Most hypocritical was the counter-revolutionary movement.

His extraordinary untractableness shows no disinterestedness. I never saw such a saw as this saw to saw with. I say that, *that* that that man said is not that that I said.

When a twister atwisting would twist him a twist. For twisting a twist three twists he entwists. If one of the twists untwists from the twist. The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

Robert Rolly rolled a round roll round. A round roll Robert Rolly rolled round, round. Where rolled the round roll Rolly rolled round?

Questions.—To what subjects does the art of speaking well require attention? What is articulation? What fault must be avoided 1st? 2d? 3d? 4th? 5th? (Give examples under each.) What is necessary to insure a good articulation? What method of practice is recommended 1st? 2d? 3d? (Give examples under each.)

II. INFLECTION.

Inflection is an *upward* or *downward* slide of the voice.

The *rising* inflection is an *upward* slide, and is denoted by the acute accent, thus, (´): as,

Has he gone´?
Will you come´?

The *falling* inflection is a downward slide, and is denoted by the grave accent, thus, (\`); as,

Where will you go\`?
What has happened\`?

The *circumflex* is the union of the two slides on the same syllable, and is marked thus, (⌣), where the voice commences with the falling and ends with the rising inflection; or thus, (⌢), where the order is reversed; as,

They require ûs to be frŭgal,
While thĕy revel in lûxury.

A monotone is the utterance of successive syllables in one unvaried key, and is denoted thus, (–); as,

Bē rēady, Gōds, wīth āll yōur thūnder-bolts.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

Shall we stayˊ, or goˋ?
Do you say yesˊ, or noˋ?

Is he an enemyˊ, or a friendˋ?
He is a friendˋ, not an enemyˊ.

Will you go to-dayˊ, or to-morrowˋ?
I will go to-dayˋ, not to-morrowˊ.

I am no ŏrator, as Brûtus is.
He must be a fōol to do thăt.

O the grāve! the grāve! it būries ēvery ērror!
It cōvers ēvery defēct, extīnguishes ēvery rēsentment.

Hōly, hōly, hōly, Lōrd Gōd of Sābaoth.

True ease in writing, comes from artˋ, not chanceˊ,
As those move easiestˊ, who have learned to danceˋ.

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dustˊ?
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of deathˊ?

Is the king deadˊ? the empire unpossessedˊ?

Who can hold fire in his hand,
By thinking on the lofty Caucasusˋ?

What must we do nowˋ? Must we submitˊ?
Did you say atˊ, or hatˋ? I said atˋ, not hatˊ.
Does Cæsar most deserve fameˊ, or blameˋ?

RULES FOR INFLECTION.

Rule I.—Sentences and clauses which make complete sense, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

It is trueˋ, my liege: you are the most powerful of kingsˋ.
We are all your slavesˋ: we kiss the dust of your feetˋ.
He that receiveth you, receiveth meˋ: and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sentˋ me.

Exceptions.—Emphasis, ... See Rule III.
Negation, ... See Rule V.
Antithesis, ... See Rule IX.
Harmony, ... See Rule VI.

Rule II.—Emphasis generally requires the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Awakeˋ, ye sons of Spain: awakeˋ, advanceˋ.
Chargeˋ, Chester, chargeˋ! Onˋ, Stanley, onˋ.
I insistˋ upon this point: I urgeˋ it: I pressˋ it.
All that I haveˋ, all that I hopeˋ, I stake upon it.

Exception.—See Emphasis, page 27.

Rule III. — Interrogative sentences and clauses, which *can not* be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Who discovered Americaˋ?
Who are theseˋ?
What must I doˋ?
Where are the wiseˋ?

Exception.—When questions like the preceding are *repeated*, they take the rising inflection; as,

*Who*ˊ discovered America? *Who*ˊ are these?

Remark.—Although emphasis generally requires the *falling* inflection, it is sometimes denoted or aided by a *change* of the natural inflection, in which case the rising is used for the falling, as in the preceding example.

Rule IV.—Where the sense is suspended or incomplete, the *rising* inflection is generally used.

EXAMPLES.

The sunset huesˊ, so brightˊ, so beautifulˊ, have vanished.
Friendsˊ, Romansˊ, countrymenˊ, lend me your ears.
As the morning dew vanishesˊ, so life passes away.
The wind having lulledˊ, they made sail for the shore.

Exceptions.—1. Relative emphasis; see page 27.

2. Intense emphasis; as,

Hubertˋ, Hubertˋ, save me.

3. Formal terms of address; as,

My lords and gentlemenˋ, I ask your attention.

Rule V.—Negative sentences and clauses usually require the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

This is not an isolated case´.
We are not left alone to meet temptation´.
They are not fighting´: do not disturb´ them.

Exceptions.—1. Emphasis; as,

Do you say they are fighting? They are *not*` fighting.

2. General propositions; as,

Thou shalt not kill`.

Rule VI.—When a sentence closes with the *falling* inflection, the *rising* often precedes it, for the sake of harmony.

EXAMPLES.

Death comes to the king´, and to the beggar`.
Every sorrow is hushed´, every pang is extinguished`.

Exception.—Emphasis; as,

Every man`, every woman`, every child` was slain.

Rule VII.—Interrogative sentences and clauses which *can* be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Will you deny´ it?
Can you resist such´ motives?

Exception.—Emphasis; as,

Will` you deny it?
Can` you resist such motives?

Rule VIII.—Interrogative exclamations, and words repeated as a kind of echo to the thought, require the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Who believes´ it? Who does not` believe it?

And this man is called a poet`. A poet´! Why, he is a mere writer of doggerel.

Ha´! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

RULE IX.—Words and clauses used *antithetically*, or in *contrast*, require *opposite* inflections.

EXAMPLES.

The youngˊ and the oldˋ, the richˊ and the poorˋ, alike go the way of all the earth.

Are animals governed by instinctˊ, or by reasonˋ?

Homer was the greater geniusˊ, Virgil the better artistˋ.

A soldier should obeyˋ, not directˊ his general.

It is virtueˋ, not wealthˊ that is respected.

SERIES.

A SERIES is a number of words or clauses, following one another in the same construction.

A *Simple series* consists of *words;* as,

Beauty, wealth, honor, power, are ephemeral.

A *Compound series* consists of *clauses;* as,

The sky was cloudless; the breeze moved lightly; the grass looked fresh; and the merry crickets chirped in all directions.

A *Commencing* series *commences* a sentence or clause; as,

Beauty, wealth, honor, and power, are ephemeral.

A *Concluding* series *concludes* a sentence or clause; as,

Nothing is more ephemeral, than beauty, wealth, honor, or power.

RULE X.—The members of a *commencing* series require the *falling* inflection, except the *last*, which receives the *rising* inflection.

The members of a *concluding* series require the *falling* inflection, except the *last* but *one*, which has the *rising* inflection.

COMMENCING SERIES.

Beautyˋ, wealthˋ, honorˋ, powerˊ, are ephemeral.

To succor the oppressedˋ, to relieve the needyˋ, to advise the ignorantˋ, to comfort the afflictedˊ, is the duty of all.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

Nothing can be more ephemeral than beautyˋ, wealthˋ, honorˊ, or powerˋ.

It is the duty of all, to succor the oppressedˋ, to relieve the needyˋ, to advise the ignorantˊ, and to comfort the afflictedˋ.

Exception 1.—When the members of a series are *not at all* emphatic, they receive inflection according to previous rules; as,

Jamesˊ, Williamˊ, and Henryˊ, are at school.

He is a man of principleˊ, intelligenceˊ, and influenceˋ.

Exception 2.—When the members of a series are *strongly* emphatic, they may *all* receive the falling inflection; as,

Not one manˋ, not one womanˋ, not one childˋ was saved.

Exception 3.—When a series forms a *climax*, the last member may receive the falling inflection; as,

Daysˊ, monthsˊ, years,ˊ and agesˋ, shall circle away.

Remark.—It is becoming very common with good speakers, to give the rising inflection to all the members of a commencing series, and to all the members of a concluding series, except the last.

Others use the rising inflection in a commencing series, and the falling inflection in a concluding series.

◆

PARENTHESIS.

A clause in a parenthesis, should close with the same inflection that next precedes it, unless it is complicated or emphatic, when it must be governed by general rules. A slight pause should be made before and after it, and it should be read in a monotone or in a low voice.

Rule XI.—The circumflex is used in ironical, conditional, and sometimes in contrasted language.

EXAMPLES.

A lĭttle thing! a vĕry lĭttle thing!
I only shoot at my chĭld.

What have Î done of which yôu can complain?
If you say yĕs, then I say nô.

Rule XII.—The monotone is used in grave and solemn subjects.

EXAMPLES.

Thūs sāith the Hīgh and Lōfty One
That inhābiteth etērnity, whose nāme is hōly,
I dwēll in the hīgh and hōly plāce.
Yet a fēw dāys, and thēe the āll-behōlding sūn
Shall sēe no mōre, in āll hīs cōurse.

POETIC INFLECTIONS.

In *Poetry* the inflections are determined by the same rules as those in *prose*, with this exception, that there is a greater tendency to the use of the *rising* inflection in the *former*, than in the latter.

Questions.—What is inflection? What is the *rising* inflection? The *falling?* The circumflex? The monotone? (Give examples under each.) Repeat Rule 1, with example. Rule 2. Rule 3. What exception? Rule 4. Exceptions? Rule 5. What exceptions? Rule 6. What exception? Rule 7. What exception? Rule 8. Rule 9. What is a series? A simple series? A compound series? A commencing series? A concluding series? Repeat Rule 10. Exception 1. 2. 3. What is the remark? What is said of parenthesis? Repeat Rule 11. Rule 12. What of poetic inflections?

III. EMPHASIS.

Emphasis consists in a certain manner of uttering a word or phrase, designed to impress the idea forcibly upon the hearer.

Emphasis may be denoted by *italics*, or by small, or large capitals.

The object of emphasis may be accomplished,

1. By increased stress; as,

Strike, till the last armed foe expires,
Strike, for your altars and your fires.

2. By low tones; as,

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips; the *foe!* they *come!* they *come!*

3. By change of inflection; as,

If we regard not youth`, we should respect age´.

The sweetest melody falls powerless upon the deaf´ ear. See Remark, page 22.

4. By a pause; as,

Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
GOD—and your native land.

Banished—from Rome? *tried*—and—*convicted*—TRAITOR?
If ROME—MUST—FALL—WE—are innocent.

REMARK.—This, (—) is called the *Rhetorical Pause*, and, when used with judgment, gives great force and beauty to emphasis.

5. By change of accent; as,

Giv´-ing and *for´*-giving are different things.
I said *per´*-verted, not *con´*-verted.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

ABSOLUTE emphasis is that which is independent of any comparison with other words or ideas.

EXAMPLES.

Temperance promotes health.

The power of *faith* was the preacher's subject.

We have *petitioned;* we have REMONSTRATED; we have SUPPLICATED; we have PROSTRATED ourselves at the foot of the throne.

AWAKE! ARISE! or be *forever* fallen.

'T is *horrible!* 't is *hideous!* 't is *hateful!*

O Hubert! *save* me! SAVE me! from these bloody men.

Charge, Chester, *charge; on*, Stanley, *on.*

RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

Relative emphasis is that which denotes or implies antithesis, or comparison with some thing else.

ONE SET OF ANTITHETIC WORDS.

It is more blessed to *give*, than to *receive.*

They only *suffer* injuries meekly, who never *inflict* them.

He that knows *himself*, knows *others*.

Study not to *show* knowledge, but to *acquire* it.

It is easier to *mend* our faults, than to *hide* them.

Those who can not *bear* a jest, should never *make* one.

TWO SETS OF ANTITHETIC WORDS.

The *one* was distinguished for his *goodness;* the *other*, for his *vileness*.

The *simple* inherit *folly;* the *prudent* are crowned with *prosperity*.

To *err* is *human;* to *forgive, divine.*

Fame's flight is *glory's fall.*

Why beholdest thou the *mote* in thy *brother's* eye, and considerest not the *beam* in thine *own* eye.

THREE SETS OF ANTITHETIC WORDS.

The *former* reasons *justly* from *false* data; the *latter*, *falsely* from *just* data.

Pedantry is *wrong* by *rules; common sense* is *right without* them.

ANTITHESIS IMPLIED.

O death! the *good* man's *friend!*

Implied. (The *bad* man's *enemy*.)

In their *prosperity*, my friends shall *never* hear of me.

Implied. (In their *adversity, always*.)

Shall we die *tamely?* die *alone?*

Implied. (and not *bravely?* selling our lives *dearly?*)

A *friendly* eye would never see such faults.

Implied. (An *unfriendly* eye alone would see them.)

◆

RHETORICAL AND POETIC PAUSES.

A pause is often made, when not required by the grammatical construction, to give emphasis to the thought. This is called the *rhetorical pause*. For an explanation and examples of this, see page 27.

In poetry, also, pauses are required for the purpose of giving beauty and expression to the language. These occur,

1. At the end of each line; as,

Under a spreading chestnut tree—
  The village smithy stands—
The smith, a mighty man is he—
  With large and sinewy hands;—
And the muscles of his brawny arms—
  Are strong as iron bands.

2. About the middle of each line, when it is called the *cesura*, and marked thus (||); as,

They laid her where || the sun and moon
  Look on her tomb || with loving eye,
And I have heard || the breeze of June
  Sweep o'er it, || like a sigh,
And the wild river's || wailing song
Grow dirge-like, || as it stole along.

3. Toward the beginning and close of each line, when it is called the *demi-cesura*, and marked thus (|); as,

You must wake | and call me early || call me early | mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be | the happiest time || of all the glad | new year.

Ah! there | it stands || the same | old house!
  And there || that ancient tree,
Where I | first trod || in boyish | pride
  And laughed || in ancient glee.

Remark.—These poetic pauses should not be so long or so placed, as materially to affect the sense. That at the end of the line should be the longest, the *cesura* next, and the *demi-cesura* should be a *very slight* pause, and some times may be omitted altogether.

Questions.—What is emphasis? How is it denoted 1st? 2d? 3d? 4th? What remark under this head? What is the 5th manner of denoting it? What is absolute emphasis? Give examples. Relative? Give examples of *one* set. *Two* sets. *Three* sets. Implied? Where do poetic pauses occur 1st? 2d? 3d? What is the remark upon poetic pauses?

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IV. OF THE VOICE.

ITS MANAGEMENT AND CULTURE.

With reference to the voice, three things are to be chiefly considered; viz. PITCH, QUANTITY, and QUALITY.

OF PITCH.

PITCH of voice is its *degree* of *elevation.*

The Pitch in speaking, as in music, may vary from the lowest to the highest tones. These tones may be considered as MEDIUM, LOW, or HIGH.

The MEDIUM PITCH is that generally used in common conversation.

This differs in individuals. The voice ranges above or below this, according to the sentiment, but returns to it, and usually commences and closes a sentence upon this *key-note.* It is appropriate to the *narrative*, *descriptive*, *didactic*, and *argumentative* styles.

The LOW PITCH includes all tones *below* the medium pitch. This prevails chiefly in the expression of *reverence*, *awe*, *sublimity*, *caution*, *scorn*, *contempt*, etc.

EXERCISES IN LOW PITCH.

Let the learner practice the following examples *repeatedly*, going through them all, first in a tone a little below the medium pitch, then again a little lower, and so on, until he has reached the lowest capacity of his voice. Let not suppression of *force* be mistaken for *low pitch.*

a	ale	burn	woe	time	low
e	eel	there	was	doom	bow
i	isle	aim	has	morn	call
o	old	aid	man	arm	all

Hail, glorious light!

The song began from Jove.

Come to the bridal chamber, death.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

Bless the Lord, O my soul and all that is within me, bless his holy name!

Unto thee I lift up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, "Shall mortal man be more just than God?"

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime;
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

(In the following extract, King John is persuading Hubert to murder his nephew Arthur, who is rightful heir to the throne. Hubert's part may be read or spoken by the teacher or some one else, and King John's in low tones, by the one who is practicing.)

King John. I had a thing to say,—but let it go;
The sun is in the heavens, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience.
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possess-ed with a thousand wrongs:

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Low. Had baked my blood and made it heavy, thick;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,
I would into this bosom pour my thought.
But, ah, I will not. Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
I 'd do it.

K. John. Do I not know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
Low. He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth trace,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.

Low. | *K. John.* Death.

Hub. My lord.

Low. | *K. John.* A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.
Low. Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember

NOTE.—Additional examples should be selected by the teacher.

REMARK. Exercises on Low Pitch should be numerous and *thoroughly practiced.* Strength and flexibility of voice will be thus increased, and by a judicious and skillful use of these tones, the speaker will greatly increase his power over an audience.

The HIGH PITCH includes all tones *above* the medium pitch.

It is used in the expression of *astonishment*, *surprise*, *anger*, and *great excitement* generally.

EXERCISES ON HIGH PITCH.

Let the following examples be practiced *repeatedly* and *thoroughly*, first, in a tone a little higher than the medium pitch, then again, a little higher still, and so on, until the highest pitch is reached. Let not *loudness* be mistaken for *high pitch.*

a	aid	doom	bear	thee	star
e	ease	bale	war	dome	all
i	mine	arm	call	save	pure
o	low	home	thou	hail	brow

The combat deepens, on ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave.

I tell thee, thou art defied.

To arms! the Greek! they come! they come!

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
When the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews; summon up the blood;

Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.
On, on you noble English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument,
I see you stand, like greyhounds, in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot:
Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
Cry—Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George.

The border slogan rent the sky,
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
  Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
  The pennon sunk and rose.

The war, that for a space, did fail,
Now trebly thundering swept the gale,
  And Stanley! was the cry.

A light on Marmion's vision spread,
  And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
  And shouted—"Victory!"
"Charge! Chester, charge! on! Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

NOTE.—Let the teacher add to these, other examples.

COMPASS of voice consists in the power of uttering tones from a low to a high pitch.

This varies in individuals, but may be very much increased by practice.

EXERCISE ON COMPASS.

Let the pupil pronounce the following words in tones successively from the lowest to the highest capacity of his voice, according to the scale of music. Let him go on as much higher or lower than the model, as he can. At every new effort, the compass of the voice will increase.

MODEL.

12—sol o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
11—fa o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
10—me o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
9—ra o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
8—do o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
7—se o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
6—la o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
5—sol o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
4—fa o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
3—me o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
2—ra o—holy, holy, holy, holy.
1—do o—holy, holy, holy, holy.

a	ale	aid	all	joy	world
e	eve	need	call	how	groan
i	mine	find	was	rain	high
o	old	home	run	roam	burn

High up the hill he hies.
Man marks the earth with ruin.
Round the old home he roams.
Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll.
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.
Thou image of eternity, the throne of the Invisible!
Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!

O sailor boy, sailor boy, never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay!

Note.—The two exercises preceding this, have been also exercises on compass. But the teacher can easily supply any number of additional examples he may choose. Pages 147, 148, 173, 183, and many others of this book, furnish appropriate examples.

QUANTITY.

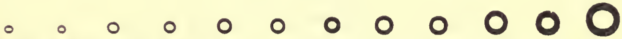
Quantity is the force of utterance, or stress of voice.

It has no reference to high or low tones, and must be carefully distinguished from them. On the *same* pitch, the utterance may vary in all degrees, between the *softest* and *loudest* tones. Practice will increase this power almost indefinitely.

EXERCISE ON QUANTITY.

Practice each word and sentence, as indicated in the model, commencing with the softest and passing on gradually to the loudest utterance, retaining the *same pitch*, and *dwelling* on the *vowel* sound.

MODEL.



aw aw aw aw aw aw aw aw aw aw aw aw

or
all
fall
ball

eel
eve
ear
east

ale
aid
aim
ache

ode
own
old
oat

boy
joy
oil
join

bat
hat
rat
mat

All men are mortal.
The foe! they come! they come!
And this, O world, is thy boon.

Now who be ye would cross, to-night,
This dark and stormy water?

Boatman! do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.

Note.—The teacher will readily find additional exercises in almost any part of this book. It is recommended also that the examples given in the exercises on pitch be practiced under this head.

REMARK.—Fear, caution, awe, reverence, and tender and solemn emotions, generally require *soft tones:* the narrative, argumentative, didactic styles, *medium loudness;* and passion, and great excitement, *loud tones.* It must be taken for granted, however, that, with a moderate degree of judgment and practice, the pupil will naturally adapt his voice to the subject. A few examples are given as specimens.

EXERCISE ON SOFT TONES.

Tread softly! bow the head!
  In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
  Is passing now.

For the remainder, see McGuffey's New High School Reader, page 457.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
  Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread,
When smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
  They stood between the living and the dead.

For the rest of this, see McGuffey's New High School Reader, page 480.

EXERCISE ON LOUD TONES.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
  Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
  While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
  The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
  On victory or death!

For the rest of this, see McGuffey's New High School Reader, page 125.

Additional exercises may be found on the following pages of this book.

Soft tones, pages 120, 150, 186, 222, 223, 226, 227.

Loud tones, pages 50, 109, 110, 150, 176, 189, 190, 443.

REMARK.—The element of *Time*, or *Movement*, is some times included under Quantity. This refers to the *rapidity* of *utterance*, which depends upon the *time* given to the *vowel sounds* and upon the *length* of the *pauses*. The preceding exercises may be used for practice in *Movement*, by repeating them in all variations of *time*, from the *slowest* to the *most rapid*.

◆

QUALITY.

QUALITY denotes the *kind* of *sound*.

By this, chiefly, we distinguish different voices, and not by *pitch* or *quantity*. A number of singers may utter successively a few notes of music on the *same key* and with the *same loudness*, and yet their voices will be easily distinguished by their different *quality*.

Certain qualities should be cultivated, others, avoided. Those which should be chiefly cultivated are the *Pure*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Whispering* Tones.

PURE TONE.

A PURE TONE is one that is *deep*, *round*, *sweet*, and *clear*.

This should form a great portion of most discourse. In cultivating it, let the following faults be carefully corrected.

1. A *nasal* tone, of all tones the most disgusting.

2. A *guttural* tone, or a kind of obstructed utterance from the throat. This may be occasionally admissible, but is incompatible with *purity*.

3. An *aspirated*, or half whispering tone. This has its place in the expression of certain emotions, but when in any degree habitual, destroys purity of tone.

NOTE.—As a great portion of most kinds of style should be spoken in this tone, particular exercises are considered unnecessary. For special exercises, if such are desired, see pages 54, 81, 147, 148, 159, 239, 240, of this book.

OROTUND TONE.

The OROTUND TONE combines great *volume* and *strength* with *purity*.

It takes its name from the manner in which it is uttered, viz., *ore rotundo*, or with a *round*, widely *opened mouth*. It is used in impassioned style, and forms the perfection of voice.

Great care should be taken to cultivate this. In practicing, the voice should come from the throat, the mouth should be opened wide, the tongue kept down, the aperture left round and free for the voice, and the vowel sound dwelt upon, as when one shouts "*a*—ye," or "ship a—h*oy*," or "f—*i*—re."

EXERCISE ON THE OROTUND.

It is vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure; and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment;—independence now, and independence for ever.

NOTE.—All the speeches in this book of an emotional character, are exercises in this tone.

◆

ASPIRATED TONE.

The ASPIRATED TONE is a kind of half whisper, or rough breathing.

It is appropriate to the expression of strong *aversion*, *horror*, *anger*, and similar sentiments. It should, therefore, be in the power of the speaker to use it in its place, but its *habitual* use, in *any degree*, should be carefully avoided.

EXERCISES ON THE ASPIRATED TONE.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Me miserable! which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell! myself am Hell!
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven!

Hence! from my sight! I hate and I despise thee!
Thou standst, at length, before me undisguised,
Of all earth's groveling crew the most accursed.
Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return! away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!

For additional exercises, see in this book, pages 144, 145, 297.

THE WHISPERING TONE.

The WHISPER is appropriate to the expression of deep *awe*, paralyzing *fear*, or violent *emotion* of any kind, *restrained*.

This should be at the command of every speaker for occasional use. Its chief value, however, consists in its forming admirable practice for perfecting the power of articulation, and giving control over the organs of speech and the action of the lungs.

REMARK.—This by most authors is erroneously classified with *pitch* or *quantity*. But its *sibilant* character clearly indicates its nature as a *quality* of voice, and Dr. Rush, in his celebrated work on the "Human Voice," thus classifies it.

EXERCISES IN THE WHISPERING TONE.

In order to derive the full advantage of this kind of exercise, the pupil should practice the whisper with all degrees of force, making his utterance as distinct as possible. He will soon find it easy to whisper so as to be heard at a great distance.

The foe! they come! they come!

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers in its pebbly way,
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the field with herb and floweret gay.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit! come away!

For other suitable examples to practice upon, see this book, pages 144, 145.

REMARKS ON VOICE.

REMARK 1.—The speaker should carefully avoid commencing in a high or loud tone. He should adopt one rather *under* than *above* a medium pitch and quantity, but should very soon rise into his natural key.

He will find it much easier to *elevate* than to *depress* his voice, and he will thus reserve his power for its appropriate place.

REMARK 2.—When it is found that the voice has unconsciously become too high or too loud, let the speaker imagine himself addressing those near him, until the proper tone is regained. This object will be aided by the use also of the *monotone*, if the subject admits it.

REMARK 3.—The importance of *practice* for the attainment of power in the management of the voice can not be overrated. While *without* it, the highest gifts of nature will accomplish little, *with* it, very moderate powers may attain almost unlimited excellence.

REMARK 4.—It is very important to efficiency and ease in speaking, that the breath be properly managed. The chest must be thrown out, the head erect, and the lungs well filled. The speaker *must* have a good supply of breath. He need not wait for the close of a sentence to renew it, but, if necessary, may do this at the pauses.

QUESTIONS.—What things are to be considered with reference to the voice? What is pitch? What are the three divisions of pitch? What is the *medium* pitch? To what is it appropriate? What does *low* pitch include? When is it appropriate? What does *high* pitch include? When is it used? In what does compass of voice consist? How may the voice be improved in compass? What is quantity? From what must it be carefully distinguished? To what does *time* or *movement* refer? What is quality? What qualities are mentioned? What is *pure* tone? What must be avoided in cultivating it? What is the *orotund* tone? From what does it take its name? In practicing, from whence should the voice come and how should the organs be managed? What is the *aspirated* tone? To what is it appropriate? To what is the *whisper* appropriate? In what does its chief value, as an exercise, consist? What is the 1st *remark* on voice? The 2d? The 3d? The 4th?

V. GESTURE.

GESTURE includes *attitude* and *action*.

ATTITUDE refers to the *position* of the body and its members: ACTION, to the *movement* of the same.

Gesture, more than any thing else, is the natural expression of thought and emotion. That which arises spontaneously from genuine feeling, even though ungraceful, is preferable to that which is merely studied and affected, however graceful it may be.

Certain faults, however, should be carefully avoided, and certain graces cultivated.

REMARKS.

Remark 1.—The pupil must be in *earnest*, and must fully *understand*, and really *feel* what he utters.

There can be no forcible or appropriate gesture without this.

Remark 2.—The position of the *body* and *feet* should be *natural* and *easy*.

No audience can feel at ease, unless the speaker is obviously so also. The body should rest upon one foot, the other being thrown back or forward, to be ready for an appropriate change. The position should be changed from one foot to the other, and by moving backward or forward, often enough to give relief to the muscles, and the *appearance*, as well as *reality* of ease. This change, however, should *never* be made for the *sake* of change.

Remark 3.—Avoid a continued bobbing and shaking of the *head*.

This is a very common fault of many otherwise good speakers. It is only necessary to stop the ears and look a moment at the orator, to see how ridiculous an appearance it gives him. *Natural* and *appropriate* gesture *always* speaks for itself, though not a word should be heard.

Remark 4.—The *eyes* should be *fixed upon* the audience.

Half-closed or averted eyes will neutralize every effort to gain attention. The eyes and countenance express more, perhaps, than either gesture or words, and he, who does not use them effectively, will never excite emotion.

Remark 5.—The *arms* should be moved in *curves*, and from the *shoulder* as a *center*.

This direction forbids a motion of the arms from the *elbows* merely; sawing them in *straight* lines, and permitting them to hang by the side, as if paralyzed.

Remark 6.—The *right hand* should be most frequently used.

Avoid an *exclusive* use of either the right or left hand, and also a regular see-sawing from one to the other.

Remark 7.—The hand should generally be *open*, with the fingers slightly curved.

Those cases are excepted, in which the sentiment requires a peculiar expression, such as the clinched hand, etc.

REMARK 8.—There should be *no gesture* without a *reason.*

Extravagant motion weakens emphasis. The tendency is *generally* to too much gesture.

REMARK 9.—The gesture should be *with* the utterance of the emphatic word, or if the speaker is much excited, *slightly before* it.

Gesture, in all cases, should be the pantomimic symbol of the emotion, and should be *spontaneously* connected with it.

REMARK 10.—Gesture should be forcible, full, and free, so that there can be no mistake as to its meaning.

Feeble attempts at gesture are worse than none at all. The force of what is said is weakened, and the audience is disgusted.

REMARK 11.—No one should be permitted to attempt to commit a piece to memory, until it is certain that he understands it, and can appreciate its sentiment and thought.

The pupil should be permitted to judge of this, to a considerable extent, for himself. He will speak best what he understands and likes.

REMARK 12.—No attempt to speak a piece should be permitted, till it is *thoroughly* committed.

Unless the mind of the speaker is at ease in this respect, he can do nothing. This rule should be *insisted* upon.

REMARK 13.—When a speaker is before an audience, he should *entirely forget himself.*

He should think nothing and know nothing about his position, or gestures, or voice, or emphasis. If he has been well drilled, he will be right in these things.

REMARK 14.—Above all things, let it be remembered, that *practice*, continued, persevering *practice* is indispensable to excellence, and that, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, it will secure astonishing results.

REMARK 15.—The teacher and pupil should avoid all dependence on plates for instruction in gesture.

There can be no greater *humbug,* (if the word may be allowed,) than plates, illustrating gesture. A distinguished author very correctly remarks, that "they only serve as a subject of ridicule to boys." The teacher, as the living model, and the spontaneous feeling of the speaker, with such hints as have been given and as the teacher may add, may be considered the best guides.

◆

GENERAL REMARK.

The following suggestions are found, in substance, in a work by James Sheridan Knowles, an English author of distinction:

The Head.—Assent is indicated by nodding; dissent, by tossing back; dislike and horror, by averting; attention, by leaning forward; diffidence, by inclining; pride and courage, by holding it up; grief and shame, by hanging down.

The Eyes.—Anger is denoted by flashing; prayer, by raising; anxiety, by rolling; thought, by looking on vacancy.

The Arms.—Disappointment is denoted by a sudden dropping; imploring, by stretching forward; admiration, by extending them spread; authority, by projecting one forward

The Hands.—Prayer and affliction are denoted by clasping; friendship, by holding one forward; appeal to conscience and desire, by placing on the breast; distress, on the head; shame, on the eyes; silence, the finger on the lips.

The Body.—Courage and firmness are denoted by an erect or advancing body; pride, by throwing it back; aversion and fear, by retiring; reverence and compassion, by bending forward; terror, by starting.

Questions.—What does gesture include? What is attitude? Action? What is said of being in earnest? Of position and its change? Of shaking the head? Of the eyes? Of the arms? Of the hand? What is the 8th remark? The 9th? The 10th? What is said of selecting a piece? (Rem. 11.) Of committing? Of the speaker's self? Of practice? Of plates? What is the substance of the concluding remark?

McGUFFEY'S

NEW

ECLECTIC SPEAKER.

EXERCISE I.—ADVANCE.

God bade the Sun with golden step sublime,
Advance!
He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
Advance!
He bade the guiding Spirit of the Stars,
With lightning speed, in silver-shining cars,
Along the bright floor of his azure hall
Advance!
Sun, Stars, and Time obey the voice, and all
Advance!

The river at its bubbling fountain cries,
The clouds proclaim, like heralds, through the skies,
Advance!
Throughout the world, the mighty Master's laws
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.
The earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
And summer hours, like flowery-harnessed steeds,
Advance!

Unto the *soul* of man the same voice spoke,
From out the chaos thunder-like it broke,
Advance!
Go, track the comet in its wheeling race,
And drag the lightning from its hiding-place;
From out the night of ignorance and tears,
For love and hope, borne by the coming years,
Advance!

All heard, and some obeyed the great command,
It passed along from listening land to land,
Advance!
The strong grew stronger, and the weak grew strong,
As passed the war-cry of the world along;
Awake, ye nations, know your powers and rights,
Through Hope and Work, to Freedom's new delights
Advance!

Knowledge came down, and waved her steady torch,
Sages proclaimed, 'neath many a marble porch,
Advance!
As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the Greek,
The painted Briton, caught the wing-ed word,
Advance!
And earth grew young, and caroled as a bird,
Advance!

II.—ELOQUENCE.—No. I.

This extract, and the following one, may be spoken as *one* piece, or as *two*.

The labors requisite to form the public speaker, are, by no means, duly appreciated. An absurd idea prevails among our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind, are the fruits of hasty impulse, the flashings of intuition, or the gleamings of fancy. Genius is often compared to lightning from the cloud, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain. And eloquence is regarded as a kind of inspiration. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition, to have it thought that it cost him nothing.

Now it is not *enough* to maintain that nothing could be more *injurious* to our youth, than this way of thinking. The truth is, that nothing can be more *false*. The mistake lies, in confounding with the mere arrangement of thoughts, or the manual labor of putting them on paper, the long previous preparation of mind. It has taken but a few hours, perhaps, to compose an admirable piece of poetry, or a fine speech. But the reflections of *years*, may have been tending to that result.

To give the noblest thoughts the noblest expression: to stand up in the pure light of reason: to put on all the glories of imagination, as a garment: to penetrate the soul, and to make men conscious of new powers and a new being: to exercise, in the loftiest measure, the only glorious and godlike sway, *that* over willing minds: to fill the ear, the eye, the inmost soul, with sounds, and images, and holy visions of beauty and grandeur: to make truth and justice lovely and majestic: to charm, to fascinate, to win, to arouse, to calm, to terrify, to overwhelm: *this* is the work of eloquence; and it is a glorious work.

The great object of all the liberal arts is to exhibit the mind; to exhibit character, thought, feeling, in their various aspects. In this consist all their power and sublimity. For this, the painter spreads upon the dull canvas the breathing forms of life. For this, the sculptor causes the marble to speak. For this, the architect models the fair and majestic structure, with sublimity, beauty, and glory written upon it. For this, the poet builds his lofty rhyme; and the eloquent in music, orders his movement and combination of sweet sounds. Eloquence is the combination of *all* these arts, and it excels them all in their separate powers. Nor is it confined to the mere taste.

The great and ultimate object of social existence, is for man to act on man. And eloquence is the grandest medium of this action. It is not only the highest perfection of a human being, (for "the orator must be a *good man*,") but it is that perfection in *act*. It is *sublimity*, *beauty*, *genius*, *power*, in their *most glorious* exercise.

III.—ELOQUENCE.—No. II.

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator. The importance of the subject, for a while, is superseded by the admiration of his talents.

With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed. Not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work. All his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy. Without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted. Not a feature, not a limb, but speaks.

The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass. The whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, becomes, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is: LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP; LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES; LET US CONQUER, OR DIE!

IV.—DENUNCIATION OF CATILINE.

CATILINE, a Roman Senator, had conspired with others to subvert the Republic, and to assassinate Cicero the Consul and other distinguished men. By the exertions and eloquence of Cicero, the plot was defeated and Catiline banished.

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens?

Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed? that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate? that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! *Lives?* Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council; takes part in our deliberations; and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable, than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a decree, by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes.

And should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late, than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found, so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic, without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Proceed, plot, conspire as thou wilt. There is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand.

From Cicero.

V.—CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

Ple-be-ian, (ple-be'-yan,) refers to Cicero, the Consul.

Conscript Fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk, 't is not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right,—let him show *proofs*,—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your masters, judges, Romans, *slaves!*
His charge is false. I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak.

But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me; turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?

To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top,
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepters; take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law!

Banished from Rome! What 's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword 's my own.

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Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul 's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I *return*. This—*trial!*
Here I devote your Senate! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames and crimes!
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake; rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame!

FROM CROLY.

VI.—EXPULSION OF CATILINE.

AT length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone. He is fled. He has escaped. He has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason. Would that his attendants had not been so few.

Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures. Be speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; *his* army, I say, for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder, and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies. And first, to that maimed and battered gladiator, oppose your Consuls and Generals. Next, against that miserable, outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness: here purity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneness: here constancy, there rage: here honesty, there baseness: in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness: every virtue with every vice: and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

From Cicero.

VII.—POWER OF A FREE PEOPLE.

In the efforts of the people; of the people struggling for their rights; moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart; there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars. No long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. In the strength and spirit of the CAUSE alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade. When they rise against the invader, they are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket, their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally!

Now, He overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand. Now, He buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows. He lets loose His tempests on their fleets. He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders. He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, *resolved* to be free.

> "For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

FROM EVERETT.

VIII.—TRUE HONOR OF A NATION.

THE great distinction of a Nation, the only one worth possessing, and which brings after it all other blessings, is the prevalence of pure principle among the citizens. I wish to belong to a state in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement, of which I can speak with an honest pride; in whose records I may meet great and honored names, and which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom.

O, save me from a country which worships wealth, and cares not for true glory: in which intrigue bears rule: in which patriotism borrows its zeal from the prospect of office: in which hungry sycophants throng with supplication all the departments of state: in which public men bear the brand of private vice, and the seat of government is a noisome sink of private licentiousness and public corruption.

Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a free country. I ask, does our liberty bear *generous fruits?* Does it exalt us in manly spirit, in public virtue, above countries trodden under foot by despotism? Tell me not of the extent of our country. I care not how large it is, if it multiply degenerate men. Speak not of our *prosperity.* Better be one of a poor people, plain in manners, reverencing God, and respecting themselves, than belong to a rich country, which knows no higher good than riches.

Earnestly do I desire for this country, that, instead of copying Europe with an undiscerning servility, it may have a character of its own, corresponding to the freedom and equality of our institutions. One Europe is enough. One Paris is enough. How much to be desired is it, that, separated, as we are, from the Eastern continent, by an ocean, we should be still more widely separated by simplicity of manners, by domestic purity, by inward piety, by reverence for human nature, by moral independence, by withstanding the subjection to fashion, and that debilitating sensuality, which characterize the most civilized portions of the Old World! Of this country, I may say, with peculiar emphasis, that its happiness is bound up in its virtue!

IX.—VISION OF LIBERTY.

A VISION passed upon my soul.
As I was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all the countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the
moonless night.

When, lo, upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers;
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawned below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of Time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze!
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread;
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power;
Till every fervent pillar glowed,
And every stone seemed burning coal,
Instinct with living heat, that flowed
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
At length a crackling sound began;
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran;
And louder yet, and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder-peals it flew;
Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke:
The shattered walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven,
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'T is done; what centuries had reared,
In quick explosion disappeared,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,
Rose a fair majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.
I marked her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,
My slumbers fled 'mid shouts of "LIBERTY!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlocked the word of fate?
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns in every state?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defense;
The fabric falls!
That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown;
And in their stead,
LIBERTY stands alone.

X.—THE GREEK WARRIOR.

OUR free flag is dancing
In the free mountain air,
And burnished arms are glancing,
And warriors gathering there;
And fearless is the little train
Whose gallant bosoms shield it;
The blood that warms their hearts shall stain
That banner, ere they yield it.
Each dark eye is fixed on earth,
And brief each solemn greeting;
There is no look nor sound of mirth,
Where those stern men are meeting.

They go to the slaughter,
To strike the sudden blow,
And pour on earth, like water,
The best blood of the foe;

To rush on them from rock and hight,
  And clear the narrow valley,
Or fire their camp at dead of night,
  And fly before they rally.
Chains are round our country pressed,
  And cowards have betrayed her;
And we must make her bleeding breast
  The grave of the invader.

Not till from her fetters
  We raise up Greece again,
And write, in bloody letters,
  That tyranny is slain;
Oh! not till then the smile shall steal
  Across those darkened faces,
Nor one of all those warriors feel
  His children's dear embraces.
Reap we not the ripened wheat,
  Till yonder hosts are flying,
And all their bravest, at our feet,
  Like autumn sheaves are lying.
From Bryant.

XI.—MUSIC OF INDUSTRY.

The banging of the hammer,
  The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
  The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
  The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
  The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
  The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
  The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
  The driving of the awl;
The sounds of honest Industry,
  I love, I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
  The earnest talk of men,

The toiling of the giant press,
  The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard-stick,
  The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle,
  (When no bright cheek it pales,)
The humming of the cooking-stove,
  The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
  The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
  The teacher's kindly call:
These sounds of active Industry,
  I love, I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
  The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout,
  Spurring his stock along;
The bustle of the market man
  As he hies him to the town;
The halloo from the tree-top
  As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of thrashers
  As they clean the ripened grain;
The husker's joke and catch of glee
  'Neath the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the drayman,
  The shepherd's gentle call:
These sounds of pleasant Industry,
  I love, I love them all.

Oh, there 's a *good* in labor,
  If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor to the daytime,
  A sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure,
  Even to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit,
  As dew revives the flowers.

Then say not that Jehovah
  Gave labor as a *doom;*
No! 't is the richest mercy
  From the cradle to the tomb.

Then let us still be doing
  What e'er we find to do,
With a cheerful, hopeful spirit,
  And free hand, strong and true.

XII.—AARON BURR.

If Blennerhassett had been the only person ruined by Burr, charity would suggest a burial of our remembrance of the exile's desolation. But the victims of Burr are to be numbered by hundreds. He cherished no friendship. He returned unhonored the drafts of gratitude.

He courted the statesman, to profit by his influence, the millionaire, to obtain his money, and the world, to gratify his desires. He was the more dangerous from the possession of an intellect, massive, piercing, and brilliant, united to a form, at once handsome and vigorous. His mind was but the keen weapon with which he hewed a path to conquest. That weapon was Protean. If the victim fully came under the gaze of an eye whose sharp light resembled lightning, imprisoned and forever playing in a cloud black as death, he was forever lost.

Burr's conversation was irresistibly fascinating, for his hands swept every chord of the human heart. He strewed the rosy paths of the happy with flowers of a still brighter hue. He arched the troubled sky of the desponding with the rainbow of hope. He conjured up before the rapt vision of the avaricious, golden Golcondas; and to the aspiring, he pointed out the illuminated vistas of glory.

Thus he stood: gifted and unprincipled; ruthless and terrible. The want of great fortune, alone, prevented his presenting, in one vast Alpine mass, that Evil which he accomplished, but too successfully, in many details. Chance confined to valleys, comparatively humble, the stupendous glaciers which only needed the rays of the sun of fortune to devastate continents.

It may be asked: "Is not his valor on the battlefields of his country to be remembered?" Yes! That was a redeeming thing. No matter from what motive his military talents were exercised, our land reaped some benefit. But we are forced to doubt the patriotism of one who was so ready to forswear his allegiance; who trampled on so much that men hold sacred, and who regarded his exploits against royal tyranny, less glorious than the moral destruction of a human being.

Age is expected to subdue. But with Burr, the winter of time brought no snow to cool the lava of passion. At fourscore-and-six, the crater wore a glow as ardent as at twenty. His faculties mocked at a century. Age should bring the soothing calm of religion, to prepare the tempest-tost bark for its entrance into another and final sea. Burr died as he had lived, a practical Atheist. Age should bring respect. Burr expired as he had existed, without the regard of the good. His hoary hairs went down to the grave, floating on the breeze of infamy.

In cunning, an Iago; in patience, a Catiline; in pleasure, a Sybarite; in gratitude, a Malay; and in ambition, a Napoleon, he affords the world an awful example of powerful intellect, destitute of virtue. His virtue would fitly appear in a circle of Dante's Inferno. Let no one accuse the speaker of stepping with sandaled feet through the solemn sepulcher. Aaron Burr belongs to *History*. SUCH WAS THE LOT HE CHOSE.

XIII.—DEATH OF HAMILTON—No. I.

HAMILTON, a distinguished American statesman, was killed in 1804, in a duel, into which he was forced by Aaron Burr, his political enemy.

HAMILTON was born to be great. Whoever was second, he must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult. There was no subject, which he did not illuminate. Superiority in some particular, belongs to thousands. Pre-eminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of Hamilton. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself.

When a cause of new magnitude required new exertions, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thunder. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant.

The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance. But Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest luster. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. But he is gone. That noble heart beats no more: that eye of fire is dimmed; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb!

The death of Hamilton is no common affliction. The loss of distinguished men is, at all times, a calamity. But the loss of such a man, at such a time, and in the very meridian of his usefulness, is singularly portentous. When Washington was taken, Hamilton was left. But Hamilton is taken, and we have no Washington. We have no such other man to die! Washington and Hamilton in five years! Bereaved America! FROM MASON.

XIV.—DEATH OF HAMILTON.—No. II.

THE grave of Hamilton speaks. It charges me to remind you that he fell a victim, not to disease or accident, not to the fortune of a glorious warfare; but—how shall I utter it?—to a custom which has no origin but superstition, no aliment but depravity, no reason but in madness. Alas! that he should thus expose his precious life. This was his error! A thousand bursting hearts reiterate this. This was his error! Shall I apologize? I am forbidden by his living protestations, by his dying regrets, by his wasted blood. Shall a solitary act, into which he was betrayed and dragged, have the authority of a precedent? The plea is precluded by the long decisions of his understanding, by the principles of his conscience, and by the reluctance of his death.

Ah! when will our morals be purified, and our imaginary honor cease to cover the most pestilent of human passions? Is it honor to enjoy the esteem of the wise and the good? The wise and the good turn with disgust from the man who lawlessly aims at his neighbor's life. Is it honorable to serve your country? The man cruelly injures her, who, from private pique, calls his fellow citizen into the dubious field. Are generosity, humanity, sympathy, honorable? That man is superlatively base, who mingles the tears of the widow and orphan with the blood of a husband and a father.

Do refinement, and courtesy, and benignity, entwine with the laurels of the brave? The blot is yet to be wiped from his name, who can not treat his brother with the decorum of a gentleman, unless the pistol or the dagger be every moment at his heart. Let the votaries of honor now look at their deeds. Let them compare their doctrine with this horrible comment. Ah! what avails it to a distracted nation, that Hamilton was murdered for a punctilio of honor?

My flesh shivers! Is this, indeed, our state of society? Are transcendent worth and talent to be a capital indictment before the tribunal of ambition? Is the angel of death to record, for sanguinary retribution, every word which the collision of political opinion may extort from a political man? Are integrity and candor to be at the mercy of the assassin, and systematic crime to trample under foot, or smite into the grave, all that is yet venerable in our humble land?

My countrymen, the land is defiled with blood unrighteously shed! Its cry, disregarded on earth, has gone up to the throne of God, and this day does our punishment reveal our sin! 'T is time for us to awake! The voice of moral virtue, the voice of domestic alarm, the voice of the fatherless and widow, the voice of a nation's wrong, the voice of Hamilton's blood, the voice of impending judgment, call for a remedy. FROM MASON.

XV.—THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night. How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love; last year a bride!

"Hark! 'T is his footstep! No! 'T is past! 'T is gone!"
Tick! Tick! "How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 't would last! How mad! How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe! Rest on! 'T is hunger's cry!
Sleep! For there is no food! The fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 't is the dice-box! Yes, he 's there! he 's there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child, for what?
The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!

"Yet I 'll not curse him. No! 'T is all in vain!
'T is long to wait, but sure he 'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child! My child! Oh fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'T is his knock! He comes, he comes once more!"
'T is but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return; and yet he sees no tear!
No! No! It can not be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou 'rt cold! Thou 'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband! I die! Father! It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They 're gone, they 're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
The gambler came at last; but all was o'er;
Dread silence reigned around. The clock struck four.

From Coates.

XVI.—LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail;
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart;
"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed;
"Look aloft," to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly;
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart;
Thy relations and friends, in sorrow depart;
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O, when Death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past;
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart.

XVII.—THE DUEL.—Scene I.

(*Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Acres.*)

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to see you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith, I have followed Cupid's jack-o'-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last! In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I do n't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the cause? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius. I fall as deep as need be, in love with a young lady; her friends take my part; I follow her to Bath; send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there 's the matter. She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. He must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there? And you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! To be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir L. We wear no swords here, but you understand me?

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure. What can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? Upon my word, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay. But I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in all my life.

Sir L. That 's no argument at all; he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. That 's true. I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace. Hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it! But, could n't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What signifies *right*, when your *honor* is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my word, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor arising, as it were; a kind of courage, as I may say. Flints, pans, and triggers! I 'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah, my friend! if we had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room. For, though the Mansion House and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven, our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors, too! Every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Balls and barrels! say no more. I 'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"—

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case. These things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I *must* be in a passion, Sir Lucius. I *must* be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here 's pen and paper. (*Sits.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I 'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray, compose yourself. (*Sits down.*)

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with an oath!

Sir L. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir,"—

Acres. That 's too civil, by half.

Sir L. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. Well.

Sir L. "From our both addressing the same lady"—

Acres. Ay—"both addressing the same lady"—there 's the reason—"same lady." Well.

Sir L. "I shall expect the honor of your company"—

Acres. Why, I 'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honor of your company." Does company begin with a C or a K?

Sir L. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well.

Sir L. Let me see—ay, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So, that 's done. Well, I 'll fold it up at once. My own crest, a hand and dagger, shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop, at once, to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now, I 'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you 'll decide it this evening, if you can. Then, let the worst come of it, 't will be off your mind tomorrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such an other affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson!

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. (*Exeunt.*) FROM SHERIDAN.

XVIII.—THE DUEL.—Scene II.

(*Enter Acres and his servant David.*)

David. Then, indeed, sir, I would do no such thing! ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I was n't so minded. What will the old lady say, when she hears on 't?

Acres. But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

Dav. Ay, and I would be very careful of it, and I think in return, my honor could n't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

Dav. I say, then, it would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman. Look ye, master, this honor seems to me to be a marvelous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case. I was a gentleman, (which, thank heaven, no one can say of me;) well, my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So, we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh! I kill him—(the more 's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my honor. But put the case, that he kills me! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case, your honor follows you to the grave!

Dav. Now, that 's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. David, you are a coward! It does n't become my valor to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David; think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look ye, now, master; to go to them in such haste, with an ounce of lead in your brains, I should think it might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a *visiting* acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you do n't think there is such *very—very*—great danger, hey? People often fight without any mischief done!

Dav. I think 't is ten to one against you! To meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his villainous double-barreled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! It makes me tremble to think on 't; those be such desperate, bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide them. From a child I never could fancy them. I suppose there aint been so merciless a beast in the world, as your loaded pistol.

Acres. Hush! I won't be afraid! You shan't make me afraid. Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

Dav. Ay, in the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. For my part, I would n't lend a hand to it, for the best horse in your stable. It do n't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter! and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch! I would n't swear it may n't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon! You have n't the valor of a grasshopper.

Dav. Well, I say no more. 'T will be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall! but I ha' done. How Phyllis will howl when she hears of it! Ay, poor thing, she little thinks what shooting her master 's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

Acres. It won't do, David; I am determined to fight, so get along, you coward, while I 'm in the mind. (*Exeunt.*)

From Sheridan.

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XIX.—THE DUEL.—Scene III.

(*Enter Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.*)

Acres. By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. I say it is good distance.

Sir L. It is, for muskets, or small fieldpieces. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now, I 'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance; a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Why, we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all, if he were out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols, is as good as a mile.

Acres. Bullets, no! by my valor, there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot; a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me, now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I do n't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there 's no being shot at without a little risk; and, if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it, I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now, if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled and sent home? Or would it be the same thing to you, to lie here in the Abbey? I 'm told there 's very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled? snug lying in the Abbey? Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, do n't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah, that 's a pity. There 's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. I 've practiced that; there, Sir Lucius, there. (*Puts himself into an attitude.*) A side-front, hey? I 'll make myself small enough. I 'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you 're quite out; for, if you stand so when I take my aim—. (*Leveling at him.*)

Acres. Stop, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But, but, you do n't know, it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 't will be very hard if it do n't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But there, fix yourself so; (*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front; there! now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they: and it is much the genteelest attitude, into the bargain.

Acres. Look ye, Sir Lucius, I 'd just as lief be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they do n't mean to disappoint us: ha! no, faith, I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey! what! coming?

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! Well, let them come, hey, Sir Lucius! We—we—we—we—wont run!

Sir L. Run!

Acres. No, I say; we wont run, by my valor!

Sir L. Why, what the plague 's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but—I—I—I do n't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true; my honor! do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they 're coming. (*Looking.*)

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I was n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valor should leave me!—valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius, I think it is going: yes, my valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off: I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor—your honor. Here they are. We must go and meet them.

Acres. Oh! that I was safe at home! (*Exeunt.*)

From Sheridan.

XX.—HAYNE ON WEBSTER.

The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England. Instead, however, of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, he chooses to consider me as the author of those charges. Losing sight entirely of that gentleman, he selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South. He calls in question the principles and conduct of the State, which I have the honor to represent.

When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents, and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe, I am bound to believe, he has some object in view, which he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered, in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is *overmatched* by that senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary?

Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered *Coalition* come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eye-balls of the gentleman," and will it not "down at his bidding?" Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honors lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? If it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified.

I will not be dragged into the defense of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South, to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can. If he win the victory, let him wear the honors. I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

XXI.—WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.—No. 1.

THIS and the four following pieces form a consecutive extract from Webster's celebrated reply to Senator Hayne, of S. Carolina. Each may be spoken independently, or any number, or all of them, may be spoken together.

THE gentleman told the senate, with the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, that there was something rankling *here*, which he wished to relieve. In this respect, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing *here*, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness.

There is neither fear, nor anger, nor that which is sometimes more troublesome than either, the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing, either originating *here*, or now received *here* by the gentleman's shot. I had not the slightest feeling of disrespect or unkindness toward the honorable member.

Some passages, it is true, had occurred since our acquaintance in this body, which I could have wished might have been otherwise. But I had used philosophy and forgotten them. When the honorable member rose in his first speech, I paid him the respect of attentive listening. When he sat down, though surprised, and I must say even astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was farther from my intention than to commence any personal warfare.

Through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided, studiously and carefully, every thing which I thought possible to be construed into disrespect. And, while there is thus nothing originating *here* which I wished at any time, or now wish, to discharge, I must repeat, also, that nothing has been received *here* which *rankles*, or in any way gives me annoyance. I will not accuse the honorable member of violating the rules of civilized war. I will not say that he poisoned his arrows. But whether his shafts were, or were not, dipped in that which would have caused rankling if they had reached, there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to gather up those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere. They will not be found fixed and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

XXII.—WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.—No. II.

The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the senate should adjourn.

Would it have been quite amiable in me, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward, to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others also the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a *mistake*. Owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate.

Nevertheless, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true. I *did* sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday. It is quite possible that in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well.

XXIII.—WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.—No. III.

The gentleman inquires why *he* was made the object of such a reply. Why was *he* singled out? If an attack has been made on the East, *he*, he assures us, did not begin it. It was made by the gentleman from Missouri. I answered the gentleman's speech because I happened to hear it. I chose, also, to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible endorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility, without delay.

But, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon *him*, in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an *overmatch*, if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If the honorable member, in his modesty, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings.

I am not one of those, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, something of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice.

It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were *difficult* for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself, in debate here. It seems to me, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

XXIV.—WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.—No. IV.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. The gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate, a senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions.

I offer myself, as a match for no man. I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer. I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the senate.

When uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman, that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation.

But, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any, or all of these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn.

I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on *no* occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper. If provoked, however, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that, in that contest, there will be blows to *take* as well as blows to *give*. He may find, that *others* can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his *own*, and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

XXV.—WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.—No. V.

The honorable member was not, for many reasons, entirely happy in his allusion to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the *friends*, but the *enemies* of the murdered Banquo, at whose bidding his spirit would not *down*. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his reading of the English classics, and can put me right if I am wrong. But, according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder, that the gory locks were shaken.

The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man. It knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, A ghost! It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start, with,

> "Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!
> If I stand here, I saw him!"

Their eyeballs were seared (was it not so?) who had thought to shield themselves by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness; who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences by ejaculating through white lips and chattering teeth, "Thou canst not say I did it!"

I have misread the great poet if those who had no way partaken in the deed of the death, either found that they were, or *feared that they should be*, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or exclaimed to a specter, created by their own fears and their own remorse, "Avaunt! and quit our sight!"

There is another particular, in which the honorable member's quick perception of resemblances might, I should think, have seen something in the story of Banquo, making it not altogether a subject of the most pleasant contemplation. Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? Substantial good? Permanent power? Or disappointment, rather, and sore mortification; dust and ashes, the common fate of vaulting ambition overleaping itself?

Did not even-handed justice ere long commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips? Did they not soon find that for another they had "filed their mind?" that their ambition, though apparently for the moment successful, had but put a barren scepter in their grasp? Ay, sir,

> "a barren scepter in their gripe,
> *Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,*
> *No son of theirs succeeding.*"

XXVI.—NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

"THE bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever."—*Webster.*

NEW ENGLAND'S dead! New England's dead!
  On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
  By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
  Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
  With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
  And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
  And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
  And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
  The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!

They left the plowshare in the mold,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

Oh, few and weak their numbers were,
  A handful of brave men;

But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

XXVII.—NEW ENGLAND.

Glorious New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life. Around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution. And, far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires!

But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad republic! In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion. In all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth. Its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We can not do with less than the whole Union. To us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flow Northern and Southern blood. How shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! Thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance! But no! the Union *can not* be dissolved. Its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies, too powerful to be resisted. And when, a century hence, this city shall have filled her golden horns; when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of freemen; when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade; then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand upon the banks of the Great River, and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder; Lo! this is our country. When did the world ever behold so great and glorious a republic?

FROM S. S. PRENTISS.

XXVIII.—THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately Homes of England,
  How beautiful they stand!
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
  O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound,
  Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
  Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
  Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
  Meet in the ruddy light!
There, woman's voice flows forth in song,
  Or childhood's tale is told,

Or lips move tunefully along
  Some glorious page of old.

The bless-ed Homes of England!
  How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
  That breathes from sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bells' chime
  Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
  Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
  By thousands o'er her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
  And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
  Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
  As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
  Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
  To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
  And bright the fairy sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God!

FROM MRS. HEMANS.

XXIX.—THE HERMIT HUNTER

How gladly would I wander through some strange and savage land,
The lasso at my saddle-bow, the rifle in my hand,
A leash of gallant mastiffs bounding by my side,
And for a friend to love, the noble horse on which I ride!

Alone, alone; yet not alone, for God is with me there,
The tender hand of Providence shall guide me everywhere,
While happy thoughts and holy hopes, as spirits calm and mild,
Shall fan with their sweet wings the hermit hunter of the wild!

Without a guide, yet guided well, young, buoyant, fresh, and
free,
Without a road, yet all the land a highway unto me;
Without a care, without a fear, without a grief or pain,
Exultingly I thread the woods, or gallop o'er the plain!

Or, brushing through the copse, from his leafy home I start
The stately elk or tusky boar, the bison or the hart;
And then, with eager spur, to scour away, away!
Nor stop until my dogs have brought the glorious brute to bay.

Or, if the gang of hungry wolves come yelling on my track,
I make my ready rifle speak, and scare the cowards back;
Or, if the lurking leopard's eyes among the branches shine,
A touch upon the trigger, and his spotted skin is mine!

And then the hunter's savory fare, at tranquil eventide,
The dappled deer I shot to-day, upon the green hillside;
My feasted hounds are slumbering round, beside the watercourse,
And plenty of sweet prairie-grass for thee, my noble horse.

FROM TUPPER.

XXX.—THE DOCTOR.—SCENE I.

CHARACTERS.—*Gregory and his wife Dorcas.*

(*Enter Dorcas and Gregory.*)

Gregory. I TELL you no, I wont comply, and it is my business to talk and to command.

Dorcas. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will. I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humors.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, "that a wife is worse than a plague."

Dor. *Hear* the learned gentleman, with his Aristotles.

Greg. And a learned man I *am*, too. Find me out a maker of fagots, that 's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, woman, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a traveling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry Andrew, where I learnt physic.

Dor. O that thou hadst followed him still! Ah! ill-fated hour, wherein I answered the parson, I will.

Greg. And ill-fated be the parson that asked me the question!

Dor. *You* have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment, returning thanks to heaven, for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself. I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserve such a wife as I.

Greg. No, really, I do n't think I do. Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you, when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky, indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I *drink* some part on 't.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You 'll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who, from morning till night, is constantly in an alehouse.

Greg. 'T is genteel. The squire does the same.

Dor. And do you imagine, sot—

Greg. Hark ye, my dear; you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor, beggarly, insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy—

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find. (*Beats her.*)

Dor. O murder! murder!

(*Enter Squire Robert.*)

Robert. What 's the matter here? Fie upon you, neighbor, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dor. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, madam! I give my consent, with all my heart and soul.

Dor. What 's that, you saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Rob. No, certainly, madam.

Dor. Here 's an impertinent fellow for you; wont suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

Rob. Neighbor, I ask your pardon, heartily; here, take and thrash your wife; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, sir, I wont beat her.

Rob. O! sir, that 's another thing.

Greg. I 'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is *my* wife, and not *yours.*

Rob. Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if I ever attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself. (*Exit.*)

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'T was but in jest.

Dor. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones next time, not on mine.

Greg. Psha! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself, when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon. I 'm sorry for 't.

Dor. For once, I pardon you; but you shall pay for it.

Greg. Psha! psha! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship. Four or five good blows with a cudgel, between your very fond couples, only tend to highten the affections. I 'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again. (*Exit.*)

Dor. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours! Oh, that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him! Oh, that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed!

FROM FIELDING.

XXXI.—THE DOCTOR.—SCENE II.

CHARACTERS.—*Harry, and James, and Dorcas.*

(*Enter Harry and James. Dorcas in the background.*)

Harry. WERE ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own paltry memory, that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world, rather than return without him. That were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a sad misfortune? to lose the letter! I should not even know his name, if I were to hear it.

Dor. (*Aside.*) Can I find no invention to be revenged? Heyday! who are these?

Jam. Hark ye, mistress. Do you know where—where—where doctor what-d'ye-call him, lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

Jam. Doctor—doctor—what's his name?

Dor. Hey! what! has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Har. Is there no physician hereabout, famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman. We don't mean to banter you. We are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician, who lives hereabout. We have lost our direction, and 't is as much as our lives are worth, to return without him.

Dor. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practicing. You would not get him a mile, to save the lives of a thousand patients.

Jam. Direct us but to him. We'll bring him with us, one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. (*Aside.*) Ha! revenge inspires me with one of the most admirable thoughts to punish my husband, for treating me so badly. He's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives?

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house. But, if you watch hereabout, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood!

Jam. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dor. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world. He goes dressed like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads, as to be known for a physician.

Jam. All your great men have strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a physician. I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you, take a good cudgel and thrash him into it. 'T is what we are all forced to do, when we have any need of him.

Jam. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

Jam. And is he so very skillful a man?

Dor. Skillful! why, he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, it is said, she had been *dead, some time.* When this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he poured a little drop of something down her throat. He had no sooner done it, than she walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious!

Dor. 'T is not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old, fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

Both. Oh, most wonderful!

Har. Hey! James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

Jam. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! why, the curate of our parish's wife, was born dumb, and the doctor, they say, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a-going, so that in less than a month's time, she out-talked her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yes, no doubt; and see, yonder he is.

Jam. What, that he, yonder?

Dor. The very same. He has seen us, and is taking up his ax.

Jam. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. Mistress, your servant. We give you ten thousand thanks for this favor.

Dor. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

Jam. He shan't want for that. (*Exeunt.*)

From Fielding.

XXXII.—THE DOCTOR.—Scene III.

Characters.—*Harry, and James, and Gregory.*

(*Gregory with his ax. Enter James and Harry.*)

Greg. Feugh! 't is most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

Jam. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant. (*Bowing.*)

Jam. We are mighty happy in finding you here.

Greg. Ay, like enough.

Jam. 'T is in your power, sir, to do us a very great favor. We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

Jam. Sir, you are extremely obliging. But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered, the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. Oh, do, good sir, be covered.

Greg. (*Aside.*) These should be footmen, by their dress; but courtiers, by their ceremony.

Jam. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you. Men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

Jam. O dear, sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper elsewhere. But, if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word, then, with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

Jam. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 't was to my father.

Jam. Dear sir, we know you very well; don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

Jam. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse. Can a person like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a ninny.

Jam. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, sir, we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

Jam. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

Jam. The fit is on him. Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to—you know what.

Greg. Know what! No, sir; I don't know what. But I know this, that I'm no physician.

Jam. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

Jam. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Jam. Well, if we must, we must. (*Beats him.*)

Greg. Oh! oh! Gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I'm whatever you'd please to have me!

Jam. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violence?

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

Jam. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does *me.* But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

Jam. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. To be sure I do. I am no physician.

Har. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be hanged, if I am. (*They beat him.*) Oh! oh! Dear gentlemen! Oh! for mercy's sake! I *am* a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me. I had rather be any thing, than be knocked o' the head.

Jam. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses. I ask pardon (ten thousand times) for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

Jam. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The dickens I have!

Jam. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs, immediately after it had broken 'em.

Jam. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, sir. You shall be satisfied. My master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. I shall have whatever I will demand?

Jam. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I *am* a physician without doubt. I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

Jam. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. Well, what if she has; do you think I've found it? But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM FIELDING.

XXXIII.—THE DOCTOR.—SCENE IV.

CHARACTERS.—*Sir Jasper, James, and Gregory.*

(*Enter Sir Jasper and James.*)

Sir Jasper. WHERE is he? Where is he?

Jam. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir, for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again. He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir J. 'T is strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humors you mentioned.

Jam. 'T is but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.

(*Enter Gregory.*)

Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir J. Dear sir, you are the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says, we should both be covered.

Sir J. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Sir J. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly traveled in the highway of letters—

Sir J. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, doctor.

Sir J. Ha! ha! I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What! you're no doctor?

Sir J. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir J. Doctor! no.

Greg. There; 't is done. (*Beats him.*)

Sir J. Done! in the name of mischief, what's done?

Greg. Why, now you are made a doctor of physic. (*Aside.*) I am sure 't is all the degrees I ever took.

Sir J. What bedlamite of a fellow have you brought here?

Jam. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir J. Whims! Truly! I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behavior, if he have any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir J. Oh! 't is very well; 't is very well, for once.

Greg. I am sorry for these blows.

Sir J. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honor of laying so thick on you.

Sir J. Let's talk no more of 'em, sir. My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it. I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family, had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir J. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir J. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir J. My daughter's name is Charlotte.

Greg. Are you sure she was christened Charlotte?

Sir J. No, sir; she was christened Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient, as the physician is. Pray, what's the matter with your daughter? What's her distemper?

Sir J. Why, her distemper, doctor, is, that she has become dumb, and no one can assign the cause; and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage? why so?

Sir J. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb? Would to heaven my wife was dumb. I'd be far from desiring to cure her. Does this distemper oppress her very much?

Sir J. Yes, sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir J. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. We great physicians know a distemper immediately. I know some of the college would call your daughter's distemper the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers. But I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb. So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her; if she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir J. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds.

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for. Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir J. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir J. But, if you please, dear sir, your sentiment upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir J. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man. He was indeed a very great man, who, upon that subject, was a man that--but, to return to our reasoning. I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humors, which our great physician calls—humors—humors—ah! you understand Latin—

Sir J. Not in the least.

Greg. What! not understand Latin?

Sir J. No, indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci Thurum Cathalimus, Singulariter non. Hæc musa, hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc, Musæ, Bonus, bona, bonum.

Sir J. Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

Jam. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits, passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Periwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the venticles of the Omotaplasmus, and because the said humors have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you—

Sir J. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity, that is caused—be attentive, if you please—

Sir J. I am.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humors, engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapors, Propriaque maribus tribuunter, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum. This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Jam. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir J. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing. I always thought till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly, but we have changed all that. The college, at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir J. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. Oh, sir, there 's no harm. You 're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Sir J. Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed, warmed with a brass warming-pan. Cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double refined sugar.

Sir J. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir! Ay, sir; and what 's better than punch, to make people talk? Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels—your—your—this, and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time. I love to do a business all at once.

Sir J. Doctor, I ask pardon, you shall be obeyed. (*Gives money.*)

Greg. But hold! Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic. I shall prepare something for you.

Sir J. Ha! ha! ha! No, no, doctor. I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why, then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras. (*Exit.*)

Sir J. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humors. He, no doubt, understands himself, however, and I have great faith in his prescription. (*Exeunt.*)

From Fielding.

XXXIV.—REMOVAL OF TROOPS FROM BOSTON.

The Earl of Chatham, (Wm. Pitt, the elder,) was a warm and influential friend of America, during the Revolutionary war. His speeches are among the richest specimens of eloquence in any language. For some of these, see McGuffey's New Sixth Eclectic Reader.

If it should be desired to make the following somewhat shorter, it may appropriately end with the sixth paragraph.

I rise with astonishment, to see these papers brought to your table, at so late a period of this business. Papers, to tell us what? Why, what all the world knew before. That the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of their common liberties.

Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were *literally* treated like the capricious *squalls of a child*, who, it was said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not. But full well I knew, at that time, that this *child*, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a *man*. Full well I knew, that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution, and once breathing the same liberal air as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles, and on the same occasions.

What has government done? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty. So far from once turning their eyes to the policy and destructive consequence of this scheme, they are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told in the language of menace, that, if seventeen thousand men wont do, fifty thousand shall.

It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country. They may waste and destroy as they march. But, in the progress of fifteen hundred miles, can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country, which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up like hydras in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition? Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely not. A victory must be to them a defeat; and carnage, a sacrifice.

But it is not merely the three millions of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every whig in this country and in Ireland is with them. Who, then, let me demand, has given, and continues to give, this strange and unconstitutional advice?

I do not mean to level at any one man, or any particular set of men; but thus much I will venture to declare, that, if his majesty continues to hear such counselors, he will not only be badly advised, but *undone.* He may continue indeed to wear his crown: but it will not be worth his wearing. Robbed of so principal a jewel as America, it will lose its luster, and no longer beam that effulgence which should irradiate the brow of majesty.

In this alarming crisis, I come, with this paper in my hand, to offer you the best of my experience and advice. That is, that an humble petition be presented to his majesty, beseeching him, that in order to open the way toward a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him, that immediate orders be given to General Gage to remove his majesty's forces from the town of Boston.

And this, my lords, upon the most mature and deliberate grounds, is the best advice I can give you, at this juncture. Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of *freedom* and *inquiry*, and not in *letters of blood.* There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck, which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed, will cause a wound which may never be healed. From Chatham.

XXXV.—THE STAMP ACT.

A charge is brought against gentlemen sitting in this House of giving birth to sedition in America. Several have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. The gentleman tells us, America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman. I know his abilities. But, for the defense of liberty, upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground on which I stand firm, on which I dare meet any man.

The gentleman boasts of his bounties to America. Are not those bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. He asks, When were the Colonies emancipated? I desire to know when they were made slaves! But I dwell not upon words. I will be bold to affirm, that the profits of Great Britain from the trade of the Colonies, through all its branches, are two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. This is the price America pays for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come, with a boast that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the exchequer, by the loss of millions to the nation?

A great deal has been said, without doors, of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops. I know the skill of your officers. But on this ground, I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?

The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side! I will undertake for America that she will follow the example.

"Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind."

Let the Stamp Act be repealed; and let the reason for the repeal—*because the Act was founded on an erroneous principle*—be assigned. Let it be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately! FROM CHATHAM.

XXXVI.—RECONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

AMERICA, my lords, *can not* be reconciled to this country, she *ought* not to be reconciled, till the troops of Britain are withdrawn. How can America trust you, with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? The way must be immediately opened for reconciliation. It will soon be too late. An hour, now lost in allaying ferments in America, may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will pursue it to the end. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger.

I contend not for *indulgence*, but for *justice*, to America. What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive acts against a loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together. They are inseparable. I therefore urge and conjure your lordships immediately to adopt this conciliating measure. If illegal violences have been, as is said, committed in America, prepare the way, open the door of possibility, for acknowledgment and satisfaction. But proceed not to such coercion, such proscription. Cease your indiscriminate inflictions. Amerce not thirty thousand. Oppress not three millions; irritate them not to unappeasable rancor, for the fault of forty or fifty.

Such severity of injustice must forever render incurable the wounds you have inflicted. What though you march from town to town, from province to province! What though you enforce a temporary and local submission! How shall you secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your progress? How grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent, populous in numbers, strong in valor, liberty, and the means of resistance?

The spirit which now resists your taxation, in America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolence, and ship-money, in England; the same spirit which aroused all England, and, by the Bill of Rights, vindicated the English Constitution; the same spirit which established the great, fundamental, essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.* This glorious spirit animates three millions in America, who prefer poverty, with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defense of their rights as men, as freemen.

What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast ef every Whig in England? "'T is liberty to liberty engaged," that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied. It is the alliance of God and nature; immutable, eternal; fixed as the firmament of Heaven.

FROM CHATHAM.

XXXVII.—ON AN ADDRESS TO THE KING.—No. I.

This and the following extract, may be spoken *separately* or *together*.

I most cheerfully agree with the first portion of the address moved by the noble lord. I would even go and prostrate myself at the foot of the throne, were it necessary, to testify my joy at any event, which may promise to add to the domestic felicity of my sovereign; at any thing, which may seem to give a further security to the permanent enjoyment of the religious and civil rights of my fellow-subjects. But while I do this, I must, also, express my strongest disapprobation of the address, and the fatal measures which it approves.

It has been customary for the king, on similar occasions, not to *lead* parliament, but to be *guided by* it. It has been usual, I say, to *ask* the *advice* of this house, the hereditary great council of the nation, not to *dictate* to it. What does this speech say? It tells you of measures already agreed upon, and very cavalierly desires your concurrence. It, indeed, talks of wisdom and support. It counts on the certainty of events yet in the womb of time; but in point of plan and design, it is peremptory and dictatorial. Is this a proper language, fit to be endured? Is this high pretension to overrule the dispositions of Providence itself, and the will and judgment of parliament, justified by any former conduct or precedent?

No, it is the language of an ill-founded confidence: a confidence, I will be bold to say, supported hitherto only by a succession of disappointments, disgraces, and defeats. I am astonished how any minister dare advise his majesty to hold such a language to your lordships. I would be glad to see the minister that dare avow it in his place.

What is the import of this extraordinary application? What, but an unlimited confidence in those who have hitherto misguided, deceived, and misled you? It is, I maintain, unlimited. It desires you to grant not what you may be satisfied is necessary, but what his majesty's ministers may choose to think so; troops, fleets, treaties, and subsidies, not yet revealed. Should your lordships agree to the present address, you will stand pledged to all this. You can not retreat. It binds you to the consequences, be they what they may. Whoever gave this pernicious counsel to the king, ought to be made answerable to this house, and to the nation at large, for the consequences. The precedent is dangerous and unconstitutional.

Who, I say, has had the temerity to tell the king that his affairs are in a prosperous condition? And who, of course, is the author of those assurances which are this day given you, in order to mislead you? What is the present state of this nation? It is big with difficulty and danger. It is full of the most destructive circumstances. I say, my lords, it is truly perilous. What are these little islands, Great Britain and Ireland? What is your defense? Nothing.

What is the condition of your formidable and inveterate enemies, the two leading branches of the house of Bourbon? They have a formidable navy. I say their intentions are hostile. I know it. Their coasts are lined with troops, from the furthermost part of the coast of Spain up to Dunkirk. What have you to oppose them? Not five thousand men in this island; nor more in Ireland; nor above twenty ships of the line manned and fit for service. Without peace, without an immediate restoration of tranquillity, this nation is ruined.

FROM CHATHAM.

XXXVIII.—ON AN ADDRESS TO THE KING.—No. II.

NOTE.—Where a speech, like this, closes with a question which requires the *rising* inflection, the *falling* inflection should be substituted for the rising.

WHAT has been the conduct of our ministers? How have they endeavored to conciliate the affection and obedience of their American brethren? They have gone to Germany. They have sought the alliance and assistance of every pitiful, beggarly, insignificant, paltry German prince, to cut the throats of their loyal, brave, and injured brethren in America. They have entered into mercenary treaties with those human butchers, for the purchase and sale of human blood.

But, this is not all. They have entered into other treaties. They have let the savages of America loose upon their innocent, unoffending brethren; upon the weak, the aged, and defenseless; on old men, women, and children; upon the very babes upon the breast, to be cut, mangled, sacrificed, broiled, roasted, nay, to be literally eaten alive. These are the allies Great Britain now has: carnage, desolation, and destruction, wherever her arms are carried, is her newly adopted mode of making war. Our ministers have made alliances at the German shambles, and with the barbarians of America; with the merciless torturers of their species. Where they will next apply, I can not tell: having already scoured all Germany and America, to seek the assistance of cannibals and butchers.

The arms of this country are disgraced, even in victory as well as defeat. Is this consistent, my lords, with any part of our former conduct? Was it by means like these we arrived at that pinnacle of fame and grandeur, which, while it established our reputation in every quarter of the globe, gave the fullest testimony of our justice, mercy, and national integrity? Was it by the tomahawk and scalping-knife, that British valor and humanity became proverbial, and the triumphs of war and the *éclat* of conquest became but matters of secondary praise, when compared to those of national humanity, and national honor?

Was it by setting loose the savages of America, to imbrue their hands in the blood of our enemies, that the duties of the soldier, the citizen, and the man, came to be united? Is this honorable warfare? Does it correspond with the language of the poet, in

"The pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,
That makes ambition a virtue?"

FROM CHATHAM.

XXXIX.—APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

William Tell, the Washington of Switzerland, after having escaped from the dungeon of the tyrant who had invaded his country, utters the following.

Once more I breathe the mountain air; once more
I tread my own free hills! My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off; in its proud flight,
'T is like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled. O! ye mighty race
That stand like frowning giants, fixed to guard
My own proud land; why did ye not hurl down
The thundering *avalanche*, when at your feet
The base usurper stood? A touch, a breath,
Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet
The tyrant passed in safety. God of Heaven!
Where slept thy thunderbolts?

Oh! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God!
This land was *free*,
From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free,
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very *storms!* Yes, I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

O Liberty!
Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which
Life is as nothing. Hast thou then forgot
Thy native home? Must the feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene? It can not be.
Even as the smile of Heaven can pierce the depths
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom
In spots where man has never dared to tread;
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,

And bow alone to Heaven. Thy spirit lives,
Ay, and shall live, when even the very name
Of tyrant is forgot.

Lo! while I gaze
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
A crown of glory on his hoary head.
O! is not this a presage of the dawn
Of freedom o'er the world? Hear me, then, bright
And beaming Heaven! while kneeling thus, I vow
To *live* for freedom, or with her to *die!*

FROM KNOWLES.

XL.—GERTRUDE.

THE husband of Gertrude was condemned by a tyrant to die upon the wheel, and was attended in his last moments, with heroic fidelity, by his wife.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I can not go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it? *mine* is *here;*
I will not leave thee now!

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honored love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!

We have the bless-ed Heaven in view,
  Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these, high words to flow
  From Woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe,
  She bore her lofty part:
But oh! with such a freezing eye
  With such a curdling cheek!
Love, love! of mortal agony,
  Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!

The wind rose high, but with it rose
  Her voice, that he might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
  To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
  Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
  Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
  With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch, upon the lute chords low,
  Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
  She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses pressed,
  As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
  Enduring to the last!
She had her meed; one smile in death;
  And his worn spirit passed.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
  She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping, blessed the God who gave
  Strength to forsake it not!

From Mrs. Hemans.

XLI.—DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

This is the apology of Hotspur for not delivering his prisoners to King Henry, and is followed, in Shakspeare, by the dialogue which forms the succeeding exercise. It may be spoken independently, or in connection with that.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom: and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.

He was perfu′-med like a milliner.
Betwixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.
And still he smiled, and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them, untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms,
He questioned me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not.

For he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds: (Heaven save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was *parmacity*, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpeter should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

XLII.—HOTSPUR AND KING HENRY IV.

King Henry. You still deny your prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
Your brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer!
No; on the barren mountains let him starve!
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hotspur. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. (*Exit King Henry.*)
Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
(*Enter Worcester.*)
Worcester. What! drunk with choler? Stay and pause awhile.
Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
Zounds, I *will* speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him!
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke!
Wor. Who struck this heat up?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have *all* my prisoners;

And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale;
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good-night! or sink or swim,
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.
Wor. (*Aside.*) Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. Methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown-ed honor by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without a rival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
Wor. (*Aside.*) He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
(*Aloud.*) Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners—
Hot. I'll keep them all;
He shall not have a Scot of them, not one;
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll hallo—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak

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Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke!
In Richard's time —— What do you call the place?
A plague upon't! it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
Wor. At Berkley Castle.
Hot. You say true.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And, "gentle Harry Percy," and, "kind cousin!"
O, out upon such cozeners! Heaven forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
I'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, in faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only help.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms.
Hot. Uncle, adieu. O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport!

From Shakspeare.

XLIII.—HOTSPUR'S SOLILOQUY.

Hotspur, having joined the plot against the king, as hinted at in the preceding dialogue, corresponds with others upon the subject. In the following piece, he enters with a letter in his hand, upon the contents of which he comments as he reads them. It may be spoken alone, or in connection with the preceding.

"But for my own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house! He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous."

Why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a *cold*, to *sleep*, to *drink*. But I tell you, my lord Fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck the flower safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends, true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action.

By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself; Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? And are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

From Shakspeare.

XLIV.—PARTITION OF POLAND.

What was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in *Egypt*, if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun, worse than the conduct of those three great powers in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on kingdom of Poland?

O, but you "*regretted* the partition of Poland!" Yes, regretted! You *regretted* the violence, and that is *all* you did. You united yourselves with the actors. You, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it, which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The conqueror of Poland, perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was "as much superior to Bonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates!" *Was* he?

Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Bonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw, and there he let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed, and unresisting people! Men, women, and children, nay, infants at the breast, were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what?

Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a people, and to improve their constitution, which had been confessed, by their own sovereign, to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of "religion and social order" is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence; while the conduct of Bonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy! FROM FOX.

XLV.—LEGISLATURE OF IRELAND.—No. I.

THIS and the following exercise are extracts from a speech delivered in opposition to a bill for abolishing the Legislature of Ireland. They may be spoken separately, or as one.

IN the most express terms I deny the *competency* of Parliament to abolish the Legislature of Ireland. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution. I tell you, that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass an act which surrenders the government of Ireland to the English parliament, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it.

I make the assertion deliberately. I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me, to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make *laws* and not *legislatures.* You are appointed to *act under* the constitution, not to *alter* it. You are appointed to *exercise* the functions of legislators, and *not to transfer them.* If you do so, your act is a *dissolution* of the government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

When you transfer, you abdicate, and the great original trust results to the people from whom it issued. *Yourselves* you may extinguish, but *parliament* you can not extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act, which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. It is above your power.

I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and coöperation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises, it must be decided on its own merits. But that is not *this* case. If government considers this a season peculiarly fitted for *experiments* on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, are you ready to do so?

Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must, in that event, submit to the people? Not this particular project, for if you dissolve the present form of government, they become free to choose any other. You fling them to the fury of the tempest. You must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution, and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, is this the time for an experiment of that nature?

Thank God, the people have manifested no such wish. So far as they have spoken, their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favor. You can not be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom. If you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition. You may be rived and shivered by the lightning, before you hear the peal of the thunder!

From Plunket.

XLVI.—LEGISLATURE OF IRELAND.—No. II.

Let me ask you, how was the late rebellion put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying around—what? A reed shaken by the winds, a wretched apology for a minister who never knew how to give or where to seek protection? No! but round the *laws, and constitution, and independence of the country.* What were the *affections and motives* that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties, and our liberties.

I thank the administration for attempting this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions. Through this black cloud which they have collected over us, I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissension; not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion: not by hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic, and the Catholic against the Protestant: not by committing the North against the South: not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices. No! but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction.

They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject. And I tell them, that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally around her constitution, and merge every consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure.

For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood. When I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom. I shall be proud to think my name may be handed down to posterity in the same roll with those disinterested patriots, who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country.

I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold, or meanly abandoned, the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side, this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? *I hope so!* It will be well for his peace. But if he can not, the indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will follow him to the grave. FROM PLUNKET.

XLVII.—AMERICA.

IF, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings toward her as an Irishman. Never, oh, never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering; from fancy or infliction. That must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it. But surely it is for the men of *every* age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate.

Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge: his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated: with no restraint, but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate.

Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation? Who can deny, that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture? At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her?

Who shall say, that when, in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new? For myself, I have no doubt of it. I have not the least doubt, that when our temples and our trophies shall have moldered into dust; when the glories of our name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of our achievements live only in song; philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

FROM PHILLIPS.

XLVIII.—FAMINE IN IRELAND.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is no ordinary cause that has brought together this vast assemblage, on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests. We have met, not to celebrate the achievements of those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the new. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread.

There lies, upon the other side of the wide Atlantic, a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.

Into this fair region, God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase. The common mother has forgotten her offspring, and she no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp. Unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the *present*, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the *past.*

Oh! it is terrible, that, in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, men should die of starvation! When a man dies of *disease*, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they can not keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face, and conceal the horrors of his visage, as he delivers his stern mandate. In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the *soldier* whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.

But he who dies of *hunger*, wrestles *alone*, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for, if he had friends, how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up, like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine *besieges.* He draws his lines around the doomed garrison. He cuts off all supplies. He never summons to surrender; for he gives no quarter.

Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare? Day by day, the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which, at first, had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then the victim begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence. He hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and, it may be, dies blaspheming.

This is one of those cases, in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but that one of the very objects of this calamity, is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us, upon whom unlimited abundance is showered? In the name then of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland. He, who is able, and will not aid such a cause, is not a *man*, and has no right to wear the form. He should be sent back to Nature's mint, and re-issued as a counterfeit on humanity, of Nature's baser metal.

From S. S. Prentiss.

XLIX.—ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And, to the presence in the room, he said,
"What writest thou?"

The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

From Leigh Hunt.

L.—RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There *is* no *death!* What *seems* so, is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead; the child of our affection;
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection;
And Christ himself doth rule.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

FROM LONGFELLOW.

LI.—THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
  With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
  The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
  The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
  The river flowed between.

No other voice, nor sound was there,
  No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
  As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
  Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
  On the alarm-ed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far,
  The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
  The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,
  That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
  Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream
  In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam,
  Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battleground,
  The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
  Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
  In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
  But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
  Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
  The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

FROM LONGFELLOW.

LII.—BREACH OF PROMISE.—No. I.

THIS and the following may be spoken as one piece, or separately.

YOU have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. With her little boy, her only child, the desolate widow shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street. Here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within."

Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear; she had no distrust; all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor. Mr. Bardell was a man of his word. Mr. Bardell was no deceiver. Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself. To single gentleman I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and consolation. In single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections. To a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch; the train was laid; the mine was preparing; the sapper and miner was at work!

Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—*three days*, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day, he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick; Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen. And when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stayed away.

Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant; be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

From Dickens.

LIII.—BREACH OF PROMISE.—No. II.

Gentlemen of the jury, that damages, heavy damages should be awarded to Mrs. Bardell, from Pickwick, the defendant, for breach of promise, may be shown from the letters which passed between these parties. These letters must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye. They were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick."

Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! gracious fathers! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. "Dear Mrs. B.: I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression—"Do n't trouble yourself about the warming-pan."

The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, *who does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire; a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean?

For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will be now very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined. It is no figure of speech to say that her "occupation is gone" indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps.

But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oäsis in the desert of Goswell-street; Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward; Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans; Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen! FROM DICKENS.

LIV.—THE TENDER HUSBAND.

Lo, to the cruel hand of fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-souled mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath;
Though dropped her jaw, her lip though pale,
And blue each harmless finger-nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep;
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite;
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as she was so great a woman,
And cared a single fig for no man,
I thought he feared to meet her.

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclined
To think how I may speak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Good sir, good doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure;
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
Gently, oh, gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blessed!

In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent prayer,
To bid her spirit rest.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare,
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
Her mouth, a magic tongue that held,
Whose softest tone, at times, compelled
To peace my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make;
I'd not be stingy, sure;
Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who could paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since Fame reports a coffin tossed,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewell, my love, forever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo:
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
No! hang me if I do!

LV.—THE SENTIMENTAL HUSBAND.

POTTLE OF PINES; a basket of pine apples.

'TWAS at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase;
Yes, for Morris had asked me to dine;
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild
With sheer envy, to witness my luck;
How she blushed, as I gave her some turtle, and smiled,
As I afterward offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas! to my cost,
  Through three courses of dishes and meats;
Getting deeper in love; but my heart was quite lost,
  When it came to the trifle and sweets.

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
  To her parents I told my designs;
And then to herself I presented my hand,
  With a very fine pottle of pines!

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
  And she did not object in the least;
I can't tell the date, but we married I know,
  Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to ——, it certainly was the sea-side;
  For the next, the most bless-ed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
  Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O, never may memory lose sight of that year,
  But still hallow the time as it ought!
That season the "greens" were remarkably dear,
  And the peas, at a guinea a quart.

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
  But then Death! I ne'er dreamt about that!
O, there's naught that is certain in life, as I cried,
  When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
  But the cause no physician could nab;
But something, it seemed, like consumption, I fear;
  It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctored, in vain she was dosed,
  Still her strength and her appetite pined;
She lost relish for what she had relished the most,
  Even salmon she deeply declined!

For months still I lingered in hope and in doubt,
  While her form it grew wasted and thin;
But the last dying spark of existence went out,
  As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men,
  To indulge in a widower's moan;
Oh! I felt all the power of solitude then,
  As I ate my first turbot alone!

From Hood.

LVI.—THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and, more especially, by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted, that public liberty rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said: "Instruct the mothers of the French people."

Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, molding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas. We admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble. But how insignificant are these achievements, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon *mind*, upon *spirit*, which is to last *forever*, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined. The passions are to be restrained. True and worthy motives are to be inspired. A profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children, that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations.

They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; and that every man and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that, in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfills her destiny. FROM WEBSTER.

LVII.—MARIE ANTOINETTE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, the wife of Louis XVI, was executed with her husband in 1792, being among the first victims of the French Revolution.

EDMUND BURKE, from one of whose speeches this extract is taken, was among the most eloquent orators and most able statesmen of England.

IT is now some years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. O! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom! Little did I dream that I should have to live to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom! The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. FROM BURKE.

LVIII.—RIENZI.—SCENE I.

THIS and the succeeding scene may be spoken in connection, or independently, as each is complete in itself.

MAN-DO-LIN; a kind of harp.

CHARACTERS.—*Rienzi the Tribune and Claudia his daughter.*

Rienzi. CLAUDIA! nay, start not! Thou art sad to-day;
I found thee sitting idly, 'mid thy maids;
A pretty, laughing, restless band, who plied
Quick tongue and nimble finger. Mute, and pale
As marble, those unseeing eyes were fixed
On vacant air; and that fair brow was bent
As sternly, as if the rude stranger, Thought,
Age-giving, mirth-destroying, pitiless Thought,
Had knocked at thy young, giddy brain.
Claudia. Nay, father,
Mock not thine own poor Claudia.

Rie. Claudia used
To bear a merry heart with that clear voice,
Prattling, and that light, busy foot, astir
In her small housewifery, the blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive.
Cla. Oh! mine old home!
Rie. What ails thee, lady-bird?
Cla. Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home!
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle,
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden, overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thickset as grass in fields;
My pretty, snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old, fond nurse,
And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars: a whole province
Laid in a garden if thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient gems,
Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought
By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds,
Of farthest Ind, like wing-ed flowers to flit
Around thy stately bower; and, at thy wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Camillo?
Thou shalt have nobler servants; emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! Not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.
Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet!
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white doves, were telltales, I would ask them,
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide they heard not oft
A tuneful mandolin, and then, a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelmed the quivering instrument; and then,
A world of whispers, mixed with low responses,
Sweet, short, and broken as divided strains
Of nightingales?
Cla. Oh, father! father!

Rie. Well!
Dost love him, Claudia?
Cla. Father!
Rie. Dost thou love
Young Angelo? Yes? Said'st thou yes? That heart,
That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,
I can not hear thy words. He is returned
To Rome. He left thee on mine errand, dear one;
And now, is there no casement, myrtle-wreathed,
No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night
The lover's song?
Cla. Oh, father! father!
Rie. Now,
Back to thy maidens, with a lightened heart,
Mine own belov-ed child. Thou shalt be first
In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess
Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower
As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate
From out an eagle's nest.
Cla. Alas! alas!
I tremble at the hight. Whene'er I think
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
For thee, dear father.
Rie. Tremble? let *them* tremble.
I am their master, Claudia, whom they scorned,
Endured, protected. Sweet, go dream of love!
I am their *master*, Claudia.

FROM MITFORD.

LIX.—RIENZI.—SCENE II.

THIS represents the defeat of a design to assassinate Rienzi, at a banquet in honor of his daughter's marriage with Angelo Colonna, son of one of the conspirators. Rienzi, having discovered their plot, substitutes his own maskers for theirs.

CHARACTERS.—*Rienzi, Tribune of Rome; Colonna, Ursini, Savelli, and Frangi, noblemen and conspirators; Angelo, Colonna's son; Camillo, an attendant of Rienzi; and maskers, who are Rienzi's guards.*

(*Enter Savelli and Frangi.*)

Savelli. RIENZI bears him like a prince, save that he lacks
The port serene of majesty. His mood

Is fitful; stately now, and sad; anon,
Full of hurried mirth; courteous awhile,
And mild; then bursting, on a sudden, forth,
Into sharp biting taunts.
Frangi. And at the altar,
When he first found the proud and angry mother
Refused to grace the nuptials, even the nuncio
Quailed at his fiery threats. I saw Colonna
Gnawing his lip for wrath.
Sav. Why, this new power
Mounts to the brain like wine. For such disease,
Your skillful leech lets blood.
Fra. Suspects he aught
Of our design? We hunt a subtil quarry.
Sav. But with a wilier huntsman. (*Enter Ursini.*)
Ursini,
Hath every point been guarded? Are the maskers
Valiant and strongly armed? Have ye taken order
To close the gates, to seize his train, to cut
The cordage of the bell, that none may summon
The people to his rescue?
Ursini. All is cared for,
And vengeance certain. Before set of sun,
We shall be masters of ourselves, of Rome,
And Rome's proud ruler. This quiet mask of ours—
Sav. What is the watchword?
Urs. Death.
Fra. Peace, peace! he comes!
(*Enter Rienzi and Colonna, at opposite points. Camillo follows Rienzi.*)
Rienzi. A fair good welcome, noble friends. Your chairs.
(*Takes the chair of state.*)
Bring mirth! I brook no pause of revelry.
Have ye no mask?
Sav. (*To Ursini.*) He rushes in the toils.
Now weave the meshes round him.
Urs. Sooth, my lord,
We had plotted to surprise the gentle bride
With a slight mask; a toy, an antic.
Rie. Ay, and when?
Urs. Soon as the bell tolled four, the maskers
Were bid to enter.
Rie. Four? And how attired?
Urs. Turbaned and robed, and with swart visages.

Rie. Camillo, hark! Admit these revelers;
Mark me—(*Gives orders in a low voice, to Camillo.*)
Urs. (*Aside.*) Now, vengeance, thou art mine!
Rie. Wine! wine! (*To an attendant.*)
Fill me a goblet high with sparkling wine! (*Rises.*)
Claudia Rienzi
And Angelo Colonna! Blessed be they
And we in their fair union! Doubly cursed
Whoever in wish or thought would loose that tie,
The bond of peace to Rome!
Hark, Camillo!
Go bid the fountains, from their marble mouths,
Pour the rich juice of the Sicilian grape,
A flood of molten rubies, that our kind
And drouthy fellow-citizens may chorus
Hail to the gentle bride. Let the phantom, *fear*,
And *doubt*, that haunts round princes; and suspicion,
That broods, a harpy o'er the banquet; flee
Down to the uttermost depths.
Urs. Of what *doubt*
Speaks our great Tribune?
Rie. A fit tale of mirth,
To crown the goblet! (*Enter the maskers, at different sides.*)
Doubt! Spake I of *doubt?*
Fear! Said I *fear?* So fenced around by friends,
Allies, and kinsmen, what have I to fear
From treason or from traitors! Say yon band
Were rebels, ye would guard me! Call them murderers,
Ye would avenge me.
Urs. Ay, by death.
Ric. And thou?
Col. By death!
Rie. Seize the foul traitors. (*To the maskers, who seize the nobles.*) Ye have passed
Your own just sentence. Yield, my masters, yield!
Your men are overpowered; your maskers chained:
The courts are lined with guards, and at one stroke,
One touch upon the bell, the strength of Rome,
All that hath life within the walls, will rise
To crush you. Yield your swords. Do ye not shame
To wear them! Yield your swords. (*Enter Angelo.*)
Angelo. Rienzi—(*Then to one of the guards, who seizes Colonna.*) Villain!
An thou but touch the lord Colonna, ay,

An thou but dare to lay thy ruffian hand
Upon his garment—
Rie. Seize his sword.
Ang. Again!
Art frenetic, Rienzi!
Rie. Seek of *them.*
Ang. Father, in mercy speak! Give me a cause,
And though a legion hemmed thee in, thy son
Should rescue thee. Speak but one word, dear father,
Only *one* word! Sure as I live, thou art guiltless.
Sure as the sun tracks his bright path in heaven,
Thy course is pure. Yet speak!
Rie. He is silent.
Ang. Speak.
Rie. Doth not that silence answer thee? Look on them.
Thou knowest them, Angelo; the bold Savelli,
The Frangipani, and the Ursini;
Ay, and the high Colonna; well thou knowest
Each proud and lofty visage; mark them now.
They should be signed, as Cain of old, for guilt,
Detected, baffled, murderous guilt, hath set
His bloody hand upon them. Son, thou shudderest!
Their tawny maskers should have slain me, here,
Here, at thy bridal;
Here, in my festive hour; the mutual cup
Sparkling; the mutual pledge half spoke; the bread,
Which we have broke together, unconsumed
Upon the board; joyful and full of wine;
Sinful and unconfessed, so had I fallen;
And so, the word was death. From their own lips
Came their own righteous sentence—death!
Ang. Oh, mercy!
Mercy! Thou livest. 'T was but the intent—
Rie. My death
Were nothing; but through me, the traitors struck
At *peace*, at *liberty*, at *Rome*, my country;
Bright and regenerate, the world's mistress once,
And doomed, like the old fabled bird, to rise
Strong from her ashes. Did ye think the people
Could spare their Tribune? Did ye deem them weary
Of equal justice; and mild law; and freedom
As liberal as the air; and mighty fame,
A more resplendent sun? Sirs, I am guarded
By the invisible shield of love, which blunts

The darts of treachery. I can not die,
While Rome commands me live. For you, foul traitors,
I pardon you, and I despise you. Go!
Ye are free.
Ang. (*To Rienzi.*) Oh, thanks, my father.
Rie. Yet mark me, seigniors. Tame your rebel blood;
Be faithful subjects to the good estate;
Demolish your strong towers, which overtop
Our beautiful city with barbarian pride,
Loosing fell rapine, discord, and revenge,
From out their dens accursed. Be quiet subjects,
And ye shall find the state a gentle mistress. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM MITFORD.

LX.—TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent.

The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence. It is *action, noble, sublime, godlike action!*

From Webster.

LXI.—HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you; trippingly, on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of the players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently. For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray, you avoid it.

Be not too tame either: but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and *that* highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably. FROM SHAKSPEARE.

LXII.—AFFECTATION IN THE PULPIT.

IN man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'T is my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.

What! will a man play tricks? Will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face,—in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!

Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practiced at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with a pen, save when he scrawls a card,
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold;
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride;
From such apostles, O, ye mitered heads,
Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that can not teach, and will not learn!

From Cowper.

LXIII.—EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

The common calamities of life may be endured. Poverty, sickness, and even death, may be met. But there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband and father forgets the duties he once delighted to fulfill, and, by slow degrees, becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his house the sorrow that rends the spirit, that can not be alleviated, that will not be comforted.

It is here, above all, where she, who has ventured every thing, feels that every thing is lost. Woman, silent, suffering, devoted woman, here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of *her* woe is, in truth, full, whose *husband* is a *drunkard*. Who shall protect her, when *he* is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of *his* face, and trembles at the sound of *his* voice?

The hearth is indeed dark, that *he* has made desolate. There, through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself. Her bruised heart bleeds in secret.

There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that will only wring from her, by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those she shed over his transgression.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back, and broods upon the past. Like the recollection to the sun-stricken pilgrim, of the cool spring that he drank at in the morning, the joys of other days come over her, as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy: the enraptured father, who bent with such delight over his newborn children: and she asks if *this* can really be *he;* this sunken being, who has now nothing for her but the sot's disgusting brutality! nothing for those abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example!

Can we wonder that, amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection should snap asunder? that the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart?" that, though it would have been hard for her to kiss, for the last time, the cold lips of her dead husband, and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so debasing life, that even his death would be greeted in mercy?

Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb; though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been also the tears of shame. But to behold him thus fallen away from the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy; at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded outlaw; this is the woe that the wife feels, is more dreadful than death; that she mourns over, as worse than widowhood.

FROM SPRAGUE.

LXIV.—DANGER OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE sufferings of animal nature occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins and suffers. As his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit, clanks his chain and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again;" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!"

Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not. Lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door-posts of his dwelling. In the meantime, these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on.

His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise. Nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was lovely and of good report retires, and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines.

And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears. FROM BEECHER.

LXV.—WATER FOR ME.

O, WATER for me! bright water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee.
Water cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,
And maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity;
O, water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine, to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim;
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nothing but dew.
O, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores which it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim, again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the a-ged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light!
So, water, I will drink nothing but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When over the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
O! cheerily then my voice is heard
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matin loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold, gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of Heaven the livelong night.
So hurrah for thee, water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star.
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!

LXVI.—REMORSE OF DE MOOR.

I MUST rest here. My joints are shaken asunder. My tongue cleaves to my mouth. How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun! 'T is thus the hero falls, 'tis thus he dies, in godlike majesty! When I was a boy, a mere child, it was my favorite thought, to live and die like that sun. 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit. There *was* a time, there *was* a time, when I could not sleep, if I had forgotten my prayers! Oh that I were a child once more!

What a lovely evening! what a pleasing landscape! That scene is noble! this world is beautiful! the earth is grand! But *I* am *hideous* in this world of beauty: a monster on this magnificent earth: the prodigal son! My innocence! Oh my innocence!

All nature expands at the sweet breath of spring: but, oh, this paradise, this heaven is a hell to me! All is happiness around me: all is the sweet spirit of peace: the world is one family: but its father there above is not my father! I am an outcast! the prodigal son! the companion of murderers, of viperous fiends! bound down, enchained to guilt and horror!

Oh! that I could return once more to peace and innocence! that I were once more an infant! that I were born a beggar! the meanest kind! a peasant of the field! I would toil, till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear! There *was* a time when I could weep with ease. Oh, days of bliss! Oh, mansion of my fathers! Scenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond enthusiasm! Will you no more return? No more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom? Oh! *never*, *never* shall they return! No more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace! They are gone! gone forever!

FROM SCHILLER.

LXVII.—THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Richard III, of England, had committed many murders to gain the crown. The night before the battle, in which he lost his life, he awakes from the dreams of a guilty conscience, as described in this extract.

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
Have mercy! mercy! Soft! I did but *dream.*
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; *I* am.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

From Shakspeare.

LXVIII.—SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET'S UNCLE.

Hamlet's uncle had murdered his own brother, the king of Denmark, and usurped the throne.

Oh! my offense is rank, it smells to heaven.
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon it,
A brother's murder! Pray I can not,
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.

What if this curs-ed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood;
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offense?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestall-ed, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past.

But oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder!"
That can not be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offense?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
Oh li-med soul; that, struggling to be free,

Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

LXIX.—NATIONAL MORALITY.

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided: whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away: whether our sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing: whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshipers: whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land: or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times: whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves.

Be not deceived. Our rocks and hills will remain till the last conflagration. But let the sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defense. The hand that overturns our laws and temples is the hand of death, unbarring the gate of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell.

If the most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God.

The day of vengeance is at hand. The day of judgment has come. The great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove the foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath?

Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island, is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God? FROM BEECHER.

LXX.—ARRANGEMENTS OF PROVIDENCE.

WHAT would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more:
Now looking downward, just as grieved appears,
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Say, what their use, had he the powers of all?

Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned:
Each seeming want compensated, of course;
Here with degrees of swiftness, *there* with force:
All in exact proportion to their state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

This bliss of man, (could pride the blessing find,)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;

No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?

If nature thundered in his open ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

From Pope.

LXXI.—SCEPTICISM.

Iberia's Pilot; Columbus.

Cope; the arch or concave of the sky.

O, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasure unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?

There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, man, the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm,
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink forevermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of famo?
Is this your triumph; this your proud applause,
Children of truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep,
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?
O! star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?

Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laureled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the skeptic head.

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heavenward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked,—inexorable power!—
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

FROM CAMPBELL.

LXXII.—THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye wing-ed winds,
  That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
  Where mortals weep no more;

Some lone and pleasant dell
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed, to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with so holy face,
Dost look upon the world
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe;
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, immortal soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best bōons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "*Yes*, in HEAVEN!"

LXXIII.—THE CROSS!

THE Cross of Christ, when first preached on the day of Pentecost, struck a chord which has been vibrating in the universe of mind ever since! The vibration is felt here, and is extending to distant nations and future ages! Time and space, as it regards the power of the Cross, are without effect. Past and present offer no contrast. The Cross belongs alike to all time, and every place. Faith and impression make us a party to the scene; the ground even now, is trembling with the earthquake of the crucifixion!

All is change and vicissitude; the world's drama is unfolding; the games of life go on; passion and interest enslave their millions; but *there stands* the *Cross!* Let its ministers preach it, as the symbol of a living, not a vanished creed. Let them preach it, as achieving for all what no man can achieve for himself, or confer upon another! In this sign, and in no other, we conquer; nor can we doubt the issue, if faithful to our trust. Rob us not, then, earth or heaven! rob us not of a single foe! be it our glory to conquer all!

Such is the Cross, and such some of the aspects in which it should be viewed! Nor might we stop here, but that thought and feeling, with lofty emphasis and burning ardor, transform the language of scripture into that of triumph and acclaim; and the only utterance left us, worthy of our joy, is—the Cross! the Cross! Sharing alike in its glory, and lighted up with its splendor, let heaven and earth exchange the shout—the Cross! the Cross!

Let the Church below, bought with the blood of the Lamb, and journeying upward to his seat, make it their song upon the road—the Cross! the Cross! Let the Church triumphant above catch the distant sound, and send it from vault to vault, through all the temples and pavilions of eternity—the Cross! the Cross! Let those majestic orbs that, in peopled immensity, roll, circling the throne of God, carry it through all their revolution—the Cross! the Cross! Let angels and archangels pass the rapturous acclaim—the Cross! the Cross! Raise it, every voice! sound it, every harp! the Cross! the Cross! From the last bounds of being, from world to world, from heaven to heaven, re-echo the Cross! the Cross!

Martyrs for the testimony of the crucified; spirits of the just and mighty; all beings; all natures; lift, lift the bold strain—the Cross! the Cross! Loud as the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, raise, raise the overpowering symphony, until the innumerable systems, every column, and every dwelling place of universal being, shall vibrate with the triumphant acclamation—the Cross! the Cross!

LXXIV.—JUSTICE.

In this world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!"

Thy "success!" What will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark; all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading-articles, visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?

From Carlyle.

LXXV.—MACDUFF AND ROSSE.

THIS is an extract from Macbeth. Macbeth had murdered Duncan, the king of Scotland, and taken possession of his throne. Malcolm, a son of Duncan, had fled with Macduff and other Scottish noblemen, to collect forces to meet the usurper. In this scene, Rosse arrives with the news that Macduff's family have, also, been murdered.

CHARACTERS.—*Malcolm, Macduff, and Rosse.*

Macduff. SEE, who comes here?
Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
(*Enter Rosse.*)
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. May God, betimes, remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It can not
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead men's knell
Is there scarce asked, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, *well.*
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. *Well*, too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Rosse. No. They were well at *peace*, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not niggard of your speech. How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
  Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
  Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.
  Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
  Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to *you* alone.
  Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me. Quickly let me have it.
  Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
  Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
  Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered. To relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
  Mal. Merciful heaven!
What! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
  Macd. My children, too?
  Rosse. Wife, children, servants, *all*
That could be found.
  Macd. And I must be from thence!
My *wife* killed, *too!*
  Rosse. I have said.
  Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
  Macd. He *has* no *children.* *All* my pretty ones?
Did you say, *all?* O, hell-kite! *All?*

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What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I can not but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am!
Not for their own demerits but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him, too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king. Our power is ready.
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may.
The night is long, that never finds the day. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

LXXVI.—SECESSION.—No. I.

THIS exercise and the two succeeding, are from Webster's celebrated speech, delivered in the Senate, in 1850, in reply to a threat of some States to secede, and form a separate government. The *three* or either *two* may be spoken as *one*, or each may be spoken independently.

A PRINCIPAL object, in his late political movements, the gentleman himself tells us, was to unite the entire South. Against whom, or against what, does he wish to unite the entire South? Is not this the very essence of local feeling and local regard? Is it not the acknowledgment of a wish and object to create political strength, by uniting political opinions geographically? While the gentleman wishes to unite the entire South, I pray to know if he expects me to turn toward the polar-star, and, acting on the same principle, to utter a cry of *rally!* to the whole North? Heaven forbid! To the day of my death, neither he nor others shall hear such a cry from me.

The honorable member declares that he shall now march off, under the banner of State rights! March off from *whom?* March off from *what?* We have been contending for great principles. We have been struggling to maintain the liberty and to restore the prosperity of the country. We have made these struggles here, in the national councils, with the old flag, the true American flag, the Eagle, and the Stars, and Stripes, waving over the chamber in which we sit. He now tells us, however, that he marches off under the State-rights banner!

Let him go. I *remain.* I am, where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general constitution,—a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country,—I shall still be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of those who framed it. I would act as if our fathers, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on me; as if I could see their venerable forms, bending down to behold us from the abodes above! I would act, too, as if the eye of posterity was gazing on me.

Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors and our posterity, having received this inheritance from the former to be transmitted to the latter, and feeling that, if I am born for any good, in my day and generation, it is for the good of the whole country; no local policy, no local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce me to yield my foothold on the constitution and the Union. I move off under no banner not known to the whole American people, and to their constitution and laws. No, sir! these walls, these columns

"Shall fly
From their firm base, as soon as I."

FROM WEBSTER.

LXXVII.—SECESSION.—No. II.

He who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common center, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility.

Is the great constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, sir! No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union. But, I see, as plainly as I see the sun in heaven, what that disruption itself must produce. I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe.

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation! Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other House of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground?

Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living among us, with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us. Our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we, of this generation, should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that union, which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is any one of the thirty States to defend itself?

We could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together. There are social and domestic relations which we could not break, if we *would*, and which we *should* not, if we could.

I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it. I have an utter *disgust* for it. I would rather hear of natural mildews and blasts, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of *secession*. To break up! to break up this great government! to dismember this great country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly, such as Europe, for two centuries, has never beheld in any government! No, sir! No, sir! There will be no secession. Gentlemen are not serious, when they talk of secession.

From Webster.

LXXVIII.—SECESSION.—No. III.

Instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day. Let us enjoy the fresh air of liberty and union. Let us cherish those hopes which belong to us. Let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action. Let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and importance of the duties that devolve upon us. Let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny. Let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men.

Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain, which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this constitution for ages to come.

We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the whole affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these States together. No iron chain of military power encircles them. They live and stand upon a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever.

In all its history it has been beneficent. It has trodden down no man's liberty, it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism. Its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles,—

> "Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round:
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

From Webster.

LXXIX.—THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone,
Over three fractions of the groaning globe:
Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
A scepter, and endures a purple robe:
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time;
For tyranny of late has cunning grown,
And, in its own good season, tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes.

One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeathed—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless scepter were a wand,
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!

She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earned with blood. Still, still forever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering.

Better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh; or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, AMERICA, to thee! FROM BYRON.

LXXX.—THE UNION.—No. I.

THESE three exercises form a consecutive extract (with some alteration) from a speech of Henry Clay, and may be spoken separately or as one. Any two may be appropriately united.

THIS Union is threatened with subversion. Let us look back upon the career which this country has run, since the adoption of this Constitution, down to the present day. Was there ever a nation, upon which the sun of heaven has shone, that has exhibited so much of prosperity?

At the commencement of this government, our population amounted to about four millions. It has now reached upward of twenty millions. Our territory was limited. It now extends from the northern provinces of Great Britain to the Rio Grande and the gulf of Mexico, on one side, and from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific, on the other side; the largest extent of territory under any government that exists on the face of the earth, with only two exceptions. Our tunnage, from being nothing, has risen in magnitude and amount, so as to rival that of the nation which has been proudly characterized, "the mistress of the ocean."

We have gone through many wars; wars too with the very nation from whom we separated in 1776, as weak and feeble colonies, and asserted our independence, as a member of the family of nations. And we came out of that struggle, unequal as it was, armed as she was at all points, and unarmed as we were, we came, I say, out of that war without any loss of honor whatever. We emerged from it gloriously!

Our prosperity is unbounded. Nay, I sometimes fear that it is in the wantonness of that prosperity, that many of the threatening ills of the moment have arisen. Wild and erratic schemes have sprung up, throughout the whole country, some of which have even found their way into legislative halls. There is a restlessness existing among us, which, I fear, will require the chastisement of Heaven to bring us back to a sense of the immeasurable benefits and blessings which have been bestowed upon us by Providence.

At this moment, all is prosperity and peace; and the nation is rich and powerful. Our country has grown to a magnitude, to a power and greatness, such as to command the respect, if it does not awaken the apprehensions, of the powers of the earth with whom we come in contact. Such is the Union. Such are the glorious fruits which are now threatened with subversion and destruction.

FROM HENRY CLAY.

LXXXI.—THE UNION.—No. II.

I HERE say that, in my opinion, there is no right, on the part of any one or more of the States, to secede from the Union. War and dissolution of the Union are identical and inevitable. There can be a dissolution of the Union only by consent or by war. Consent no one can anticipate, from any existing state of things, as likely to be given. War is the only alternative by which a dissolution could be accomplished.

I am directly opposed to any purpose of secession or separation. I am for staying within the Union, and defying any portion of this confederacy to expel me or drive me out of the Union. I am for staying within the Union, and fighting for my rights, if necessary, with the sword, within the bounds and under the safeguard of the Union. I am for vindicating those rights, not by being driven out of the Union harshly and unceremoniously, by any portion of this confederacy. Here I *am* within it. Here I mean to stand and die, as far as my individual wishes or purposes can go, within it, to protect my property and defend myself, defying all the power on earth to expel me, or drive me from the situation in which I am placed.

And would there not be more safety in fighting within the Union than out of it? Suppose your rights to be violated, suppose wrong to be done you, aggression to be perpetrated upon you, can you not better vindicate them, within, and with the sympathies of a large portion of the population of the Union, than by being without the Union, when a large portion of the populace have sympathies adverse to our own? You can vindicate your rights within the Union, better than if expelled from the Union, and driven from it without ceremony and without authority.

I have said that I thought that there was no right, on the part of one or more States, to secede from the Union. I think so. The constitution of the United States was made not merely for the generation that then existed, but for posterity; unlimited, undefined, endless, perpetual posterity. And every State that then came into the Union, and every State that has since come into the Union, came into it, binding itself by indissoluble bands to remain within the Union itself, and to remain within it, by its posterity, forever. FROM HENRY CLAY.

LXXXII.—THE UNION.—No. III.

I SOLEMNLY believe, that dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inevitable; that they are convertible terms; and such a war as it would be, following a dissolution of the Union! We may search the pages of history, and none so ferocious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating,—not even the wars of Greece, not even those of the commoners of England and the revolutions of France,—*none*, *none* of them have raged with such violence, or been characterized with such bloodshed and enormities, as would the war which must succeed the dissolution of the Union.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, stretching the revenues of each portion of the dissevered members, would take place. An exterminating war would follow; not a war of two or three years' duration, but a war of interminable duration. Exterminating wars would ensue, until, after the struggles and exhaustion of both parties, some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would cut the Gordian knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government. Can you doubt it?

Look at all history. Consult her pages, ancient or modern. Look at human nature. Look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged, on the supposition of war following upon the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested. I ask you, if it is possible for you to doubt that the final disposition of the whole, would be some despot treading down the liberties of the people; that the final result would be the extinction of this last and glorious light, which is leading all mankind to hope that the liberty which prevails here, will yet be diffused throughout the whole of the civilized world. Can you lightly contemplate these consequences? Can you yield yourself to the tyranny of passion, amid dangers which I have depicted in colors far too tame, of what the result would be if that direful event to which I have referred should ever occur?

I *implore* gentlemen, I *adjure* them, whether from the South or the North, by all they hold dear in this world; by all their love of liberty; by all their veneration for their ancestors; by all their regard for posterity; by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless blessings; by all the duties which they owe to mankind; and by all the duties which they owe to themselves, to pause, at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none, who ever take it, shall return in safety.

Finally, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me upon earth, that, if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of this Union is to happen, I shall not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

From Henry Clay.

LXXXIII.—SCENE AFTER A BATTLE.

Alp wandered on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leagured wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold?

I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the seaward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro:
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!

From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks craunched o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.

And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Picked by the birds on the sands of the bay.

Alp turned him from the sickening sight:
Never had shaken his nerves in fight;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.

There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honor's eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay!

FROM BYRON.

LXXXIV.—NOT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

O, no, no! Let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helm-ed head;
Nor let the reeking knife
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand, when death
Thunders along and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellies of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight.

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter when gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance.
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave,
Who on the battlefield have found a grave.
I know that o'er their bones,
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But as his eyes grow dim,
What is a column or a mound, to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow notes of bugles? What the roll
Of drums?

No! Let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,

And, from my forehead, dries
The death-damp, as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths!

Or, let me leave
The world, when, round my bed,
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest,
With kindred spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood,
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then, let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in Heaven!

FROM PIERPONT.

LXXXV.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—No. I.

CORTEGE; pro. *cor-tazhe;* a train of attendants.

NAPOLEON'S reign was nothing but a campaign; his empire, a field of battle as extensive as all Europe. He concentrated the rights of people and of kings in his sword; all morality, in the number and strength of his armies. Nothing which threatened him, was innocent. Nothing which placed an obstacle in his way, was sacred. Nothing which preceded him in date, was worthy of respect. From himself alone he wished Europe to date its epoch.

He swept away the republic, with the tread of his soldiers. He trampled on the throne of the Bourbons in exile. Like a murderer, in the darkness of the night, he seized upon the bravest and the most confiding of the military princes of this race, in a foreign country. He slew him in the ditch of Vincennes, by a singular presentiment of crime, which showed him, in this youth, the only armed competitor of the throne against him, or against his race.

He conquered Italy, Germany, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Naples,—kingdoms and republics. He carved out the continent, made a new distribution of nations, and raised up thrones for all his family. He expended ten generations of France, to establish a royal dynasty for each of the sons or daughters of his mother.

His fame, which grew incessantly in noise and splendor, imparted to France and to Europe that vertigo of glory, which hides the immorality and the abyss of such a reign. He created the attraction, and was followed even to the delirium, of the Russian campaign. He floated in a whirlwind of events so vast and so rapid, that even three years of errors did not occasion his fall. Spain devoured his armies. Russia served as a sepulcher to seven hundred thousand men. Dresden and Leipsic swallowed up the rest. Germany, exasperated, deserted his cause.

The whole of Europe hemmed him in, and pursued him from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, with a mighty tide of people. France, exhausted and disaffected, saw him combat and sink, without raising an arm in his cause. Every thing was annihilated around his throne, but his glory remained soaring above his head. He at length capitulated, or, rather, France capitulated without him, and he traveled alone, across his conquered country, and his ravaged provinces, the rout to his first exile; his only *cortège* the resentments and the murmurs of his country.

FROM LAMARTINE.

LXXXVI.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—No. II.

Charlemagne; pro. *Shar-ly-main.*

What remains of Napoleon's long reign? For this is the criterion by which God and man judge the political genius of founders. Life is judged by what *survives* it. Napoleon left freedom chained, human conscience resold, philosophy proscribed, the human mind diminished. He left schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship, election abolished, the arts enslaved, commerce destroyed, navigation suppressed. He left the people oppressed, or enrolled in the army, paying, in blood or taxes, the ambition of an unequaled soldier, but covering, with the great name of France, the miseries and degradations of the country.

This is the founder! This is the man! a *man*, instead of a revolution! a *man*, instead of an epoch! a *man*, instead of a country! a *man*, instead of a *nation!* Nothing after him! Nothing around him but his *shadow.* Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterizing the age of Napoleon. But it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV. There is no *age.* There is only a *name.* And this name signifies nothing to humanity, but *himself.*

He was false in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated. He was only *true* in *war;* for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we, then, allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear; but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he *felt* not; he *loved* not; he sympathized with *none;* he was a *statue* rather than a man. All was solid; nothing gushed forth. In that mind nothing was moved.

His metalic nature was felt even in his style. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the *action.* Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter-impression of the fact. His phrases concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature. It was the *hand* itself of the hero, thus fixed eternally before the eyes. And such were the pages of his campaigns, dictated by Napoleon; the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him therefore enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages. But let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed, to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him. Truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier. He is measured as a sovereign. He is judged as a founder of nations; great in *action*, *little* in idea, NOTHING in VIRTUE. *Such* is *man!*

FROM LAMARTINE.

LXXXVII.—LA FAYETTE'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

LA FAYETTE, a wealthy French nobleman, who had devoted his fortune and his youth to the cause of American independence, revisited this country, after some 40 years' absence, as described in this most eloquent extract.

IN 1824, a single ship furled her snowy sails in the harbor of New York. Scarcely had her prow touched the shore, when a murmur was heard among the multitude, which gradually deepened into a mighty shout, and that shout was a shout of joy. And again and again, were the heavens rent with the aspiring sound. Nor did it cease, for the loud strain was carried from city to city and from state to state, till not a tongue was silent throughout this wide republic, from the lisping infant to the tremulous old man.

All were united in one wild shout of gratulation. The voices of more than ten millions of freemen gushed up toward the sky, and broke the stillness of its silent depths. And but one note, and but one tone went to form this acclamation. And up in those pure regions, clearly and sweetly did it sound, "Honor to La Fayette!" "Welcome to the Nation's Guest!" And it was La Fayette, the war-worn veteran, whose arrival on our shores had caused this wide-spread joy.

He came among us to behold the independence and the freedom which his young arm had well assisted in achieving; and never before did eye behold or heart of man conceive such homage paid to virtue. His whole stay among us was a continued triumph. Every day's march was an ovation. The United States became for months one great festive hall. People forgot the usual occupations of life, and crowded to behold the benefactor of mankind.

The old iron-hearted, gray-haired veterans of the Revolution, thronged around him to touch his hand, to behold his face, and to call down heaven's benison upon their old companion in arms. Lisping infancy and garrulous old age, beauty, talents, wealth, and power; all, for a while, forsook their usual pursuits, and united to pay a willing tribute of gratitude and welcome to the Nation's Guest. The name of La Fayette was upon every lip, and wherever was his name, there too was an invocation for blessings on his head.

What were the triumphs of the classic ages, compared with this unbought love and homage of a mighty people? Take them in Rome's best days, when the invincible generals of the eternal city returned from their foreign conquests, with captive kings bound to their chariot wheels, and the spoils of nations in their train, followed by the stern and bearded warriors, and surrounded by the interminable multitudes of the seven-hilled city, shouting a fierce welcome home; what was such a triumph compared with that of La Fayette?

Not a *single city*, but a *whole nation*, rising as one man, and greeting him with an affectionate embrace! One single day of such spontaneous homage, were worth whole years of courtly adulation. One hour might well reward a man for a whole life of danger and of toil. Then, too, the joy with which he must have viewed the prosperity of the people for whom he had so deeply struggled! To behold the nation which he had left a little child, now grown up in the full proportions of lusty manhood!

To see the tender sapling which he had left, with hardly shade enough to cover its own roots, now waxing into the sturdy and unwedgeable oak, beneath whose grateful umbrage the oppressed of all nations find shelter and protection! That oak still grows on in its majestic strength, and wider and wider still extends its mighty branches. But the hand that watered and nourished it, while yet a tender plant, is now cold. The heart that watched, with strong affection, its early growth, has ceased to beat.

From S. S. Prentiss.

LXXXVIII.—LA FAYETTE AND NAPOLEON.

When the doors of the Austrian dungeon were at length thrown open, La Fayette returned to France. Great changes, however, had taken place in his absence. The flood of the revolution had subsided. The tempest of popular commotion had blown over, leaving many and fearful evidences of its terrible fury; and the star of the child of destiny had now become lord of the ascendant.

Small was the sympathy between the selfish and ambitious Napoleon, and La Fayette, the patriot and philanthropist. They could no more mingle than the pure lights of heaven and the unholy fires of hell. La Fayette refused with scorn the dignities proffered by the First Consul, and, filled with virtuous indignation at his country's fate, retired from the capital, and, devoting himself awhile to the pursuits of private life, awaited the return of better times.

And here we pause to compare these two wonderful men, belonging to the same age and to the same nation: Napoleon and La Fayette. Their names excite no kindred emotions: their fates, no kindred sympathy. Napoleon, the child of destiny, the thunderbolt of war, the victor in a hundred battles, the dispenser of thrones and dominions; he, who scaled the Alps and reclined beneath the pyramids, whose word was fate, and whose wish was law! La Fayette, the volunteer of freedom, the advocate of human rights, the defender of civil liberty, the patriot, the philanthropist, the beloved of the good and the free!

Napoleon, the vanquished warrior ignobly flying from the field of Waterloo, the wild beast, ravaging all Europe in his wrath, hunted down by the banded and affrighted natives, and caged far away upon the ocean-girded rock! La Fayette, a watch-word by which men excite each other to deeds of worth and noble daring; whose home has become the Mecca of freedom, toward which the pilgrims of liberty turn their eyes from every quarter of the globe!

Napoleon was the red and fiery comet, shooting wildly through the realms of space, and scattering terror and pestilence among the nations. La Fayette was the pure and brilliant planet, beneath whose grateful beams the mariner directs his bark, and the shepherd tends his flocks. Napoleon died, and a few old warriors, the scattered relics of Marengo and of Austerlitz, bewailed their chief. La Fayette is dead, and the tears of a civilized *world* attest how deep is the mourning for his fate. From S. S. Prentiss.

LXXXIX.—WINTER AND DEATH.

Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain.

Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life! Pass some few years,

Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?

All are now vanished? Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every hightened form, from pain and death
Forever free.

The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refined, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned.

See now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss.

Ye good, distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw

A little part, deemed evil, is no more.
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

From Thomson.

XC.—RUDIGER'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say, my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—must die.

"And what *is death?* I've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?
I've met him,—faced him,—scorned him,—when the fight was raging hot;
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power! defy, and fear him not!

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in.
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then. The banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men! Pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop; thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not! Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly; louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him! let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

XCI.—JOHN DAY.

John Day, he was the biggest man,
Of all the coachman kind;
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a year.

The bar-maid of "The Crown" he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For, though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, twelve outsides, among,
No outside deemed like hers.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter pump,
He came and knelt, with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;

So I must beg you will come here,
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on the way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last, her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"O, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf!
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half!"

Alas! in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint!

Worn out, at last he made a vow,
To break his being's link,
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now, some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown;
But that is only talk;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

From Hood.

XCII.—THE WATCHMEN.—Scene I.

Characters.—*Dogberry and Verges, ignorant justices; and two watchmen.*

Dogberry. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1*st Watch.* George Seacoal; for he can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. Heaven hath blessed you with a good name. To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2*nd Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have. I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men. You are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2*nd Watch.* How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank Heaven you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2nd Watch. We will rather sleep than talk. We know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I can not see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2nd Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober. If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2nd Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2nd Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2nd Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person. If you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, that, I think, he can not.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verg. I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night. If there be any matter of weight chances, call me up. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbor.

2nd Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about seignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

XCIII.—THE WATCHMEN.—SCENE II.

CHARACTERS.—*Dogberry and Verges, justices; the Clerk; the Watchmen; and Conrade and Borachio, culprits.*

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the clerk.

Clerk. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Clerk. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvelous witty fellow, I assure you. But I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside. They are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Clerk. Master justice, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the best way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1*st Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain. Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

Bora. Master justice—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace. I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Clerk. What heard you him say else?

2*nd Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Clerk. What else, fellow?

1*st Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Clerk. What else?

2*nd Watch.* This is all.

Clerk. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master justice, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's. I will go before and show him their examination. (*Exit.*)

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. Where's the *clerk?* let him write down, the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years. O that he were here to write me down—an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in the land; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass! (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

XCIV.—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

WHAT, then, remains? The liberty of the Press, *only:* that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from, by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from. I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed, by shutting up that communication.

In one case, sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad. The demagogue goes forth; the public eye is upon him; he frets his busy hour upon the stage. But soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night, the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive he will apply the torch.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished and the people enslaved! As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture! Guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the country.

FROM CURRAN.

XCV.—CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may.
There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a warmth about to glow,
There is a flower about to blow,
There is a midnight darkness
Changing into day;
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;

Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay!
Lo! the right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

XCVI.—PRESS ON.

Press on! Surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch:
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! If once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! If Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies, past and gone:
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs. Press on! press on!

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal
And gain the prize, and wear the crown:
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

XCVII.—WHERE SHOULD THE SCHOLAR LIVE?

Where should the scholar live? In solitude or society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err, who think, that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in silvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees.

Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theater of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song?

Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song. There lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; such, such should be the poet's life.

If he would *describe* the world, he should *live* in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised even by rude encounters, than hang forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery.

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of nature we make our own and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory.

From Longfellow.

XCVIII.—THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her;
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
  And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
  And thou art made a little lower only;
      Then love the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
  Some, in a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled! whate'er thine eye may trace,
  Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise;
      Then seek it everywhere.

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
  Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee: believing,
The Beautiful exists in every star,
  Thou mak'st it so; and art thyself deceiving,
      If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see Beauty in the violet's cup?
  I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected* flower, "Look up,
  And be thou beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
      It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee. Bow no knee to gold.
  Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue:
It turns the feelings prematurely old:
  And they who keep their best affections young
      Best love the Beautiful.

XCIX.—INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. FLOOD.

Henry Grattan was a distinguished Irish barrister. He had been attacked in Parliament with great asperity by Mr. Flood, and replied as follows. It is an admirable specimen of *invective*, though, in its *spirit*, by no means worthy of imitation.

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived. No country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last stage of political dissolution. I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that, after an envenomed attack on government, he took office, and became its supporter.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy, decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, of America, the only hope of Ireland, the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, or toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say:

Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition, you became, on a sudden, *silent*. You were silent for seven years. You were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money!

You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry. You, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles; you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden; you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America. You, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans, fighting for their freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty!*

But you found at last, that the Court had *bought*, but would not *trust* you. Mortified at the discovery, you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your sovereign by betraying the government, as you had sold the people. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you, and *I*, *I* now say, and say to your beard, sir, you are *not* an *honest man!*

From Grattan.

C.—INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY.

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarcely a word that he uttered, that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary, at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member. But there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him. It was because he dare not! It was the act of a *coward*, who raises his arm to *strike*, but has not *courage* to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councilor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow!

I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech. Whether a privy councilor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow! He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is *utterly, totally*, and *meanly* false! Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report's being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not. FROM GRATTAN.

CI.—DENUNCIATION OF VERRES.

QUESTORSHIP; the office of a Roman treasurer.

PRETOR; a Roman magistrate.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS, a man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the questorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on!

But his pretorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor, have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant pretor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offense? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions!

For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrances, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips; words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection; you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin, on the Commonwealth! FROM CICERO.

CII.—SPARTACUS.

IT was the custom of the Romans to reserve the bravest and most warlike of their captives in war, as *gladiators*. Their business was, to amuse public assemblies by fighting with each other or with wild beasts, reserved for the purpose.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace, with the sports of the amphitheater. The shouts of revelry had died away. The roar of the lion had ceased. The last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

In the deep recess of the amphitheater, a band of gladiators were assembled. Their muscles were still knotted with the agony of conflict. The foam was upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingered upon their brows; when Spartacus, rising in their midst, thus addressed them.

YE call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief, who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena, every shape of man or beast, the broad empire of Rome could furnish; and never yet lowered his arms. And if there is one among you, who can say that ever, in public fight, or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and *do it!* If there be three, in all your company, dare face me, on the bloody sand, let them COME ON!

Yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My father was a Thracian, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. My ancestors came from Greece, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brook, by which I played. When, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, to play upon the shepherd's flute, I had a friend, the son of our neighbor, to share the pleasure. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated, beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not know what *War* meant then; but my cheek did burn, I knew not why; and I did clasp the knees of the venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales, and savage wars.

That *very night*, the Romans landed on our shores; and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that nourished me, trampled by the iron heel of the warhorse: the bleeding body of my father, flung amid the blazing rafters of his dwelling.

I killed a man, to-day, in the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! IT WAS MY FRIEND! He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died. It was the same sweet smile, that I had marked upon his face, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff, to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home, in childish triumph. I told the pretor he was my friend, noble and brave, and begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral pile, and mourn over him. Ay! on my knees, among the dust and blood of the arena, with tears, I begged that boon. But he drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!"

O Rome! Rome! I thank thee! thou hast been *a tender nurse to me*. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid, shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher sound than flute notes, muscles of iron and a heart of flint. Thou hast taught him to drive the sword through bones, and rugged brass, and plaited mail; thou hast taught him to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy, upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, till the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest oozing, life blood lies curdled.

Ye stand here, now, like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened fibers. Listen! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow, he shall break his fast upon your flesh. Ye will be a dainty meal for him. *If ye are brutes,* then stand like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. But if ye are *men,* then FOLLOW ME! Strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes; and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins? that you do crouch and cower, like a belabored hound, beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! If we *must* fight, let us fight for *ourselves.* If we *must* slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors.* If we *must* die, let us die under the free sky, by the bright waters, in NOBLE, HONORABLE BATTLE! FROM KELLOGG.

CIII.—THE GLADIATOR.

GYVES; pro. *jives,* fetters for the legs.
ZAARA; an African desert, full of wild beasts.

THEY led a lion from his den,
  The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
  And shook his flowing mane.
They brought a dark-haired man along,
  Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
  And yet unscathed of wound.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,
  Rung the glad galleries with the sound;
And from the throne there spake aloud
  A voice, "Be the bold man unbound!
And, by Rome's scepter, yet unbowed,
  By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face,
  And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:

"Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste;
  And let my arms be free:
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest,
  But oh! who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
And home, and country; babes and wife?

"And thus I for the strife prepare;
  The Thracian falchion to me bring;
But ask the imperial leave to spare
  The shield, a useless thing.
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
  Then o'er me should I fling
The broad orb; but to lion's wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath."

And he has bared his shining blade,
  And springs he on the shaggy foe;
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played;
  The desert-king lies low.

"Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside!"
  He knelt, that dark man; o'er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson died;
  And fair words gild it now:
"Thou'rt the bravest youth that ever tried
  To lay a lion low;
And from our presence forth thou go'st
To lead the Dacians of our host."

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
  And grieved and gloomily spoke he:
"My cabin stands where blithely glide
  Proud Danube's waters to the sea:
I have a young and blooming bride,
  And I have children three:
No Roman wealth or rank can give
Such joy, as in their arms to live.

"My wife sits at the cabin door,
  With throbbing heart and swollen eyes;
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,
  She speaks of sundered ties.
She bids my tender babes deplore
  The death their father dies;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

"I can not let those cherubs stray
 Without their sire's protecting care;
And I would chase the griefs away
 Which cloud my wedded fair."
The monarch spoke, the guards obey,
 And gates unclo-sed are;
He's gone! no golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

CIV.—DEATH OF MARMION.

With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken band;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone;
Can that be haughty Marmion?

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon! charge again!
Cry; 'Marmion to the rescue!' Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's: fly!
 Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! hie!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

 They parted, and alone he lay.
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of bless-ed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst?"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound.
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung:

"Avoid thee, Fiend! with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

From Scott.

CV.—OTHELLO AND IAGO.

Iago, under pretense of friendship, is Othello's enemy, and to be revenged on him, attempts, in the following scene, to excite his jealousy of his innocent wife. The cunning of Iago and the rising of jealousy in Othello, are admirably portrayed.

Iago. My noble lord!
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. What of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord! Thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, "I like not that,"
When Cassio left my wife: What didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost.
And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion can not rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.
Oth. I think so, too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem:
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts! Why, say they are vile and false;
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,
(Though I perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,) I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of this scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing:

'Twas mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!
Iago. You can not, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, while 't is in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what dam-ned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. Oh, misery!
Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, endless, are as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No! No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this;
Away at once with love or jealousy.
Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound,
Receive it from me: I speak not yet of proof:
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye, *thus*—not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to 't.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She loved them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak;—
He thought 't was witchcraft:—but I am much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
  Oth. I am bound to thee forever.
  Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
  Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
  Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my love! but, I do see, you are moved:
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion. (*Exit.*)
  Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds. (*Exit.*)

From Shakspeare.

CVI.—MATRIMONY.

At the close of the third paragraph, the speaker should pause awhile, and resume with an appearance of disappointment. It would be still better, if he could retire for a moment, and then return.

Certainly, matrimony is an invention of ——. Well, no matter who *invented* it. I'm going to try it. Here's my blue coat with the bright, brass buttons! The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and neck-tie, too! may I be shot, if I don't offer them both to the little Widow Pardiggle this very night. "Pardiggle!" Phœbus! what a name for such a rosebud. I'll re-christen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll *have* me, of course. She wants a *husband*, I want a *wife:* there's one point already in which we perfectly agree.

I hate preliminaries. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to begin with the amatory alphabet. With a widow, I suppose, you can skip the rudiments. Say what you've got to say, in a fraction of a second. Women grow as mischievous as Satan, if they think you are afraid of them. Do I look as if I were afraid? Just examine the growth of my whiskers. The Bearded Lady couldn't hold a candle to them, (though I wonder she don't to her own.) *Afraid?* h-m-m! I feel as if I could conquer Asia.

What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so. There—that'll do. That's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself could n't go beyond that. Now for the widow; bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old Pardiggle for giving her a quit claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin. Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lovely blue eye? Do you think I'd sit, after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantel, staring up chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her blessed little side, to dangle round oyster-saloons and theaters? Do I *look* like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up street? *No.* Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautiful in their nuptial-bower, than I shall be with the Widow Pardiggle.

Refused by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well; there's one comfort: nobody'll believe it. She is not so very pretty after all. Her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-dy:—not so very *ready* either, confound the gipsy! What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares?

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I *how* fair she be?"

Ten to one, she'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be Pardiggle 2d? I am glad she didn't have me. I mean, I'm glad I didn't have *her!*

From Fanny Fern.

CVII.—THE DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

She's not what fancy painted her;
I'm sadly taken in:
If some one else had won her, I
Should not have cared a pin.

I thought that she was mild and good
As maiden e'er could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugged me.

They cluster round and shake my hand;
They tell me I am blest:
My case they do not understand;
I think that *I* know best.

They say she's fairest of the fair;
They drive me mad and madder.
What do they mean? I do declare,
I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall;
What would they say, to see the box
In which she keeps them all?

Her taper fingers, it is true,
'T were difficult to match;
What would they say, if they but knew
How terribly they scratch?

CVIII.—AMERICA ASCENDANT.

TROY, THEBES, PALMYRA, ATHENS; ancient governments.

LEONIDAS; a Grecian hero.

OTTOMAN; Turk.

I APPEAL to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once. Yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once. Yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate.

So thought Palmyra. Where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartans. Yet the grave of Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens, insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps!

The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island, that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and young America yet soar to be what Athens was!

Who shall say, that, when the European column shall have moldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

FROM PHILLIPS.

CIX.—WASHINGTON.

IT matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin.

If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications, of some singular qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient. But it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage. And such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage!

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood. A revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots.

But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created! Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism! FROM PHILLIPS.

CX.—WISDOM OF WASHINGTON.

GENET; pro. *Zhen-nay*, a French minister to the United States.

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European Courts! Illustrious man! Deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind! Grateful to France for the assistance received from her, in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet, could at all put him out of his way, or bend him from his purpose.

It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question; that he should, in no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man!

How did he act, when insulted by Genet? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual, by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No. He contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult, by causing Genet to be recalled. He thus, at once, consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! While the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues, and the wisdom of your government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions, which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed!

You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly contemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom! Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction. If, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest; if you should find it necessary to avenge insult or repel injury, the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause!

FROM FOX.

CXI.—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

WE are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence and human freedom, more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the head of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself, a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth, be true: if indeed it be designed by Providence that the grandest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theater of the western world: if it be true that,

> "The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last;"

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene, be appropriately opened, how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era.

Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles. It has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action. It has assumed a new character. It has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments. It has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men.

With a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle, when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

From Webster.

CXII.—WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

Discretion, in the last line but two, means *arbitrary power.*

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No. *Men*, high-minded *men*,
With power as far above dull brutes indued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion, like a vapor, sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

CXIII.—MARATHON.

Marathon; the scene of a celebrated battle in the early history of Greece.

Athena; Athens. **Hellas**; Greece. **Ionian**; Grecian.

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold!
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power, which crushed thy temples gone.
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same,
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord,
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
The battlefield, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word,
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career!

The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow,
The fiery Greek, his red, pursuing spear,
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene. What now remaineth here?

What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust, thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past,
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the a-ged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unvail their awful lore.

From Byron.

CXIV.—ATHENS.

Erasmus, Pascal, Mirabeau, Galileo, Sidney; distinguished men who were persecuted for their liberal opinions; Erasmus translated the Greek Testament into Latin; Mirabeau was an early leader of the French Revolution; Galileo discovered the true relations of the heavenly bodies.

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Whenever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, and consoling. It stood by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty; liberty in bondage; health in sickness; society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy.

But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and wait for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of the yet unexplored mines.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated. Her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon. Her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivaled her greatness, shall have shared her fate: when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the scepter shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts; her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

From Macaulay.

CXV.—GREECE.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was freedom's home, or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave,
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
  O servile offspring of the free!
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this:
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis!

These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own:
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he, who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it, many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse, to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that can not die!

'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace.
Enough, no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell.
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway.

From Byron.

CXVI.—THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

Xerxes, king of Persia, assembled a fleet of a thousand sail and an army of many millions, to effect the conquest of Greece. At Salamis, he was completely overthrown, and fled from the battle alone.

I saw him on the battle eve,
  When like a king he bore him;
Proud hosts, in glittering helm and greave,
  And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds;
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds;
  No daunting thoughts came o'er him.
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed, to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean; its broad breast
  Was covered with his fleet;
On earth; and saw, from east to west,
  His bannered millions meet;
While rocks, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the warcry of that host,
  The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring,
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next, alone. Nor camp,
  Nor chief, his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp,
  With warcries proudly blended.
He stood, alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
  He, who with heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind,—the foe; before,—the wave.

He stood: fleet, army, treasure,—gone!
  Alone and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
  For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
  Must all their fury dare:
What a revenge, a trophy, this,
For thee, immortal Salamis!

CXVII.—THE PERUVIAN PRISONER.

Not long after the discovery of South America, the Spaniards commenced a series of wars for its conquest, in which they ultimately succeeded. The natives, however, defended themselves with great heroism. Their spirit is well exemplified in *Orozembo*, the hero of the following scene, taken prisoner by Pizarro, one of the Spanish conquerors, and in *Rolla* and *Alonzo* in the scene succeeding this.

Characters.—*Pizarro, the Spanish Captain; Davillo, a Spanish soldier; and Orozembo, a Peruvian prisoner.*

(*Enter Davillo.*)

Pizarro. How! Davillo, what bringest thou?

Davillo. On yonder hill, among the palm trees, we have surprized an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe nothing but bitterness and scorn.

Pizarro. Drag him before us. (*Orozembo is led in.*) What art thou, stranger?

Orozembo. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of; that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity, perhaps, might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree; it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name your reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee, and thy offer! Wealth? I have the wealth of two, dear, gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here; and still, my chief treasure I do bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thine: the treasure of a pure, unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares *act* as *thou* dost.

Piz. Obdurate pagan! How numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Piz. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part; on every side 'tis fortified by truth and justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him? Alonzo? Know him? Our nation's benefactor? The guardian angel of Peru?

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war, a tiger, chased by the hunter's spear; in peace, more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship, and to Cora's happiness: yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou'dst better not! The terror of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! why should I tremble before man? Why before *thee*, thou *less* than man!

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows,—I, too, have murdered a Peruvian!

Dav. Death and vengeance seize thee! (*Stabs him.*)

Piz. Hold!

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True! Observe, young man, thy unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and thou thyself hast lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; thou mightest thyself have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments: and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Piz. Away! Davillo! if thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more, our guard and guides approach. Follow me, friends! each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's God shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito. (*Exeunt.*) FROM SHERIDAN.

CXVIII.—ROLLA AND ALONZO.

CHARACTERS.—*Alonzo, a Peruvian prisoner; Rolla, his friend; and a Spanish sentinel.*

Alonzo. FOR the last time, I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering luster of the stars. For the last time, oh sun! (and soon the hour,) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams, melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall,—but no, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reckoning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed. A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line; by deeds, not years. Then wouldst thou murmur not, but bless Providence, which, in so short a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed! Though sinking in decrepit age, *he* prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously. Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn; but, in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child! Grant them innocence and peace; grant health, and purity of mind; all else is worthless. (*Enters his cell.*)

(*Enter Rolla, disguised as a monk; and a sentinel.*)

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were thy brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Sen. He dies at sunrise.

Rol. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sen. Just,—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I *must* speak to him.

Sen. Back, back. It is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat thee, but for one moment.

Sen. Thou entreatest in vain; my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold; look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them; they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sen. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? *Me?* an old Castilian? I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier, hast thou a *wife?*

Sen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou *children?*

Sen. Four,—honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Sen. In my native village; even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou *love* thy children and thy wife?

Sen. Do I love them? God knows my heart. I do.

Rol. Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death, in a strange land. What would be thy last request?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh! but if that comrade were at thy prison gate, and should there be told, thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not, for a moment, see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife, what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sen. How?

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in. (*Exit.*)

Rol. Oh! holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild, or giddy air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a chord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and, at thy will, to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her breast soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently. Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo! Alonzo! my friend; ah! in gentle sleep! Alonzo! rise!

(*Alonzo enters.*)

Alonzo. How? Is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo! know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla! my friend! Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words: this disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now, take it, thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And *die* for me? No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not *Rolla's;* and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me; or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert. Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art—a husband and a father—the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go! go, Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend. I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her thou hast sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death? For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. Merciful heavens!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfillment. If thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost forever.

Al. Oh, Rolla!

Rol. Begone. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me. I will treat with Pizarro, as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, no doubt, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayest, at night, return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now, I hear thy frantic wife, poor Cora, call thee! Haste, Alonzo! Haste! Haste!

Al. Rolla! you distract me. Wear you the robe, and, though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rol. What, the *soldier* on duty here?

Al. Yes, else, seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rol. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a *man!* All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my *prayers*, refused my *gold*, denying admittance, till his own *feelings* bribed him. I would not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart-strings from consuming fire. But haste! A moment's further pause, and all is lost.

Al. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend?

Al. Oh! my preserver!

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek. Go! I am rewarded. (*Throwing a friar's garment over Alonzo.*) There, conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven! I return to save, or perish with thee! (*Exit.*)

Rol. He has passed the outer porch! he is safe! he will soon embrace his wife and child! Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time, throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of Truth! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there! (*Lifting his hands to heaven.*) Assuredly we shall meet again; there, possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship.

FROM SHERIDAN.

CXIX.—THE INDIANS.

THERE is, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils, rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance, rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk, whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

1, Select adjectives. in 10
2. P. 1, about chief new ideas in short sentence

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? the sachems and the tribes? the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. ~~The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.~~

Omit

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls around their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance nor submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim nor method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them; no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

From Story.

CXX.—THE INDIAN'S BURIAL PLACE.

It is the spot I came to seek,
  My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere, from these vales, ashamed and weak,
  Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot, I know it well,
Of which our old traditions tell.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
  Would say, a lovely spot is here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
  Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not; I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
  The cattle in the meadows feed;
And laborers turn the crumbling ground,
  Or drop the yellow seed;
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
  To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
  Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
  The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
  And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
  Was sacred when its soil was ours:
Hither the artless Indian maid
  Brought wreaths of beads and flowers.
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshiped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
  On clods that hide the warrior's breast:
And, scattered, in the furrows, lie
  The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the moldering bone.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,
  Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth;
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
  Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plow!

They waste us: ay, like April snow
  In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
  Toward the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

From Bryant.

CXXI—THE DEFIANCE.

WHITE man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs. They could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that, which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children. Now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, It is mine. Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup. The white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the South, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the West? The fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the East? The great water is before me. No, stranger. Here I have lived, and here will I die! and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps. The red man is thy foe.

When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee. When thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood. Thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes. Thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife. Thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!

CXXII.—THE SEMINOLE.

Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "*blood*" my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And, struggling through the everglade, your bristling bayonets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you, "Come not here!"

Think ye to find my homestead? I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek? I am a childless sire.
But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and good;
I live on hate; 'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!

CXXIII.—GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

THIS is an extract from "Gertrude of Wyoming," a poem which has immortalized the name of Campbell. Gertrude, her father Albert, and her husband Henry Waldegrave, were forced, by the approach of hostile Indians, to leave their home in the valley, and take refuge in a neighboring fort. While they are viewing from the battlement their recent home and its surrounding scenery, Albert receives a mortal shot from an Indian in ambush, and Gertrude, while clasping him, receives another.

BUT short that contemplation! sad and short
  The pause, to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
  Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,
  Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near? Yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
  Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye; his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert, falls! the dear old father bleeds.

And, tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
  Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
  These drops? O God! the life-blood is her own;
  And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown,
  "Weep not, O Love!" she cries, "to see me bleed!
  Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone!
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed.

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
  Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And, when this heart hath ceased to beat, O! think,
  And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
  That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
A friend, to more than human friendship just.
  O! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust!

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart;
  The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
  And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
  With thee, as with an angel, through the grove

Of peace; imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love:
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past."

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love, that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart, no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

From Campbell.

CXXIV.—OUTALISSI.

In this extract from Gertrude of Wyoming, Outalissi, a friendly Indian chief, expresses his sympathy for Waldegrave, and his own determination to seek vengeance.

Areouski; an imaginary Indian Deity.

"And I could weep;" th' Oneida chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow his head in woe;
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy.

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The Spirit of the white man's heaven
Forbids not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most.

She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun: thy heaven of lost delight!

"To-morrow, let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the earth within their bowers,
And, should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed;
And, by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each moldering bone
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old;
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark the trump! To-morrow, thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears;
E'en from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amid the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst:
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

FROM CAMPBELL.

CXXV.—SCENE FROM PAUL PRY.

CHARACTERS.—*Tankard, the landlord; Billy, his attendant; Mr. Oldbutton, a lodger; and Paul Pry.*

(*Enter Tankard and Billy.*)

Tankard. Now, Billy, as this is the first week of your service, you must stir about you, look well to the customers, and see they want nothing.

Billy. I warrant me, sir. Though the folks say I look harmless, I'm sharp. I carry my wits about me in a case, as my grandmother carries her scissors; but, sir, when I like, I can draw and cut, I assure you.

Tan. Well, this is to be proved. Now you know what you have to do, to-day.

Bil. First, there's to attend to Captain Hawkesley, in the blue room; he that locks himself up all the day, and only comes out with the stars. Then, there's to look to fire-works, when the company arrives. Then, there's to get ready the room you call the Elephant, for Mr. Oldbutton, and—and the last of all—

Tan. To get rid of that impudent Paul Pry.

Bil. I'll do it, sir.

Tan. Will you? 'T is more than *I* can. I have only taken this inn six months, and he's been here every day. First, he asked me where I got the money to take the house; then, if I was married; whether my wife bore an excellent character; whether my children had had the measles; and, as I would n't answer any of these questions, he hoped he did n't intrude, but begged to know how many lumps of sugar I put into a crown bowl of punch.

Bil. Oh! sir, that's nothing to what he asked me last night. He asked me whether you gave me good wages.

Tan. Well, I hope you gave him an answer.

Bil. Yes, I did, sir.

Tan. What did you say?

Bil. Why, I told him my wages were like his good manners; very little of 'em, but I hoped they would both soon mend.

Tan. Well, Billy, only rid me of this intolerable Paul, and your wages shall mend. Here has this Mr. Pry, although he has an establishment of his own in the town, been living and sleeping these six days! But I'm determined to get rid of him; and do you instantly go, Billy, and affront him. Do any thing with him, so as you make him turn his back upon the house. Eh, here's a coach driven up; it is surely Mr. Oldbutton; run, Billy, run. (*Exit Billy.*) Roaring times, these. (*Billy enters, showing in Mr. Oldbutton.*) Welcome, sir, most welcome to the Golden Chariot.

Mr. Oldbutton. Landlord, I have some letters to answer. Which is my apartment?

Tan. Why, sir; confound that Paul Pry, he has the gentleman's room, and I can't get him out of it. Why, sir, I did not expect you some hours yet. If you'll have the kindness to step into this apartment for a few minutes, your own room shall be properly arranged. I really beg ten thousand—

Mr. Old. No compliments, Mr. Landlord, and when you speak to me in future, keep yourself upright; I hate tradesmen, with backs of whalebone.

Tan. Why, civility, Mr. Oldbutton—

Mr. Old. Is this the room? (*Tankard bows. Exit Oldbutton.*)

Tan. Now, such a customer would deeply offend a man, if he had not the ultimate satisfaction of making out the bill.

(*Enter Billy.*)

Oh, you've just come in time: ask no questions; there's Mr. Pry's room. If you get him out of the house, I'll raise your wages. If you do not, you shall go yourself. Now you know the terms. (*Exit.*)

Bil. Then it is either you or myself, Mr. Pry. So here goes. (*As Billy is running toward the room, he meets Pry coming.*)

Paul Pry. Hope I don't intrude. I say, Billy, who is that old gentleman, who just came in?

Bil. Old gentleman? Why, there's nobody come in.

Paul. Don't fib, Billy, I saw him.

Bil. You saw him! Why, how could you see him, when there's no window in the room?

Paul. I always guard against such an accident, and carry a gimblet with me. (*Producing one.*) Nothing like making a little hole in the wainscot.

Bil. Why, surely you have n't—

Paul. It has been a fixed principle of my life, Billy, never to take a lodging or a house, with a brick wall to it. I say, tell me, who is he?

Bil. (*Aside.*) Well, I'll tell him something. Why, if you must know, I think he's an army lieutenant, on half-pay.

Paul. An army lieutenant! half-pay! ah! that will never afford ribbons and white feathers.

Bil. Now, Mr. Pry, my master desires me to say, he can't accommodate you any longer. Your apartment is wanted, and, really, Mr. Pry, you can't think how much you'll oblige me by going.

Paul. To be sure, Billy, I would n't wish to intrude for the world. Your master is doing a great deal of business in this house. What did he give for the good will of it?

Tan. (*Without.*) Billy.

Bil. There now, I'm called, and I've to make ready the room for the Freemasons, that meet to-day, they that would n't admit you into their society.

Paul. Yes, I know. They thought I should intrude.

Tan. (*Without.*) Billy!

Bil. Now you must go. Good by, Mr. Pry, I'm called.

Paul. Oh, good by, good morning. (*Exit.*)

Bil. He's gone! I'm coming, sir. (*Exit.*)

(*Re-enter Paul Pry.*)

Paul. An army lieutenant! Who can it be? I should n't wonder if it's Mrs. Thomas's husband; who, she says, was killed in India! If it should be, it will break off her flirting with Mr. Cinnamon, the grocer; there's pretty doings in that quarter, for I caught the rheumatism watching them in a frosty night last winter! An army lieutenant! Mrs. Thomas has a daughter. I'll just peep through the key-hole, and see if there's a family likeness between them. (*Mr. Oldbutton suddenly appears, and discovers Paul.*)

Paul. I hope I do n't intrude; I was trying to find my apartment.

Mr. Old. Was it necessary to look through the key-hole for it, sir!

Paul. I'm rather short-sighted, sir. Sad affliction! my poor mother was short-sighted, sir; in fact, 't is a family failing; all the Prys are obliged to look close.

Mr. Old. While I sympathize with your distresses, sir, I trust to be exempt from the impertinence which you may attach to them.

Paul. Would not intrude for the world, sir. What may be your opinion, sir, of the present state of the kingdom? How do you like peace? It must press hard upon you gentlemen of the army; a lieutenant's half pay now, is but little, to make both ends meet.

Mr. Old. Sir!

Paul. Especially when a man's benevolent to his poor relations. Now, sir, perhaps you allow something out of your five-and-six-pence a day, to your mother, or maiden sister. Between you and me, I must tell you what I have learnt here.

Mr. Old. Between you and me, sir, I must tell you what I have learnt in India.

Paul. What, have you been in India? Would n't intrude an observation for the world; but I thought you had a yellowish look; something of an orange-peel countenance. You've been in India? Although I'm a single man, I would n't ask an improper question. But is it true that the blacks employ no tailors nor milliners? If not, what do they do to keep off the flies?

Mr. Old. That is what I was about to inform you. They carry canes. Now, sir, five minutes' conversation with you, has fully convinced me that there are flies in England, as well as in India; and that a man may be as impertinently inquisitive at Dover, as at Bengal. All I have to add is, I carry a cane.

Paul. In such a case, I'm the last to intrude. I've only one question to ask. Is your name Thomas? whether you have a wife? how old she is? and where you were married?

Mr. Old. Well, sir, a man may sometimes play with a puppy, as well as kick him; and, if it will afford you any satisfaction, learn my name is Thomas.

Paul. Oh! poor Mr. Cinnamon! This is going to India! Mr. T., I'm afraid you'll find that somebody here has intruded in your place, for between you and me, (*Oldbutton surveys him contemptuously, and, while Paul is talking, Oldbutton stalks off. Paul, on looking round.*) Well, it is n't that I interfere much in people's concerns. If I did, how unhappy I could make that man. This Freemason's sign puzzles me; they would n't make me a member; but I have slept six nights in the next room to them; and, thanks to my gimblet, I know the business. There was Mr. Smith, who was only in the Gazette last week, taking his brandy and water; he can't afford that, I know. Then there was Mr. Hodgkins, who makes his poor wife and children live upon baked potatoes six days out of the week, (for I know the shop where they are cooked,) calling, like a lord, for a Welch rarebit. I only wish his creditors could see him! but I do n't trouble my head with these matters; if I did—eh! Why there is one of the young Joneses, going again to Mr. Notick, the pawnbroker's. That's the third time this week; well, I've just time to run to Notick's, and see what he's brought, before I go to inquire at the post office, who in the town has letters. (*Exit.*)

FROM POOLE.

CXXVI.—TAXES.

In this extract, the oppressive taxation of England (John Bull) is satirically described, and America (Jonathan) is warned against following the example.

Ermine; the fur which judges wear.

Couchant; lying down.

Levant; here, sitting.

John Bull can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of Glory: Taxes! Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the Judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The school-boy whips his taxed top. The beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road. The dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse. The system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description. The prodigious patronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of government will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist. Every wise Jonathan should remember this!

FROM SYDNEY SMITH.

CXXVII.—A POLITICAL CONVERSION.

AN important political personage, having suddenly changed his course with regard to an important measure, his conversion is exquisitely satirized by Webster, in the following extract.

PUBLIC men must certainly be allowed to change their opinions, and their associations, whenever they see fit. No one doubts this. Men may have grown wiser, they may have attained to better and more correct views of great public subjects. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, that what appears to be a *sudden*, as well as a *great* change, naturally produces a shock. I confess, for one, I was shocked, when the honorable gentleman, at the last session, espoused this bill of the administration. Sudden movements of the affections, whether personal or political, are a little out of nature.

Several years ago, some of the wits of England wrote a mock play, intended to ridicule the unnatural and false feeling, the *sentimentality*, of a certain German school of literature. In this play, two strangers are brought together at an inn. While they are warming themselves at the fire, and before their acquaintance is yet five minutes old, one springs up, and exclaims to the other, "A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship!"

This affectionate offer was instantly accepted, and the friendship duly sworn, unchangeable and eternal! Now, how long this eternal friendship lasted, or in what manner it ended, those who wish to know, may learn by referring to the play. But it seems to me, that the honorable member has carried his political sentimentality a good deal higher than the flight of the German school. He appears to have fallen suddenly in love, not with *strangers*, but with *opponents*.

Here we all had been contending against the progress of executive power. The honorable member stood among us, not only as an associate, but as a leader. We thought we were making some headway. The people appeared to be coming to our support and our assistance. The country had been roused. Every successive election weakened the strength of the adversary, and increased our own. We were in this career of success, and only needed to hear the cheering voice of the honorable member,

> "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!"

and we should have prostrated, forever, this anti-constitutional and anti-republican policy of the administration.

But instead of these encouraging and animating accents, behold! in the very crisis of our affairs, on the very eve of victory, the honorable member cries out to the enemy, not to us, his *allies*, but to the *enemy*, "Halloo! a sudden thought strikes me! I abandon my allies! Now I think of it, they have always been my oppressors! I abandon them; and now let *you and me* swear an eternal friendship!"

Such a proposition, from such a quarter, was not likely to be long withstood. The other party was a little coy, but, upon the whole, nothing loth. After proper hesitation, and a little decorous blushing, it owned the soft impeachment, admitted an equal sudden sympathetic impulse on its own side; and, since few words are wanted, where hearts are already known, the honorable gentleman takes his place among his new friends, amid greetings and caresses, and is already enjoying the sweets of an eternal friendship.

FROM WEBSTER.

CXXVIII.—THE COALITION.

THE party to which Mr. Webster belonged, having been accused, in the political excitement and trickery of the day, of a dishonorable *coalition* with former antagonists, and this having been referred to in the senate, the following spirited reply was elicited.

THE coalition! The coalition! Ay, "the murdered coalition!" The gentleman asks, if I were led or frightened into this debate by the specter of the coalition. "Was it the ghost of the murdered coalition," he exclaims, "which haunted the member from Massachusetts; and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never down!" "The murdered coalition!"

This charge of a coalition, in reference to the late administration, is not *original* with the honorable member. It did not spring up in the senate. Whether as a fact, as an argument, or as an embellishment, it is all borrowed. He adopts it, indeed, from a very *low origin*, and a still *lower* present condition. It is one of the thousand calumnies with which the press teemed, during an excited political canvass.

It was a charge, of which there was not only no proof or probability, but which was in itself wholly impossible to be true. No man of common information ever believed a syllable of it. Yet it was of that class of falsehoods, which, by continued repetition, through all the organs of detraction and abuse, are capable of misleading those who are already far misled, and of further fanning passion already kindling into flame. Doubtless it served in its day, and in greater or less degree, the end designed by it.

Having done that, it has sunk into the general mass of stale and loathed calumnies. It is the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer, lifeless and despised. It is not now in the power of the honorable member to give it dignity and decency, by attempting to elevate it, and to introduce it into the senate. He can not change it from what it is, an object of general disgust and scorn. On the contrary, the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him *down*, *down*, to the place where it lies itself.

From Webster.

CXXIX.—MR. DANE.

In the course of my observations the other day, I paid a passing tribute of respect to a very worthy man, Mr. Dane, of Massachusetts. It so happened that he drew the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the Northwestern Territory. A man of so much ability, and so little pretense; of so great a capacity to do good, and so unmixed a disposition to do it for its own sake; a gentleman who had acted an important part, forty years ago, in a measure the influence of which is still deeply felt in the very matter which was the subject of debate, might, I thought, receive from me a commendatory recognition.

But the honorable member was inclined to be facetious on the subject. He was rather disposed to make it matter of ridicule, that I had introduced into the debate the name of one Nathan Dane, of whom he assures us he had never before heard. If the honorable member had never before heard of Mr. Dane, I am sorry for it. It shows him less acquainted with the public men of the country than I had supposed.

Let me tell him, however, that a sneer from him at the mention of the name of Mr. Dane is in bad taste. It may well be a high mark of ambition, either with the honorable gentleman or myself, to accomplish as much to make our names known to advantage, and remembered with gratitude, as Mr. Dane has accomplished. But the truth is, I suspect, that Mr. Dane lives a little too far north. He is of Massachusetts, and too near the north star to be reached by the honorable gentleman's telescope. If his sphere had happened to range south of Mason and Dixon's line, he might, probably, have come within the scope of his vision.

From Webster.

CXXX.—NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

WHOM do we dub as gentleman? The knave, the fool, the brute,
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribbon at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth HER nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She molds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers her beauty, grace, and light upon the brain and heart;
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume;
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom:
Should fortune pour her welcome store and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round;
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by Nature's gentleman, the *good*, the *just*, the *kind.*

He turns not from the cheerless home where sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut, the culprit in his cell;
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love;
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above:
The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind; his country all the globe;
An honest name his jeweled star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control;
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul;
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or heed the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue:
He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone, his word;
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;

He'll suit his bearing to the hour; laugh, listen, learn, or teach;
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech:
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and Mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar star;
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark:
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide;
They hold the rank no king can give; no station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth HER gentlemen, and monarchs must give place.

CXXXI.—BERNARDINE DU BORN.

PLANTAGENET; (Plan-taj′-e-net,) a dynasty of English kings.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
  And, full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed,
  Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
  Like a lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
  Gleamed through his crisp-ed hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm!
  Lord of a lawless band!
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
  The troubler of our land!
Thy castles and thy rebel towers
  Are forfeit to the crown;
And thou beneath the Norman ax
  Shall end thy base renown!

"Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
  Thou with strange madness fired?

Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
  Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
  And blenched not in his pride;
"My reason failed, most gracious liege,
  The year Prince Henry died."

Quick, at that name, a cloud of woe
  Passed o'er the monarch's brow;
Touched was that bleeding chord of love,
  To which the mightiest bow;
And backward swept the tide of years;
  Again his first-born moved;
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
  The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
  One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood's ardent sport,
  Or youth's untamed career;
With him the merry chase he sought,
  Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode
  This Bernardine du Born.

Then, in the mourning father's soul,
  Each trace of ire grew dim,
And what his buried idol loved,
  Seemed cleansed of guilt to him;
And faintly through his tears he spoke,
  "God send his grace to thee!
And, for the dear sake of the dead,
  Go forth, unscathed and free."

FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CXXXII.—RICHARD I, AT HIS FATHER'S BIER.

FONTEVRAUD; (pro. *Fon-te-vro.*)

CŒUR-DE-LION; (pro. *Kur-de-Leon,*) the lion-hearted. He had been a rebellious son, and was struck with remorse at his father's death. He reformed, and proved a noble king.

TORCHES were blazing clear,
  Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier,
  In the church of Fontevraud.

There was heard a heavy clang,
    As of steel-girt men the tread;
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
    With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
    As, by the torches' flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
    With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
    An eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook,
    When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with the drooping brow,
    And clasped hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low.
    It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed!

He looked upon the dead,
    And sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
    Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped, and kissed the frozen cheek,
    And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words, yet all too weak,
    Gave his soul's passion way.

"O, father! is it vain,
    This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again,
    I weep! behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
    Were but this work undone!
I would give England's crown, my sire,
    To hear thee bless thy son.

"Thy silver hairs I see,
    So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
    They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
    No longer couldst thou strive;
Oh! for one moment of the past,
    To kneel and say, 'Forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
In war, the bravest heart.
Oh! ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert; and *there* thou art!"

From Mrs. Hemans.

CXXXIII.—PREVALENCE OF WAR.

War is the law of violence: peace, the law of love. That law of violence prevailed without mitigation, from the murder of Abel to the advent of the Prince of Peace. We might have imagined, if history had not attested the reverse, that an experiment of four thousand years would have sufficed to prove, that the rational ends of society can never be attained, by constructing its institutions in conformity with the standard of war. But the sword and the torch had been eloquent in vain.

A thousand battlefields, white with the bones of brothers, were counted as idle advocates in the cause of justice and humanity. Ten thousand cities, abandoned to the cruelty and licentiousness of the soldiery, and burnt, or dismantled, or razed to the ground, pleaded in vain against the law of violence. The river, the lake, the sea, crimsoned with the blood of fellow-citizens, and neighbors, and strangers, had lifted up their voices in vain to denounce the folly and wickedness of war.

The shrieks and agonies, the rage and hatred, the wounds and curses of the battlefield, and the storm and the sack, had scattered in vain their terrible warnings throughout all lands. In vain had the insolent Lysander destroyed the walls and burnt the fleets of Athens, to the music of her own female flute-players. In vain had Scipio, amid the ruins of Carthage, in the spirit of a gloomy seer, applied to Rome herself the prophecy of Agamemnon:

"The day shall come, the great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam's power, and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

FROM GRIMKE.

CXXXIV.—WAR FALSELY COLORED.

ON every side of me I see causes at work, which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the background of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter.

I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men, as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence.

All, all, goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness. I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth to arrest the strong current of the popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature.

Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the Gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever from its simple but sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations. FROM CHALMERS.

CXXXV.—THE DYING SOLDIER.

MORION; (pro. *Mor'-i-on,*) a helmet.
YATAGHAN; (pro. *Yat'-a-ghan,*) a Turkish dagger.
CORSELET, a light breastplate.

THE shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance; but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. The fight is over! And those who rode foremost in its field at morning, where are they now? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight, his life-blood ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that swells from that deep wound will answer.

It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes; it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that had crossed the foe's dark line; then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His breastplate is dinted. His helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast! *she* would shrink but to *touch* it now, who *placed* it there.

Look on yon crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! Prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying; the veteran, with the stripling of a day; the nameless trooper and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend; the steed, with his rider; and foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion! saber and yataghan! crescent and cross! rich vest and bright corslet! They came to the fight, as if they came to a feasting. Glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

His last glance still seeks that banner! The cry, that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet another waits for his who holds it. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, shall seek thee, with her blue eyes, in the conquering ranks to-morrow; but she shall seek thee in vain! Proud heads shall bow for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee.

Heath! thou wilt be the soldier's pillow! Moon, let thy cold light, this night, fall upon him! But, morning, thy soft dews shall tempt him not! The soldier must wake no more. He is dead! The cross of a knight is on his breast! his lips are pressed to his lady's token! Soldier, farewell!

CXXXVI.—WAR UNCHRISTIAN.

Where does Christianity sanction war? Is it in the angels' song at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men?" Is it in the benediction promised by our Divine Lord on the peacemakers? Is it in his command to love our enemies, and, when smitten on one cheek, to turn, without resistance or revenge, the other to the offender? Is it, in short, in the whole genius and spirit of Christianity? Is it not strange that Christianity should have been eighteen centuries delivering its lessons in our world, and that men should be so ignorant of its nature and duties, as to need to be told that it is hostile to the spirit of *war?*

It is this propensity to hostility, on the part of so many who profess Christianity, that has alienated so many from it, and fostered the infidelity of the age. How often are we met with the taunt, that Christendom has been as deeply involved in this dreadful practice as the pagan and Mohammedan nations. We deplore the fact; but we deny that it is sanctioned by the New Testament. Tell us not of the foul deeds that have been perpetrated in the name of Christianity. Tell us not, that her princes have been ambitious, and her priests, rapacious; that one has drawn the sword and unfurled the banner under the benediction of the other; and that both have met in the camp, the crusade, and the battlefield, covered with blood, and reveling in slaughter.

The question is not what her sacred name has been abused to sanctify; but has it been performed by her *authority*, has it accorded with her *principles*, and been congenial with her *spirit?* Shall those who have violated her maxims, set at defiance her commands, despised her remonstrances, and stifled her cries, shall *they* be allowed to plead her authority in justification of their doings? Not only Christianity herself, but common *honesty* says, No.

I know very well there are four millions of men under arms in Europe. I know also what a seemingly petty incident may call all those to deadly strife. It is quite possible, if not even probable, that a deadly struggle may impend. Still, the reign of peace is coming. Many a bright and beautiful day has been ushered in by a terrific thunder-storm, and while the thunders were rolling, day was advancing behind the cloud that sent them forth. Let Europe be again involved in battle and bloodshed, still here, in this our congress, is the dawn of the day of peace.

Take courage, then, in carrying on your pacific schemes. Your children, or your children's children, may hear the last peals of war die away amid the shouts of universal peace. They may see the commencement of the millenial period of general brotherhood, when Christians, blushing over the crimes of former generations, shall hasten to hide the memorials of their shame, and upon the anvil of revelation shall, with the brawny arm of reason, "beat the swords into plowshares, and the spears into pruning hooks."

CXXXVII.—PEACE.

This and the succeeding extract may be spoken separately, or as one.

How beautiful is night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps the moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread,
To curtain her sleeping world.

Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene,
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

From Shelley.

CXXXVIII.—WAR.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven? That dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountain ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!

Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men,
Inebriate with rage: loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,

And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.

Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay,
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene. The sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away;
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There, tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outstanding victors. Far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen;
Each tree, which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

From Shelley.

CXXXIX.—TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

In Pollok's "Course of Time," from which this extract is taken, the speaker, once an inhabitant of earth, is supposed to be describing to an angel what had happened in this world in ages long past.

The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude; and, as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by: the gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard,
And on the rugged mountain brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.

Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and, from her glorious brow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge! Forgive, forgive!

The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked
Of purity, and holiness, and God.

In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge: silence had a tongue: the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said; Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!

Fear God, the thunders said; fear God, the waves;
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
And, in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible opened,
And cried: Repent! repent, ye Sons of Men!
Believe, be saved.

FROM POLLOK.

CXL.—THE HURRICANE.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky,
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!
And, lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray,
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches with hues of death
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round;
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale!
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain, the visible space!

Darker! still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels wherever they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that? 'T is the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds, ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space:
A whirling ocean now fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all;
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

From Bryant.

CXLI.—SUMMER HEAT.

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crowned,
Beneath the whole-collected shade reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem, instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his tempered mind, serene and pure,
And every passion, aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream, full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.

Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.

From Thomson.

CXLII.—NO!

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance, looking blue,
No road, no street, no "t' other side the way,"
No end to any Row,
No indications where the Crescents go.

No top to any steeple,
No recognitions of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em,
No traveling at all, no locomotion,
No inkling of the way, no notion,
"No go," by land or ocean,
No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast.

No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility,
No company, no nobility,
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member.
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No–vember!

From Hood.

CXLIII.—THE SHEEP STEALER.—Scene I.

Characters.—*Scout, the village lawyer; and Sheepface, the sheep stealer.*

(*Enter Scout and Sheepface.*)

Scout. Ha, ha. I think I have made a good morning's work! But who have we here? Sure I should know that face.

Sheep. Sarvant, sir. I am come to ask your worship to stand my friend against a—his worship, my master.

Scout. What, the rich farmer here, that lives in the neighborhood?

Sheep. Yes, yes, he lives in the neighborhood, sure enough; and if you will stand my friend, you shall be paid to your heart's content.

Scout. Ay! now you speak to the purpose: come, you must tell me how it was.

Sheep. Why, you must know, my master gives me but small wages; very small wages indeed! So I thought I might as well do a little business on my own account, and make myself amends without any damage to him, with an honest neighbor of mine, a little bit of a butcher, by trade.

Scout. Well, but what business can you have to do with him?

Sheep. Why, saving your worship's presence, I hinders the sheep from dying of the rot.

Scout. Ah! how do you contrive that?

Sheep. I cuts their throats before it comes to them.

Scout. What! I suppose, then, your master thinks you kill his sheep for the sake of selling their carcasses?

Sheep. Yes; and I can not beat it out of his head for the soul of me.

Scout. Well, then, you must tell me all the particulars about it. Relate every circumstance, and don't hide a single item.

Sheep. Why, then, sir, you must know, that last night, as I was going down,—must I tell the truth?

Scout. Yes, yes; you must tell the truth here, or we shall not be able to lie to the purpose any where else.

Sheep. Well, then, last night, having a little leisure time upon my hands, I goes down to our pen; and, as I was musing on, I don't know what, out I takes my knife, and happening by mere accident, saving your worship's presence, to put it under the throat of one of the fattest wethers, I don't know how it came about, but I had not been long there, before the wether died, and all of a sudden, as a body may say.

Scout. What! and somebody was looking on all the while?

Sheep. Yes, master, from behind the hedge, and would have it, it died all along of me. And so, you see, he laid a shower of blows on me. But I hope your worship will stand my friend, and not let me lose the fruits of my honest labors, all at once.

Scout. Why, there are two ways of settling this business; and one is, I think, to be done without putting you to any expense.

Sheep. Let's try that first, by all means.

Scout. You have scraped up something in your master's service.

Sheep. I have been up late and early for it, sir.

Scout. I suppose you have taken care to have your savings all in hard cash?

Sheep. Yes, sir.

Scout. Well, then, when you go home, take it and hide it in the safest place you can find.

Sheep. Yes, sir, that I'll do.

Scout. I'll take care your master shall pay all costs and charges.

Sheep. Ay, so he ought. He can afford it.

Scout. It shall be nothing out of your pocket.

Sheep. That's just as I would have it.

Scout. He'll have all the trouble and expense of bringing you to trial, and, after that, have the pleasure of seeing you hanged.

Sheep. Hanged? Let's take the other way.

Scout. Well, let me see. I suppose he'll take out a warrant against you, and have you taken before Justice Mittimus.

Sheep. So I understand.

Scout. I think the justice's credulity is easily imposed on; so, when you are ordered before him, I'll attend; and to all the questions that you are asked, answer nothing, but imitate the voice of the lambs, when they bleat after the ewes. You can speak that dialect.

Sheep. 'Tis my mother tongue.

Scout. But, if I bring you clear off, I expect to be very well paid for this.

Sheep. So you shall. I'll pay you to your heart's content.

Scout. Be sure you answer nothing but baa!

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Ay! that will do very well. Be sure you stick to that.

Sheep. Yes, your worship, never fear. What trouble a body has to keep one's own in this world. (*Exeunt.*)

CXLIV.—THE SHEEPSTEALER.—Scene. II.

Characters.—*The Justice, Mittimus, at his table; Sheepface, the sheepstealer; Scout, his lawyer; and Snarl, the accuser; and Constables.*

Justice. So, the court being assembled, the parties may appear. Where is your lawyer, neighbor Snarl?

Snarl. I am my own lawyer; I shall employ nobody; that would cost more money.

Just. Well, neighbor Snarl, begin.

Snarl. Well then, that thief, there—

Just. No abuse! No abuse!

Snarl. Well then, I say, that rascal, my shepherd, has killed fourteen of my fattest wethers. What answer do you make to that?

Scout. I deny the fact.

Snarl. What is become of them, then?

Scout. They did die of the rot.

Just. What proof have you got? (*To Snarl.*)

Snarl. Why, I went down last night to the pens, having long suspected him, and there I caught him in the very act.

Scout. That remains to be proved.

Snarl. Yes, I will swear it is the very man.

Just. Come here, my good fellow. (*Sheepface crosses to Justice.*) Hold up your head, do n't be frightened, tell me your name.

Sheep. Baa!

Snarl. It is a lie! It is a lie! His name is Sheepface.

Just. Well, well, Sheepface or Baa, no matter for the name. Did Mr. Snarl give you in charge fourscore sheep?

Sheep. Baa!

Just. I say, did Mr. Snarl catch you in the night, killing one of his fattest wethers?

Sheep. Baa!

Just. What does he mean by baa?

Scout. Please your worship, the blows he gave this poor fellow on the head have so affected his senses, he can say nothing else. He is to be trepanned as soon as the court breaks up: and the doctors say, it is the whole Materia Medica against a dose of jalap, he never recovers.

Just. But the law forbids all blows, particularly on the head.

Snarl. It was dark, and, when I strike, I never mind where the blows fall.

Scout. A voluntary confession, a voluntary confession!

Just. A voluntary confession, indeed. Release the prisoner. I find no cause of complaint against him. (*Exeunt Constables.*)

Snarl. No cause of complaint against him. You are a pretty justice, indeed. He kills my sheep, and you see no cause of complaint against him.

Just. Not I, truly.

Snarl. A pretty day's work I have made, indeed. But as for you, Mr. Lawyer, we shall meet again. (*Exit Snarl.*)

Just. O fie, neighbor Snarl, you are to blame, very much to blame, indeed.

Scout. Come, now it is all over, go and thank his worship.

Sheep. Baa! baa! baa!

Just. Enough, enough, my good fellow, take care you do not catch cold in your head. Go and get trepanned, and take care of yourself, Sheepface.

Sheep. Baa!

Just. Poor fellow, poor fellow. (*Exit Justice.*)

Scout. Bravo, my boy! You have acted your part admirably, and I think I did very well to bring you off so cleverly. Now I make no doubt, but, as you are a very honest fellow, you'll pay me as generously as you promised.

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Ay! very well, very well, indeed. You did that very well just now, but there's no occasion to have it over any more. I'm talking about my *fee* you know, Sheepface! Yes, yes, I tell you it was very well done, but at this time, you know, my *fee* is the question.

Sheep. Baa! baa!

Scout. How's this, am I laughed at? Pay me directly, you rascal, or I'll make you rue it. I'll teach you to try to cheat a *lawyer*. I'll—

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. What! again! Braved by a mongrel cur, a bleating—

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Out of my sight! or I'll break every bone in your dog's skin, you sheep-stealing scoundrel. Would you cheat one that has cheated hundreds? Get home to your hiding place!

Sheep. Baa! (*Exeunt.*)

CXLV.—WHAT HAS AMERICA DONE?

WHAT has this nation done, to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected partiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness. We have been told, that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge, the labors of Franklin present an *illustrious*, it is still a *solitary*, exception.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe?

Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a half century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches? Is it nothing to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention?

Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No! Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge! Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!"

CXLVI.—TRUE AMBITION.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure; ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself. I know the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes.

Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been, heretofore, often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives.

I have no desire for office. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated. I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, mid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I *have* ambition. But it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, of reconciling a divided people; of reviving concord and harmony in a distracted land. It is the ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a *free*, *united*, and *prosperous* people. FROM HENRY CLAY.

CXLVII.—HENRY CLAY.

THIS is an extract from a speech, delivered in the senate, on the death of Henry Clay.

CLAY was indeed eloquent. All the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was nevertheless only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gestures, his very look, were magisterial, persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable.

Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one, which the great Italian poet designated as the love of native land. In him, that love was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections, than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

Thus with great versatility of talent, and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual tribune of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure or against it, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the senate-chamber.

The great lights of the senate have set. The obscuration is no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments. We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress; that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement.

But the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation. With them there will remain also the protection and favor of the Most High, if by the practice of justice and the maintenance of freedom we shall deserve them.

Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sorrow, but not without hope, the reverend form that it bears to its final resting place. And when that grave opens at our feet to receive so estimable a treasure, we will invoke the God of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

FROM SEWARD.

CXLVIII.—REMEMBRANCE OF THE GOOD.

Why is it that the names of Howard, and Thornton, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, will be held in everlasting remembrance? Is it not chiefly on account of their goodness, their Christian philanthropy, the overflowing and inexhaustible benevolence of their great minds? Such men feel that they were not born for themselves, nor for the narrow circle of their kindred and acquaintances, but for the world and for posterity. They delight in doing good on a great scale. Their talents, their property, their time, their knowledge, and experience, and influence, they hold in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the oppressed, and the perishing.

You may trace them along the whole pathway of life, by the blessings which they scatter far and wide. They may be likened to yon noble river, which carries gladness and fertility, from state to state, through all the length of that rejoicing valley, which it was made to bless; or to those summer showers which pour gladness and plenty over all the regions that they visit, till they melt away into the glorious effulgence of the setting sun.

Such a man was Howard, the prisoner's friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved, and out of which life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from what world of pure disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigations. In his presence, crime, though girt with the iron panoply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him home was nothing, country was nothing, health was nothing, life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, depraved, bleeding humanity, in all her prison houses?"

And what wonders did he accomplish! What astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced to him? How many millions, yet to be born, will rise up and call him blessed! Away, all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery! Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence, than the eye, already inflamed to torture by dissipation, can look the sun in the face at noonday.

CXLIX.—TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

CIM-ME′-RE-AN; from *Cimmerium*, (modern *Crimea*,) supposed by the ancients to be the darkest place in the world.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye?
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day:
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the phenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun!
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb:

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Melt, and dispel, ye specter-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er; the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

Hark! as the spirit-eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion's hill!

From Campbell.

CL.—THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
  Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
  In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart replied,
  And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
  Where soft winds wander free."
O, blessings fall on artless youth,
  And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
  And treasures live in flowers.

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
  Who bent, with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
  In the wildwood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
  The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
  Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above
  To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
  That light and fragile thing.

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
  I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed brow, and wan,
  Slow musing on his way.
He paused, and with a solemn mien
  Upturned his holy eyes;
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
  My home is in the skies!
O, blessed, thrice blessed, the heart must be
  To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free;
  Its only home in heaven.

CLI.—J. Q. ADAMS.—No. I.

John Quincy Adams, one of the most distinguished of American statesmen, filled, with high honor, all the offices in the gift of his country. After retiring from the Presidency, he was chosen by his fellow-citizens to represent them again in Congress, where he died. This is an extract from a speech, delivered in the Senate on the occasion.

Silence is in the capitol, and sorrow has thrown its pall over the land. What new event is this? Has some Cromwell closed the legislative chambers? Or has some Cæsar, returning from his distant conquests, passed the Rubicon, seized the purple, and fallen in the Senate beneath the swords of self-appointed executioners of his country's vengeance? No! Nothing of all this.

What means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate, and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man, whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now, through age, had well-nigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument,—

"A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent."

In the very *act* of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of conscript fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief space. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers, were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed. He had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death, that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him.

But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "THIS," said the dying man, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I AM CONTENT." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene; a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, one who spoke as never man spake, said, "IT IS FINISHED."

FROM SEWARD.

CLII.—J. Q. ADAMS.—No. II.

THIS is an extract from a speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the same occasion as the preceding, by Holmes, a member from South Carolina.

THE mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state; Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. It is meet, that in this the day of our affliction, we should mingle our griefs. When a great man falls, the nation mourns. When a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain, which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times, has been suddenly snapped. The lips, from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered, are closed in death.

Yes, my friends, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant. He has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy, who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth. He has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since, is now cold in death!

But the last sabbath, and in this hall he worshiped with others. Now, his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone, and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot, beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE. FROM HOLMES.

CLIII.—MEN WHO NEVER DIE.

WARREN; a General in the American army, who was killed at Bunker Hill, one of the first victims of the Revolution.

THE heroes of the past, we dismiss not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, can not die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred hight, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless. The eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed. But the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it *life* to *live*," these can not expire.

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once, can never die."

FROM EVERETT.

CLIV.—I GATHER THEM IN.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade:
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate:
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;

And these words came from his lips so thin,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

"I gather them in! for, man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one;
But come they strangers or come they kin,
I gather them in! I gather them in!

"Many are with me, but still I'm alone!
I am king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects; all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin;
I gather them in! I gather them in!

"I gather them in, and their final rest,
Is here, down here in the Earth's dark breast;"
And the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain:
And I said to my heart, when time is told,
A mightier voice than that sexton's old,
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din;
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

CLV.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

Bernardo del Carpio, a celebrated Spanish warrior, having vainly endeavored to secure the release of his father, imprisoned by king Alphonso, at last, resorted to arms. The war proved so destructive, that the king, forced by his nobles, solemnly promised to restore to Bernardo his father, upon the surrender of his paternal castle of Carpio. The following ballad explains the rest.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! O! break my father's chain!"

"*Rise! rise!* even now thy father comes, a ransomed man, this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And, lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took:
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold, a frozen thing; it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above, the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fixed and white;
He met, at last, his father's eyes, but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length, he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown;
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow;
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now;
My king is false! my hope betrayed! My father! O! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet;
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face, the king before the dead:

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay.

"Into these glassy eyes put light: be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak; this earth is not my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed!
Thou canst not? and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed: his slack hand fell; upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place.
His hope was crushed, his after fate, untold in martial strain:
His banner led the spears no more, amid the hills of Spain.

FROM MRS. HEMANS.

CLVI.—RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICANS.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious paternal voices. Posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future. The world turns hither its solicitous eyes. *All*, *all* conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain.

We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us. But by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry. The mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized men without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture. And how can these be enjoyed in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

There is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefit of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing. Let us feel it deeply and powerfully. Let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers —let it not have been shed in vain. The great hope of posterity—let it not be blasted. FROM WEBSTER.

CLVII.—PUBLIC FAITH.

To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation. To such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge: can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can any thing tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action? It would not merely *demoralize* mankind. It tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread, entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No! this is not the character of the virtue. It soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus that we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor.

Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country, odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him. He would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco-smoke, or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation.

If there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, and form a society, they would soon find themselves obliged to make justice, *that* justice under which they *fell*, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves, to the obligations of good faith. Let me not even imagine, that a republican government, whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless: can *dare* to *act* what *despots* dare not *avow*.

From Fisher Ames.

CLVIII.—PUBLIC VIRTUE.

There is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess, I do not possess; a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. *That* I have not the courage to do. I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested; a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good; to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for *that*.

I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that, which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage, which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness, sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself!

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring toward Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself, *that* is public virtue; that is the *noblest*, the *sublimest* of all public virtues! FROM HENRY CLAY.

CLIX.—DUTY OF A CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

WE live under a constitution. It has made us what we are. What has carried the American flag all over the world? What is it now that represents us so respectably all over Europe, and all over the world? What is it but the result of those commercial regulations which bound us all together, and made our commerce the same commerce; which made all the States,—New York, Massachusetts, South Carolina,—in the aspect of our foreign relations, the same country, without division, distraction, or separation?

Now, this was the original design of the constitution. We, in our day, must see that this spirit is made to pervade the whole administration of the government. The constitution of the United States, to keep us united, to keep flowing in our hearts a fraternal feeling, must be administered in the spirit of it.

And, if I wish to have the spirit of the constitution, in its living, speaking, animated form, I would refer always, always, to the administration of the first president, George

Washington. If I were now to form the ideal of a patriot President, I would draw his master strokes, and copy his design. I would present this picture before me as a constant study for life. I would present his policy, alike liberal, just, narrowed down to no sectional interests, bound down to no personal objects, held to no locality, but broad, and generous, and open; as expansive as the air which is wafted by the winds of heaven from one part of the country to another.

I would draw a picture of his foreign policy; just, steady, stately, but, withal, proud, and lovely, and glorious. No man could say, in his day, that the broad escutchion of the honor of the Union could receive either injury or damage, or even contumely or disrespect. His own character gave character to the foreign relations of the country. He upheld every interest of his country, in even the proudest nations of Europe; and, while resolutely just, he was resolutely determined that no plume of her renown should ever be defaced.

A wise and prudent shipmaster makes it his first duty to preserve the vessel that carries him and his merchandise; to keep her afloat, to conduct her to her destined port with entire security of property and life. That is his first object; and that should be the object, and is, of every chief magistrate of the United States who has a proper appreciation of his duty.

It is to preserve the constitution which bears him, which sustains the government, without which every thing goes to the bottom. It is to preserve that, and keep it, to the utmost of his ability, off the rocks and shoals, and away from the quicksands. To preserve that, he exercises the caution of the experienced shipmaster; he suffers nothing to betray his watchfulness, to draw him aside from the joint interests committed to his care, and the great object in view.

"Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
He minds his compass and his way;
And oft he throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid.

At helm he makes his reason sit;
His crew of passions all submit:
Thus safe he steers his barge, and sails
On upright keel, and meets the gales."

FROM WEBSTER.

CLX.—TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WAKE your harp's music! louder, higher,
  And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire
  In all the pride of song!
Shout like those godlike men of old,
  Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthem rolled,
  TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

From native shores by tempests driven,
  They sought a purer sky,
And found, beneath a milder heaven,
  The home of liberty!
An altar rose, and prayers; a ray
  Broke on their night of woe,
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
  TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

They knelt them on the desert sand,
  By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
  Of oceaned solitude!
They stood upon the red man's sod,
  'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home, a country, and a God,
  TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

The warrior's red right arm was bared,
  His eyes flashed deep and wild:
Was there a foreign footstep dared
  To seek his home and child?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm and swore
  The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
  TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

But, lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone;
The still, bleak wilds which sheltered him,
No longer were his own!
Time fled; and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low;
And cities swell where forests frowned,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

Oh! stay not to recount the tale;
'T was bloody, and 't is past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.
The God of heaven, who prospers us,
Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave!
Look on your own proud land again,
O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each moldering tomb,
And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

FROM MELLEN.

CLXI.—RICH AND POOR.

I SEE, in those vehicles which carry to the people sentiments from high places, plain declarations that the present controversy is but a strife between one part of the community and another. I hear it boasted as the unfailing security, the solid ground, never to be shaken, on which recent measures rest, *that the poor naturally hate the rich.*

I know that, under the shade of the roofs of the Capitol, within the last twenty-four hours, among men sent here to devise means for the public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed, powerful enough to support everything and to defend everything, and that was,—*the natural hatred of the poor to the rich.*

I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their understandings.

"*The natural hatred of the poor to the rich!*" It shall not be till the last moment of my existence; it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, when I shall cease to have respect or affection for anything on earth, that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded, cajoled, and driven about in herds, by such abominable frauds as this.

If they shall sink to that point, if they so far cease to be men, thinking men, intelligent men, as to yield to such pretenses and such clamor, they will be slaves already; slaves to their own passions, slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. They will deserve to be blotted out of all the records of freedom. They ought not to dishonor the cause of self-government, by attempting any longer to exercise it. They ought to keep their unworthy hands entirely off from the cause of republican liberty, if they are capable of being the victims of artifices so shallow; of tricks so stale, so threadbare, so often practiced, so much worn out, on serfs and slaves.

"*The natural hatred of the poor against the rich!*" "The danger of a moneyed aristocracy! A power as great and dangerous as that resisted by the Revolution!" "A call to a new Declaration of Independence!"

I admonish the people against the objects of outcries like these. I admonish every industrious laborer in the country to be on his guard against such delusions. I tell him the attempt is to play off his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country; and in the name of his own independence, to *destroy* that very independence, and make him a *beggar* and a *slave!* FROM WEBSTER.

CLXII.—NATURE AND ART.

ALTHOUGH the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the *gloss* of *art.*
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway.
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore.
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up the space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds.
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth.

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes.
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.

Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms, at first, arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a *garden* and a *grave.*

FROM GOLDSMITH.

CLXIII.—CRUELTY.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps, with venom, that intrudes
A visiter unwelcome into scenes,
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A *necessary* act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offense they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There, they are privileged. And he that hurts
Or harms them *there*, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, *his* rights and claims

Are paramount, and must extinguish *theirs.*
Else they are all, the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your *sons*
To love it too.

The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonored and defiled, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that *shows* it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

From Cowper.

CLXIV.—ROBIN ROUGHHEAD.—Scene I.

(*Enter Snacks, with a letter in his hand.*)

Snacks. A letter for me by express! What can it be about? Let me see what it says. (*Reads.*) "Sir. This is to inform—Lord Lackwit died—an heir to his estate—son called Robin Roughhead—legal heir—put him in immediate possession."

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughhead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well. He's over-cunning, I am afraid. But I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter. Then I can do as I please. I will go and tell him the news. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before. He has no great reason to like me. I never gave him any thing but hard words. (*Exit.*)

CLXV.—ROBIN ROUGHHEAD.—Scene II.

Characters.—*Robin Roughhead; Snacks; and villagers.*

(Robin Roughhead discovered with a rake.)

Robin. Ah! work, work, work! all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the lookout; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone, plump. I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule; there should be no such thing as work: it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'um, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost them a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

(Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously. Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.)

I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little. I hope you'll excuse it. *(Aside.)* I wonder what the dickens he's a grinning at.

Snacks. Excuse it! I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Wall! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better. I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what? Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens! how your eyes do roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you've been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship would be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship. Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks; let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead; and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat. (*Aside.*) I don't *like* him well enough to stand his jokes.

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin be so kind as to attend, while I read this letter. (*Reads.*) "Sir, This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate. The woman he married was commonly called or known by the name of Roughhead. She was poor and illiterate, and through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife. She has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son, called Robin Roughhead. Now, this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command, "KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*"

Rob. What! what! all mine? The houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, and the hens, and the cows, and the pigs, and the——what! are they, are they all mine?—and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Do n't keep me a minute, now, but tell me, is it so? Make haste, tell me, quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! huzza! (*Catches off Snacks' hat.*) Set the bells a-ringing. Set the ale a-running. Set——go, get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with. Call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens. I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord! (*Aside.*) He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though.

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas; make haste. I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. (*Aside.*) He rather smokes me. I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of. Do n't talk to me of your daughter. Stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious. (*Aside.*) Bless me, what a peer of the realm! (*Exit.*)

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village! Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work; it shall be all play. Where shall I go to? I'll go to ——no, I won't go there. I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him——no, I'll not go there, I'll go—I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go everywhere; I'll be neither here nor there, nor anywhere else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(*Enter Villagers, shouting.*)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads? Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

Villagers. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy. I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*All shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter, that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

(*Enter Snacks.*)

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money. (*Aside.*) He means to make 'em fly; so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light.

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. (*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. (*Villagers carry him off, shouting. Snacks follows.*)

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CLXVI.—ROBIN ROUGHHEAD.—SCENE. III.

CHARACTERS.—*Robin; Snacks; and servant.*

(*Robin sitting, and Snacks waiting on him. Enter servant.*)

Serv. PLEASE you, Master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have the pony, to-morrow, to ride by the wagon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he? Lame, is he?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time? Tell him he *must* walk. 'T is my will.

Rob. (*Aside to Servant.*) You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you? (*Exit Servant.*) That's right, Snacks. The lazy fellow, what business has he to be lame?

Snacks. Oh, please your lordship, 'tis as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh, they are sad dogs. Not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful! If I were behind him, I'd make him walk.

(*Enter Servant, with a whip, which he gives to Robin.*)

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What!

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe! I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense. I know you can dance. Why, you was *made* for dancing; *there*'s a leg and foot. Come, begin!

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Is n't there? Then I'll soon make some. Look ye, here's my fiddlestick. How d'ye like it? Come, Snacks, you must dance. 'T is my will. (*Whips him.*)

Snacks. Indeed, I'm not able.

Rob. Not able? Oh, shameful! shameful! Come, come, you must dance. 'T is my will. (*Whips him.*)

Snacks. Must I? Then here goes. (*Hops about.*)

Rob. What! d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord? Come, quicker, quicker. (*Whips Snacks round the stage, who roars *out.*) There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the pony; will you?

Snacks. (*Aside.*) What a cunning dog it is! He's up to me now. (*Exit.*)

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! how he hopped about and hallooed; but I'll work him a little more yet. (*Re-enter Snacks.*) Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing master?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present: for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No: your lordship has taken care that I shan't forget it for some time. (*Exeunt.*)

CLXVII.—THE POOR HOUSE.

Behold yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parent's care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood's fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;

Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless, ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would you bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would you bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely thatched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day.
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.

FROM CRABBE.

CLXVIII.—NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down, for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization.

But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as to escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind.

To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theater of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting.

It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, mid sun and rain, mid fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to Heaven, it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat, TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

FROM DEWEY.

CLXIX.—RELIGION THE BASIS OF INDEPENDENCE.

STANDING, at this hour, on the dividing line which separates the ages that are past, from those which are to come, how solemn is the thought that not one of this assembly, not one of that great multitude who now throng our streets, rejoice in our fields, and make our hills echo with their gratulations, shall live to witness the next return of the era we this day celebrate! The dark vail of futurity conceals from human sight the fate of cities and nations, as well as of individuals. Man passes away. Generations are but shadows. There is nothing stable but truth. Principles only are immortal.

What, then, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety, which we, at this day, enjoy? In what language, and concerning what comprehensive truths, does the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of the future?

Those elements are simple, obvious, and familiar. Every civil and religious blessing, all that here gives happiness to human life, or security to human virtue, is alone to be perpetuated in the forms and under the auspices of a free commonwealth. The commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope, than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that compose it. For the intelligence and virtue of individuals, there is no other human assurance than laws, providing for the education of the whole people.

These laws themselves have no strength, or efficient sanction, except in the moral and accountable nature of man, disclosed in the records of the Christian's faith. The right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning this, belongs to no class or caste of men, but exclusively to the individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history, the language addressed by every past age to all future ages is this: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the *Christian faith*, and in the sanctions of the *Christian religion*.

Men of America! descendants of the early emigrants! consider your blessings! consider your duties! You have an inheritance acquired by the labors and sufferings of many successive generations of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosperity, in a severe and masculine morality; having intelligence for its cement, and religion for its ground-work. Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the same principles. Let the extending temple of your country's freedom rise, in the spirit of ancient times, in proportions of intellectual and moral architecture, just, simple, and sublime.

As from the first to this day, let America continue to be an example to the world, of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it. And, in all times to come, as in all times past, may we be among the foremost and boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of our country. FROM QUINCY.

CLXX.—REFORM.

THE great element of Reform is not born of human wisdom. It does not draw its life from human organization. I find it only in CHRISTIANITY. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul, that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this prayer?

It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate, and subdue, and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth. And the human soul, living in harmony with the divine will, this earth would become like Heaven.

It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity. It is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress, our confidence in Reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable in man. That men have misunderstood it and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human amelioration have come out of it; have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just, who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy; come from your tombs, and answer!

Come Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come Eliot, from the thick forest where the red-man listens to the Word of Life; come Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory; and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and least of our race, and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality.

And ye, who are a great number, ye nameless ones, who have done good in your narrower spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the record on High, come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak.

Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of REFORM! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes. The present is hopeful because of thee. The future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

FROM CHAPIN.

CLXXI.—NEVER DESPAIR.

O NEVER despair! for our hopes, oftentime,
Spring swiftly, as flowers in some tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night,
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light!
The mariner marks, when the tempest rings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud.
Then, up! up! never despair!

The leaves which the sibyl presented of old,
Though lessened in number, were not worth less gold;
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they're the best,
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.
Then, up! up! never despair!

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the patriarch stood!

Though destruction around him in thunder was hurled,
Undaunted, he looked on the wreck of the world!
For, high o'er the ruin, hung Hope's bless-ed form,
The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of the storm.
Then, up! up! never despair!

CLXXII.—MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

The mothers of our forest land!
Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border-fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife;
Ay ready for severest toil.
Ay free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest land!
Their bosoms pillow'd men!
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen.
To load the sure, old rifle;
To run the leaden ball;
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our forest land!
Such were their daily deeds.
Their monument! where does it stand?
Their epitaph! who reads?
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome;
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
E'en in their own green home?

The mothers of our forest land!
They sleep in unknown graves;
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not more neglected been!
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot, here and there,
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

From Gallagher.

CLXXIII.—VALUE OF REPUTATION.

O DIVINE, O delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; the example it testifies! Pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit; to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to out-law life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame! I can conceive of but few crimes beyond it.

He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time. But what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person, effects that which medicine may remedy. But what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify. But what riches shall redeem a bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy; without antidote; without evasion.

The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye, no activity can escape. From the venom of its fang, no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; no prey but virtue; no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels, to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.

FROM PHILLIPS.

CLXXIV.—THE INFORMER.

THERE is, gentlemen, another small fact, that you are to deny *at the hazard of your souls, and on the solemnity of your oaths.* You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister kingdom, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of *you*, knows by the testimony of his own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false?

I speak not now of the public proclamations of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward. I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory. I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission. I speak of the horrid miscreants who avowed, upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government; where they had been worked upon by the fears of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows. I speak of the wretch, that, having been buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb: after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the stirring wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to sear the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death? a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent.

There *was* an antidote, a juror's oath. But even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth. Conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim!

FROM CURRAN.

CLXXV.—PHILOSOPHY OF VIRTUE.

MY honorable and learned friend began by telling us that, after all, hatred is no bad thing in itself. "I hate a tory," says my honorable friend; "and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat or I, the tory." Nay, so far from it, hatred, if it be properly managed, is, according to my honorable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences; for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid in the vision of the prophet.

This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me; I mean the comedy of the Rivals. Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece, (who is unreasonable enough to talk of *liking*, as a necessary preliminary to such a union,) says, "What have you to do with your *likings* and your *preferences*, child? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackmoor before we were married; and yet, you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him."

Such is my learned friend's argument, to a hair. But, finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the House so glibly as he had expected, my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack, and put forward a theory, which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable. In short, it wants nothing to recommend it but a *slight foundation* in *truth.*

"True philosophy," says my honorable friend, "will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exists, may live harmoniously together. But the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and, therefore, furnish to the moral engineer the power by which he can make each keep the other under control."

Admirable! But, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum, no moral power, for effecting his cure! Whereas, his more fortunate neighbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment.

For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's only fault, and therefore clearly incorrigible. But, if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend with a strong recommendation, saying, "I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you he is also a thief. You can not do better than to employ him. You will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very *moral personage!*" FROM CANNING.

CLXXVI.—THE EDITOR.

THE editor sat in his easy chair,
But he sat not easy: there being an air
Of anxious thought beclouding his brow,
As if rightly he knew not what or how
To do in some matter of moment great,
On which depended a throne or a state;

When, all of a sudden, flew open wide
The office door, and, with hasty stride,
A loaferish figure came stalking in
With a rubicund phiz, and hairy chin,
(The former a product directly of gin,)
And with fiery eye and menacing air,
He made right up to the editor's chair.

"Are you the man
What edits the paper?
I've come to tan
Your hide for that caper.
You called me a *villain;* you called me a *rogue;*
A way of speaking, sir, too much in vogue,
With you fellows that handle the printing press.
Defend yourself, sir! I demand a *redress.*"

The editor quailed,
Decidedly paled.
But just at the moment his courage gave way,
His genius stepped in, and gained him the day.
"I'm not the person you seek," he said;
"If you want redress, go strait to the head.
He's not far off, and will settle affairs,
I have n't a doubt. I'll call him up stairs."

Then down he went,
As if he were sent,
A fire, or something worse to prevent.
Meantime there came, through a door below,
Another somebody to deal him a blow;
A scamp well known to annals of fame,
Whom, the hapless editor hoping to tame,
Had ventured to publish, and that by name.

At the foot of the stair,
Or near it somewhere,
The monster met him, demanding redress,
And, just like the other, began to press
Poor editor hard with a Billingsgate mess,
And threaten forthwith his hide to dress,
When necessity, mother of all invention,
And a brain-editorial, used to tension,
Contrived a means of diverting attention.

"Stranger," said he,
"Be not too free,
In applying abusive words to me;
Up stairs is the person you wish to see."
Up stairs all raging the rowdy flew,
(Neither complainant the other knew,)
So the moment they met without more ado,
At it they went, in a regular set to.

A terrible tussle,
A terrible bustle,
They make, as round the room they wrestle;
There were but few words, but plenty of blows,
For they fought like a couple of deadly foes,
Till each had acquired a bloody nose;
And each had the pleasure distinctly to spy,
In the face of the other, a very black eye?

CLXXVII.—THE QUIZ.

(*Enter Sir Christopher and Quiz.*)

Sir Christopher. AND so, you are just come from college?

Quiz. Yes, sir.

Sir Ch. Ah, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

Quiz. In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? You fond of books, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son!

Sir Ch. Ah, sir, he was once a youth of promise. But do you know him?

Quiz. What! Frederic Classic? Ay, that I do, Heaven be praised!

Sir Ch. I can tell you, he is wonderfully changed.

Quiz. And a lucky change for him. What! I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

Sir Ch. No, sir, you don't understand me, or I don't you. I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love; for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

Quiz. You surprise me, sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you. You are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his has, undoubtedly, done him this injury. Why, sir, he is in love, I grant you, but it is only with his books. He hardly allows himself time to eat; and, as for sleep, he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four. (*Aside.*) This is a thumper; for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge.

Sir Ch. I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

Quiz. This is very strange. I left him, at college, as close to his books as—oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery, and much to your satisfaction.

Sir Ch. I should be very happy indeed if you could.

Quiz. Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'T is thus. An envious fellow, a rival of your son's, a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation, as your son has in his little finger, yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright with a letter; and this is, no doubt, the very one. Why, sir, your son will certainly surpass the Admiral Crichton. Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton, compared to him; and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

Sir Ch. Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements?

Quiz. Ay, that he is, sir.

Sir Ch. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow!

Quiz. Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat one line, he will take it up, and, by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

Sir Ch. Well, well, well! I find I was doing him great injustice. However, I'll make him ample amends. Oh, the dear fellow! the dear fellow! the dear fellow! He will be immortalized; and so shall I; for, if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

Quiz. True, sir.

Sir Ch. I can not but think what superlative pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education. No other man's in England shall be equal to it; of that I am positive. We shall never think of addressing each other in plain English; no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients. You remember the Eclogues of Virgil?

Quiz. Oh, yes, sir, perfectly; have 'em at my finger ends. (*Aside.*) Not a bit of a one did I ever hear of in my life.

Sir Ch. How sweetly the first of them begins!

Quiz. Very sweetly, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I wish he would change the subject.

Sir Ch. "*Tytire tu petulæ recubans;*" faith, 't is more musical than fifty hand-organs.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I had rather hear a Jews-harp.

Sir Ch. Talking of music, though, the Greek is the language for that.

Quiz. Truly is it.

Sir Ch. Even the conjugation of the verbs far excel the finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel. For instance: "*tupto, tupso, tetupha.*" Can any thing be more musical?

Quiz. Nothing. "Stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far."

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! "Stoop too far!" That 's a good one.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Faith, I have stooped too far. All 's over now!

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! A plaguy good pun.

Quiz. Tolerable. (*Aside.*) I am well out of that scrape, however.

Sir Ch. Pray, sir, which of the classics is your favorite?

Quiz. Why, sir, Mr. Frederic Classic, I think; he is so great a scholar.

Sir Ch. Po! po! you do n't understand me. I mean, which of the Latin classics do you admire most?

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Hang it! what shall I say now? (*To him.*) The Latin classics? Oh, really, sir, I admire them all so much, it is difficult to say.

Sir Ch. Virgil is my favorite. How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of Queen Dido, where he says,—"*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo!*" Is not that very expressive?

Quiz. Very expressive, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer at this rate.

Sir Ch. And Ovid is not without his charms.

Quiz. He is not, indeed, sir.

Sir Ch. And what a dear, enchanting fellow Horace is!

Quiz. Wonderfully so!

Sir Ch. Pray, what do you think of Xenophon?

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Who the plague is he, I wonder? Xenophon! Oh, think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, sir.

Sir Ch. Good Latin, man! He wrote Greek; good Greek, you meant.

Quiz. True, sir, I did. Latin, indeed! (*In great confusion.*) I meant Greek;—did I say Latin? I really meant Greek. (*Aside.*) Bless me! I don't know what I mean myself.

Sir Ch. Oh! I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles' horses, but I can't for my life think of it. You doubtless can tell me.

Quiz. O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean? What was he called?

Sir Ch. What was he called? Why, that's the very thing I wanted to know. The one I allude to was born of the Harpy Celæno. I can't, for the blood of me, tell it.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Bless me! if I can either. (*To him.*) Born of the Harpy—oh! his name was—(*striking his forehead.*) Gracious! I forget it now. His name was—was—was—Strange! 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

Sir Ch. Oh! I remember; 'twas Xanthus, Xanthus! I remember now, 'twas Xanthus;—plague o' the name! that's it.

Quiz. So 'tis. "Thankus, Thankus!" — that's it. Strange, I could not remember it. (*Aside.*) 'Twould have been stranger, if I had.

Sir Ch. You seem at times a little absent, sir.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Dear me! I wish I was absent altogether.

Sir Ch. We shall not disagree about learning, sir. I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I am glad you have found that out, for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me, I fear. (*To him.*) O, by-the-by, I have been so confused—I mean, so confounded—pshaw! so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgotten to give you a letter from your son.

Sir Ch. Bless me, sir! why did you delay that pleasure so long?

Quiz. I beg pardon, sir; here 'tis. (*Gives a letter.*)

Sir Ch. (*Puts on his spectacles and reads.*) "To Miss Clara!"

Quiz. No, no, no;—that's not it;—here 'tis. (*Takes the letter and gives him another.*)

Sir Ch. What! are you the bearer of love epistles, too?

Quiz. (*Aside.*) What a horrid blunder! (*To him.*) Oh, no, sir: that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding school, to Miss Clara Upright—no, Downright—that's the name.

Sir Ch. Truly she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say. (*Reads.*)

"Dear Father: There is a famous Greek manuscript just come to light. I must have it. The price is about a thousand dollars. Send the money by the bearer."

Short and sweet. There's a letter for you, in the true Lacedæmonian style; laconic. Well, the boy shall have it, were it ten times as much. I should like to see this Greek manuscript. Pray, sir, did you ever see it?

Quiz. I can't say I ever did, sir. (*Aside.*) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in yet.

Sir Ch. I'll just send to my banker's for the money. In the mean time, we will adjourn to my library. I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy. We must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind, at times.

Quiz. 'Tis a misfortune, sir; but I am addicted to a greater than that, at times.

Sir Ch. Ah! what's that?

Quiz. I am sometimes addicted to an absence of body.

Sir Ch. As how?

Quiz. Why, thus, sir. (*Takes up his hat and stick, and walks off.*)

Sir Ch. Ha! ha! ha! That's an absence of body, sure enough—an absence of body with a vengeance! A queer fellow this. I doubt him. But we'll see more about it. (*Exeunt.*)

CLXXVIII.—THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

Greece, having been, from 1453, subject to Turkey, in 1821 commenced her last and successful struggle for independence. In an early period of the war, the beautiful island of Scio was attacked by the Turks, and its population massacred or taken captive. A resolution was offered in the Congress of the United States, to recognize the Greek government. The following is an extract from one of the speeches on that resolution.

Our object, at the present time, should be, to avail ourselves of the interesting occasion of the Greek revolution, to make our protest against the doctrines of the Allied Powers; both as they are laid down in principle, and as they are applied in practice.

The end and scope of these doctrines, is neither more nor less than this: to interfere, *by force*, for *any* government, against *any* people who may resist it. Be the state of the people what it *may*, they shall not *rise*. Be the government what it *will*, it shall not be *opposed*. The practical commentary has corresponded with the plain language of the text. Look at Greece. A stronger case can never arise.

In four days, the fire and the sword of the Turk, rendered the beautiful Scio a clotted mass of blood and ashes. The details are too shocking to be recited. Forty thousand women and children, unhappily saved from the general destruction, were afterward sold in the market of Smyrna, and sold off into distant and hopeless servitude. Even on the wharves of our own cities, it has been said, have been sold the utensils of those hearths which now exist no longer.

Of the whole population which I have mentioned, not above nine hundred persons were left living upon the island. These tragical scenes were as fully known at the Congress of Verona, as they are now known to us. It is not too much to call on the powers that constituted that Congress, in the name of conscience, and in the name of humanity, to tell us if there be nothing even in these unparalleled excesses of Turkish barbarity, to excite a sentiment of compassion; nothing which they regard as so objectionable, as even the very idea of popular resistance to arbitrary power.

Is it proper for us, at all times, is it not our duty, at this time, to come forth, and deny, and condemn, these monstrous principles? Where, but here are they likely to be resisted? They are advancing with equal coolness and boldness; and they are supported by immense power. The timid will shrink and give way, and many of the brave may be compelled to yield to force. Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigor of the Saxon race. As far as depends on us, at least, I trust those hopes will not be disappointed.

I think it right, too, not to be unseasonable in the expression of our regard, and, as far as that goes, in a ministration of our consolation to a long oppressed and now struggling people. I am not of those who would in the hour of utmost peril, withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be passed, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses.

The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favor by more moving considerations, than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children, sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith, and in the Name, which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them, at least, some token of compassionate regard.

FROM WEBSTER.

CLXXIX.—LIBERTY TO GREECE.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around these towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours:
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free.
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft;
She lay among her ruins low;
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose;
And, crushed, and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes.
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee;
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee;
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there his pinion bends,
And beauty makes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed:
A light, that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,
And every eye that dared aspire
To truth, has long in worship turned:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstained,
And where the intellectual god
In all the light of science reigned:
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The herald of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod:
On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brighter fame;
Away the long-chained city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame.

From Percival.

CLXXX.—GREEK WAR SONG.

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mohammed's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves;
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide; waves ingulf; fire consume us,
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:
But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us.
To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day! shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory?
Our women! oh! say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home! and the world shall revere us,
As heroes descended from heroes.

FROM CAMPBELL.

CLXXXI.—THE PILGRIMS.—No. I.

THIS and the next extract may be spoken separately or as one.

STAR CHAMBER; a despotic English court. CARR, VILLIERS; ambitious English courtiers. EL DORADO; a fabulous region of gold.

FROM the dark portals of the Star Chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate. The decline of their little company in a strange land, was fortunate. The difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness, were fortunate. All the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven, had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.

All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those, who engaged in it, to be so, too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause. And if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered. It is sad to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel. One hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tuns!

One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; of their being deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men; a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success.

It was these that put far away from our father's cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr or Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No. They could not say that they encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims.

Their own cares, their own labors, their own counsels, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterward fairly pretend to reap where they had not sown. And, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath. It was not crushed, when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy it. FROM EVERETT.

CLXXXII.—THE PILGRIMS.—No. II.

METHINKS I see that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the May-Flower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the exiled Pilgrims, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not in sight of the wished-for shore.

I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base. The dismal sound of the pumps is heard. The ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow. The ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all

CALIFORNIA

but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' voyage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth. I see them, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that none of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious? FROM EVERETT.

CLXXXIII.—ARRIVAL OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Let us go up for a moment, in imagination, to yonder hill, which overlooks the village and the bay, and suppose ourselves standing there on some bleak, ungenial morning, in November. The coast is fringed with ice. Dreary forests, interspersed with sandy tracts, fill the background. Nothing of humanity quickens on the spot, save a few roaming savages, who, ill provided with what even *they* deem the necessaries of life, are digging with their fingers a scanty repast out of the frozen sands.

No friendly light-houses had as yet hung up their cressets upon your headlands. No brave pilot-boat was hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, beyond the Cape, to guide the shattered bark to its harbor. No charts and soundings made the secret pathways of the deep as plain as a graveled road through a lawn. No comfortable dwelling along the line of the shore, and where are now your well-inhabited streets, spoke a welcome to the Pilgrim. No steeple poured the music of sabbath morn into the ear of the fugitive for conscience' sake. Primeval wildness and native desolation brood over sea and land.

But this dreary waste, which we thus contemplate in imagination, and which the Pilgrims traversed in sad reality, is a chosen land. It is a theater upon which an all-glorious drama is to be enacted. On this frozen soil, driven from the ivy-clad churches of their mother-land, escaped, at last, from loathsome prisons, the meek fathers of a pure church will lay the spiritual basement of their temple. Here, on the everlasting rock of liberty, they will establish the foundation of a free state.

This feeble company is not to be marshaled by gartered statesmen or mitered prelates. Fleets will not be despatched to convoy the little band, nor armies to protect it. Had there been honors to be won, or pleasures to be enjoyed, or plunder to be grasped, hungry courtiers, midsummer friends, godless adventurers, would have eaten out the heart of the enterprise.

Silken Buckinghams and Somersets would have blasted it with their patronage. But, safe amid their unenvied perils, strong in their inoffensive weakness, rich in their untempting poverty, the patient fugitives are permitted to pursue unmolested the thorny paths of tribulation.

> "Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
> And winter barricades the realms of frost."

That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvas, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor; and there she lies, with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring.

So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the Mayflower, utterly incapable as she was of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune that the wall of the shore should be broken by this extraordinary Cape, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel.

As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point, at which, for hundreds of miles, she could, with any ease have made a harbor, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies.

I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves, as a mighty bulwark around the heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power, in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshipers, as in the hollow of his hand.

FROM EVERETT.

CLXXXIV.—FRUITS OF THE PILGRIM ENTERPRISE.

If, on this day, after the lapse of two centuries, one of the fathers of New England, released from the sleep of death, could reappear on earth, what would be his emotions of joy and wonder! In lieu of a wilderness, here and there interspersed with solitary cabins, where life was scarcely worth the danger of preserving it, he would behold joyful harvests, a population crowded even to satiety. He would see villages, towns, cities, states, swarming with industrious inhabitants, hills graced with temples of devotion, and valleys vocal with the lessons of virtue.

Casting his eye on the ocean, which he passed in fear and trembling, he would see it covered with enterprising fleets returning with the whale, as their captive, and the wealth of the Indies for their cargo. He would behold the little colony which he planted, grown into gigantic stature, and forming an honorable part of a glorious confederacy, the pride of the earth and the favorite of heaven.

He would witness with exultation the general prevalence of correct principles of government and virtuous habits of action. How gladly would he gaze upon the long stream of light and renown from Harvard's classic fount, and the kindred springs of Yale, of Providence, of Dartmouth, and of Brunswick. Would you fill his bosom with honest pride, tell him of Franklin, who made thunder sweet music, and the lightning innocent fireworks. Tell him of Adams, the venerable sage, reserved by heaven, himself a blessing, to witness its blessing on our nation: of Ames, whose tongue has become an angel's: of Perry,

"Blest by his God, with one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere he passed away."

And tell him, pilgrim of Plymouth, these are thy descendants. Show him the stately structures, the splendid benevolence, the masculine intellect, and the sweet hospitality of the metropolis of New England. Show him the glorious fruits of his humble enterprise, and ask him if this, *all this*, be not an atonement for his sufferings, a recompense for his toils, a blessing on his efforts, and a heart-expanding triumph for the pilgrim adventurer.

CLXXXV.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim Fathers! where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile! sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the Pilgrim! where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest.
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With their holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

FROM PIERPONT.

CLXXXVI.—THE MARTYRS.

WHAT heard I then? A ringing shriek of pain,
Such as forever haunts the tortured ear,
I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain,
Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear!
The rich triumphal tones! I knew them well,
As they came floating with a breezy swell!
Man's voice was there: a clarion voice to cheer
In the mid-battle: ay, to turn the flying:
Woman's: that might have sung of heaven beside the dying!

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing,
To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know
That its glad stream of melody could spring
Up from the unsounded gulfs of human woe!
Alvar! Theresa! what is deep? what strong?
God's breath within the soul! It filled that song
From your victorious voices! But the glow
On the dry, hot, and lurid air increased:
Faint grew the sounds: more faint: I listened: they had ceased!

And thou indeed hadst perished, my soul's friend!
I might form other ties, but thou alone
Couldst with a glance the vail of dimness rend,
By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown!
Others might aid me forward; thou and I
Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die:
Once flowering, never more! And thou wert gone!
Who could give back my youth, my spirit free;
Or be in aught again what thou hadst been to me?

And yet I weep thee not, thou true and brave!
I could not weep! there gathered round thy name
Too deep a passion! *Thou* denied a grave!
Thou, with a blight flung on thy soldier's fame!
Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time?
Thy heart of hearts? And couldst thou die for crime?
No! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
I would have set, against all earth's decree,
The inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

From Mrs. Hemans.

CLXXXVII.—THE GUEBER.

In this extract is represented the defense of the Guebers against their Turkish oppressors.

Guebers; The Turks call all who are not of their religion, Giaours (*jowrs*,) *infidels*, or Guebers, the latter referring particularly to Persians, subject to them.

Moslems; Mohammedans, *here*, Turks.

Ghouls, Dives; demons.

Iran; Persia.

But see! he starts! what heard he then?
That dreadful shout! across the glen
From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Ghouls, and Dives, and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!

"They come! the Moslems come!" he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes;
"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice! for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said; and, light as bridegrooms bound
  To their young loves, reclimbed the steep
And gained the shrine; his chiefs stood round;
  Their swords, as with instinctive leap,

Together, at that cry accurst,
Had, from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst,
And hark! again! again it rings,
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasms!

Oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame,
Turned on their chief, could doubt the shame,
The indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts; they were his own;
  "What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
  Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The saber from its toil may sleep?
No, God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
No, though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left:
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
  Live in the awestruck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
  Tell of the Gueber's bloody glen!

Follow, brave hearts! this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!"

From Moore.

CLXXXVIII.—THE PEASANT BOY.

CHARACTERS.—ALBERTI; *The judge whose life has been attempted.* MONTALDI; *Alberti's kinsman and pretended friend.* JULIAN; *a Peasant, accused of the crime.* STEFANO and LUDOVICO; *Peasants.*

(*Enter guards conducting Julian. The others follow. Alberti takes the judge's seat.*)

Alb. MY people! the cause of your present assemblage is too well known to you. You come to witness the dispensations of an awful but impartial justice; either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested in its foul career. Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself. Yet fear not, but that it will be filled by nobleness and honor. To Montaldi only, I resign it.

Jul. (*Aside.*) He my judge! then I am lost indeed.

Alb. Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct. This only will I say, should the scales of accusation and defense poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Mon. (*Ascending the seat.*) Your will and honor are my only governors! (*Bows.*) Julian! stand forth! you are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman. The implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you. What have you to urge in vindication?

Jul. First, I affirm by that power, whom vice dreads and virtue reverences, that no syllable but strictest truth shall pass my lips. On the evening of yesterday, I crossed the mountain to the monastery of St. Bertrand. My errand finished, I returned directly to the valley. My friends saw me enter the cottage; soon afterward, a strange outcry recalled me to the door; a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye. I raised it and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood! consternation seized upon my soul. The next minute I was surrounded by guards, and accused of murder. They produced a weapon I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal. Confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle. Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends, and I have only this to add; I may become the victim of circumstance, but I never have been the slave of crime!

Mon. (*Smiling ironically.*) Plausibly urged. Have you no more to offer?

Jul. Truth needs but few words. I have spoken!

Mon. Yet bethink yourself. Dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea?

Jul. Alas! I have none else to offer.

Mon. You say, on the evening of yesterday, you visited the monastery of St. Bertrand.

Jul. I did.

Mon. Well! at what time did you quit the monastery?

Jul. The evening bell had just ceased to toll.

Mon. By what path did you return to the valley?

Jul. Across the mountain.

Mon. Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted?

Jul. (*Recollecting.*) The wood of olives?

Mon. Ha! mark! he hesitates! speak!

Jul. No! my soul scorns to tell a falsehood. I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mon. Ay! and pursuit was close behind. Stefano! you seized the prisoner?

Stef. I did. The bloody weapon bore his name; the mask and mantle were in his hands; confusion in his countenance, and every limb shaking with alarm.

Mon. Enough! heavens! that villainy so monstrous should dwell with such tender youth! I fain would doubt, and in despite of reason, hesitate to give my sentence. But conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defense, a tale too wild for romance itself to sanction, I find from your admission, a chain of circumstance that confirms your criminality. The time at which you passed the wood, and the hour of the duke's attack, precisely correspond. You sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveler that sudden wealth which honest labor could only by slow degrees obtain. Defeated in the dark attempt, you fled; pursuit was instant; your steps were traced; and at the very door of your cottage, you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted. Oh! wretched youth, I warn you to confess. Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul. My heart will burst; but I have spoken truth. Yes, heaven knows that I have spoken truth!

Mon. Then I must execute my duty. Death is my sentence.

Jul. Hold! Pronounce it not as yet!

Mon. If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul. (*With despairing energy.*) I call on Ludovico!

(*Ludovico steps forward with alacrity. Montaldi recoils with visible trepidation.*)

Lud. I am here!

Mon. And what can he unfold? Only repeat that which we already know. I will not hear him; the evidence is perfect—

Alb. (*Rising with warmth.*) Hold! Montaldi, Ludovico must be heard. To the ear of justice, the lightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mon. (*Confused.*) I stand rebuked. Well, Ludovico, present your evidence!

Lud. Mine was the fortunate arm appointed by heaven to rescue the duke. I fought with the assassin, and drove him beyond the trees into the open lawn. I there distinctly marked his figure, and from the difference in the hight alone, I solemnly aver Julian can not be the person.

Mon. This is no proof. The eye might easily be deceived. I can not withhold my sentence longer.

Lud. I have further matter to advance. Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across his right hand. The moonlight directed my blow, and showed me that the cut was deep and dangerous. Julian's fingers bear no such mark.

Mon. (*Evincing great emotion, and involuntarily drawing his glove closer over his hand.*) A wound? mere fable!

Lud. Nay, more. The same blow struck from off one of the assassin's finger's, a jewel! It glittered as it fell. I snatched it from the grass; I thrust it within my bosom, and have ever since preserved it next my heart. I now produce it; 'tis here; a ring; an amethyst set with brilliants!

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*) What say you? An amethyst set with brilliants? Even such I gave Montaldi. Let me view it.

(*As Ludovico advances to present the ring to the duke, Montaldi rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.*)

Mon. Slave! resign the ring!

Lud. I will yield my life sooner!

Mon. Wretch! I will rend thy frame to atoms. (*They struggle with violence, Montaldi snatches at the ring, Ludovico catches his hand and tears off the glove; the wound appears.*)

Lud. Thank God! murder is unmasked. The bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin! (*All rush forward in astonishment; Julian drops upon his knee in mute thanksgiving.*)

Mon. Shame! madness! death!

Alb. Eternal providence! Montaldi a murderer!

Mon. Ay! accuse, and curse! idiots! dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! triumph not, Alberti, I trample on thee still! (*Draws a poniard and attempts to destroy himself; the weapon is wrested from his hand by the guards.*)

Alb. Fiend! thy power to sin is past.

Mon. (*Delirious with passion.*) Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches, and my veins run with fire! disgraced, dishonored! oh! madness! I can not bear it—save me—oh!

Alb. Wretched man! bear him to his chamber: his punishment be hereafter. (*Montaldi is led off.*)

Jul. Oh! my joy is too full for words!

Alb. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festival, on my domain. Heaven, with peculiar favor, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that however guilt may vail itself in darkness, an omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still protect the good!

Jul. The peasant boy, redeemed from fate,
Must here for mercy sue,
He dares not trust decrees of state,
Till ratified by you.

Alb. Then gentles! prithee grant our prayer,
Nor cloud the dawning joy,
"Not guilty!" by your hands declare,
And save the peasant boy!

CLXXXIX.—ORATOR CLIMAX.

Mr. President. Happiness is like a crow, perched upon the neighboring top of a far distant mountain, which some fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to ensnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President,—and—Mr. President, the crow looks at him; and, sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which, it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton, who first deplored and enveloped.

Can not the poor man precipitate into all the beauties of nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the most humblest valley, as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir. While trilling transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his mind up to the laws of nature, incompressible as they are. We can view the lawless storm that kindleth up the tremenjious roaring thunder, and fireth up the dark and rapid lightnings, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors, and roll-abolly-aliases, through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres.

Sometimes, seated in some lovely retreat, beneath the shadowy shade of an umbrageous tree, at whose venal foot flows some limping stagnant stream, he gathers around him his wife and the rest of his orphan children. He there takes a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and casts his eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, his countenance irrigated with an intense glow of self deficiency and excommunicated knowledge, he quietly turns to instruct his little assemblage.

He there endeavors to distill into their young youthful minds, useless lessons to guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality. There, on a clear sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches the first sediments of gastronomy, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed invisible consternations, which are continually involving upon their axeltrees, through the blue cerulean fundamus above.

From this vast ethereal he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable oceans, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy, through the boundless regions of unimaginable either, until, swelling into impalpable immensity, he is forever lost in the infinite radiation of his own overwhelming genius.

CXC.—THE ART OF PUFFING.

Vi'-va vo-ce; with the living voice.

(*Enter Puff on one side; and Dangle and Sneer on the other.*)

Puff. My dear Dangle, how is it with you?

Dang. Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

Puff. Mr. Sneer is this? Sir, he is a gentleman whom

I long have panted for the honor of knowing; a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment—

Sneer. Dear sir—

Dang. Nay, don't be modest, Sneer: my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

Sneer. His profession!

Puff. Yes, sir. I make no secret of the trade I follow, among friends and brother authors. Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself *viva voce.* I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric; or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service, or anybody else's.

Sneer. Sir, you are very obliging! I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.

Puff. Yes, sir. I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town. Very hard work all the summer. Friend Dangle! never worked harder!

Sneer. But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.

Puff. Why, yes, but in a clumsy way. Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends. No such thing. Nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers, now, the auctioneers, I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language, not an article of the merit is theirs! Take them out of their stands, and they are as dull as catalogues. No, sir; 't was *I* first enriched their style; 't was *I* first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction-rooms!

Sneer. But pray, Mr. Puff, what put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Sir, sheer necessity, the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention. You must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that, for some time after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed.

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders. And a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes!

Puff. Hark ye! By advertisements, "To the charitable and humane!" and "To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!"

Sneer. Oh, I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got. For I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes. Then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well. For I had the case strongly attested, and went about collecting the subscriptions myself.

Dang. I believe that was when you first called on me—

Puff. What! in November last? O no. I was, when I called on you, a close prisoner, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterward twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O no—then I became a widow, with six helpless children, after having had eleven husbands, who all died, leaving me in depths of poverty.

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt.

Puff. Why, yes. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favorite channels of diurnal communication; and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative, indeed; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition. But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great mystery in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. O yes, sir! You are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts. The principal are: the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of letter to the editor, occasional anecdote, impartial critique, observation from correspondent, or advertisement for the party.

Sneer. The puff direct I can conceive.

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough. For instance, a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theaters. The day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received. I have the plot from the author, and only add: Characters strongly drawn—highly colored—hand of a master—fund of genuine humor—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! Then, for the performance: Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King! Indeed, he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! As to the scenery: the miraculous powers of Mr. Low's pencil are universally acknowledged! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivaled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!

Sneer. That's pretty well, indeed, sir.

Puff. O! cool, quite cool, to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O! yes, sir. The number of those, who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves, is very small indeed.

Sneer. Well, sir, the puff preliminary?

Puff. O! that, sir, does well in the form of caution.

Dang. Why, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff. Now, sir, the puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote. For example: Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James' street, he met the lively Lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park. "Why, Lady Mary, I'm surprised to meet you in a white jacket; for I expected never to have seen you but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light-horseman's cap!" "Indeed, George, where could you have learned that?" "Why," replied the wit, "I just saw a painting of you in a new publication called the Camp Magazine; which, by-the-by, is a very clever thing, and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing office, the corner of Ivy lane, Paternoster row, price only one shilling!"

Sneer. Very ingenious indeed!

Puff. But the puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. "An indignant correspondent observes, that the new poem called Beelzebub's Cotillion, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And there are many descriptions in it decidedly indelicate. The shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!" Here, you see, the two strongest inducements are held forth: first, that nobody ought to read it; and, secondly, that everybody buys it; on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first.

Dang. Ha! ha! ha! In truth, I know it is so. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHERIDAN.

CXCI.—DEFENSE OF SOCRATES.—No. I.

SOCRATES, having filled high offices in the army and Senate of Athens, retired from a sense of duty, to private life, and devoted himself entirely to the gratuitous instruction of his younger countrymen, in religion and virtue. He appears to have attained a more correct idea of the true God and the principles of the Christian religion, than any heathen of whom we have an account. His virtuous life excited the envy of his countrymen, and he was tried, condemned, and executed, upon the charge of impiety and of corrupting the youth.

This extract and the two succeeding ones, are from his defense, and may be spoken *separately*, or either *two*, or all *three*, together.

"I AM accused of corrupting the youth, and of instilling dangerous maxims into their minds, as well in regard to Divine worship, as to the rules of government. You know, Athenians, that I never made it my profession to teach. No envy, however violent, can reproach me with having ever *sold* my instructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this respect, in my poverty.

I am always equally ready to communicate my thoughts both to the rich and the poor, and to give them opportunity to question or answer me. I lend myself to every one who is desirous of becoming virtuous. If, among those who hear me, there are any that prove either good or bad, neither the virtues of the one, nor the vices of the other, to which I have not contributed, are to be ascribed to me.

My whole employment is to counsel the young and the old against too much love for the body, for riches and all other precarious things, of whatever nature they be; and against too little regard for the soul, which ought to be the object of their affection. I incessantly urge to them, that virtue does not proceed from riches; but, on the contrary, riches and good, from virtue. If to speak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty, and deserve to be punished.

If what I say be not true, it is most easy to convict me of falsehood. I see here are a great number of my disciples. They have only to come forward. It will, perhaps, be said, that the regard and veneration due to a master who has instructed them, will prevent them from declaring against me. But their fathers, brothers, and uncles, can not, as good relations and good citizens, excuse themselves for not standing forth to demand vengeance against the corrupter of their sons, brothers, and nephews. These are, however, the persons who take upon them my defense, and interest themselves in the success of my cause.

CXCII.—DEFENSE OF SOCRATES.—No. II.

Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians. I can neither repent, nor alter my conduct. I must not abandon or suspend a function which God himself has imposed on me. Now, he has charged me with the care of instructing my fellow-citizens.

If, after having faithfully kept all the posts wherein I was placed by our generals, the fear of death should now make me abandon that in which the Divine Providence has placed me; *this* would be a most criminal desertion indeed, and make me highly worthy of being cited before this tribunal, as an impious man, who does not believe in the gods.

Should you resolve to acquit me, I should not, Athenians, hesitate to say, I honor and love you. But I shall choose rather to obey God than you. To my latest breath I shall never renounce my philosophy, nor cease to exhort and reprove you according to my custom.

I will say to each of you as occasion offers; "My good friend and citizen of the most famous city in the world for wisdom and valor, are you not ashamed to have no other thoughts than those of amassing wealth, and of acquiring glory, credit, and dignities? Are you not ashamed to neglect the treasures of prudence, truth, and wisdom, and take no pains to render your soul as good and perfect as it is capable of being?"

I am reproached with abject fear, and meanness of spirit, for being so busy in imparting my advice to every one in private, and for having always avoided to be present in your assemblies, to give my counsels to my country. I think I have sufficiently proved my courage and fortitude in the field, where I have borne arms with you. I have proved it, also, in the senate, where I alone opposed the unjust sentence you pronounced against the ten captains; and when, upon more than one occasion, I opposed the violent and cruel orders of the thirty tyrants.

What is it then that has prevented me from appearing in your assemblies? Do not take it ill, I beseech you, if I speak my thoughts without disguise, and with truth and freedom. Every man who would generously oppose a whole people, either among us or elsewhere, and who inflexibly applies himself to prevent the violation of the laws, and the practice of iniquity in a government, will never do so long with impunity. It is absolutely necessary for such a man, if he has any thoughts of living, to remain in a private station, and never to have any share in public affairs.

CXCIII.—DEFENSE OF SOCRATES.—No. III.

ATHENIANS, if, in my present extreme danger, I do not imitate the behavior of those, who, upon less emergencies, have implored and supplicated their judges with tears, and have brought forth their children, relations, and friends; it is not through pride and obstinacy, or any contempt for you, but solely for your honor, and for that of the whole city.

You should know, that there are among our citizens those who do not regard death as an evil, and who give that name only to injustice and infamy. At my age, and with the reputation, true or false, which I have, would it be consistent for me, after all the lessons I have given upon the contempt of death, to be afraid of it myself, and to belie, in my last action, all the principles and sentiments of my past life?

But without speaking of my fame, which I should extremely injure by such a conduct, I do not think it allowable to entreat a judge, nor to be absolved by supplications. He ought to be influenced only by reason and evidence. The judge does not sit upon the bench to show favor, by violating the laws, but to do justice in conforming to them. He does not swear to discharge with impunity whom he pleases, but to do justice where it is due.

Do not, therefore, expect from me, Athenians, that I should have recourse among you to means which I believe neither honest nor lawful, especially upon this occasion, wherein I am accused of impiety by Miletus. If I should influence you by my prayers, and thereby induce you to violate your oaths, it would be undeniably evident, that I teach you not to believe in the gods. Even in defending and justifying myself, I should furnish my adversaries with arms against me, and prove that I believe in no divinity.

But I am very far from such bad thoughts. I am more convinced of the existence of God than my accusers are. I am so convinced, that I abandon myself to God and you, that you may judge of me as you shall deem best for yourselves and me."

CXCIV.—EMMETT'S DEFENSE.—No. I.

Robert Emmett, a young Irish patriot, of talent, distinction, and family, took an active part in the Irish rebellion of 1803. Upon its failure, lingering to take leave of a daughter of Curran, (the celebrated Irish barrister,) to whom he was betrothed, he was arrested, tried, condemned, and executed. The lady became deranged, and her history is exquisitely given by Irving in the "Broken Heart," to be found in the New Sixth Eclectic Reader of this series, page 140.

This extract and the three following, form the principal part of Emmett's defense, which was delivered impromptu, and, as a specimen of eloquence, has rarely been equaled. These extracts may be spoken separately or together.

I am asked what I have to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have *nothing* to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have *that* to say which interests me more than life. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammeled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is, at present, buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my *character* to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, but those of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from *some* of the charges alleged against me.

When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and of virtue; this is my hope. I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the government standard; a government, which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

CXCV.—EMMETT'S DEFENSE.—No. II.

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind, by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold. But worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man: you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters.

If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence. But while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions.

As a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show the universe who are engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives,—my country's oppressors or defenders.*

My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? Or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes the right of answering! This, no doubt, may be dispensed with; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle, before your jury was impaneled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

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* The judge exclaimed: "Listen, sir, to the sentence of the law."

CXCVI.—EMMETT'S DEFENSE.—No. III.

I AM charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France? and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement.

Sell my country's independence to France? And for what? For a change of masters? No; but for ambition! O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had that been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life!

No! my lord. I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

Connection with France was, indeed, intended; but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid of them; and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it; as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength.

Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate you to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil. If they succeeded in landing, and if we were forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave in charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France. But I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country! I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America; to procure an aid, which, by its example, would be as important as by its valor; allies disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would preserve the good and polish the rough points of our character; who would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny.

These were my objects; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

CXCVII.—EMMETT'S DEFENSE.—No. IV.

I HAVE been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *key-stone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends, who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand!*

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled *here*, before a mere *remnant* of *mortality?* by *you*, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it!

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country; who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence; am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? God forbid!

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* Here he was interrupted by the Court.

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim. It circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom!

I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written!

CXCVIII.—IRELAND.

A bill being before the English Parliament, which O'Connell, the member from Ireland, considered oppressive to his country, he delivered a speech against it, of which the following is an extract.

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong; toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation. It has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven.

I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions, that grievances are not to be complained of; that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances can not be too strong, agitation can not be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

The clause which does away with trial by jury; what is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench. It does away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself; that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble. If ever I doubted, before, of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill; the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted; all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph.

Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there! Yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout. I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust; as establishing an infamous precedent, by retailing crime against crime; as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous! FROM O'CONNELL.

CXCIX.—BERTRAM.

Bertram, a character in Rokeby, one of Scott's poems, is a ruffian soldier of the middle ages, remarkable for his courage and depravity.

Oswald is a feudal chief, who has employed Bertram to kill his own chief in battle, leaving the supposition that he fell in the contest. The murderer is discovered, and obliged to flee, while Oswald, to get rid of his accomplice, and lull suspicion, sets a price upon his head. Revenge for this is taken, and both murderers punished, in the manner described in this extract.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoof on hardened ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near;
The very death's-men paused to hear.
'Tis in the churchyard now; the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,
Return the tramp in varied tone.

All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed;
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults unwonted clang returned!

One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddle-bow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with his spurs he struck;
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!

Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third he was at Wycliffe's side!
Full leveled at the Baron's head,
Rang the report; the bullet sped;
And to his long account, and last,
Without a groan, dark Oswald past.
All was so quick, that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed; and down the rider bore;
And bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.

Sword, halberd, musket-butt, their blows
Hailed upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinned him to the ground;
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gained his feet, and twice his knee,
By tenfold odds oppressed, at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds,
As mute as fox 'mong mangling hounds;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan!

They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim king should rouse again!
Then blow and insult some renewed,
And from the trunk the head had hewed,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid;
"Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind:
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding-sheet."

FROM SCOTT.

CC.—MAZEPPA.

In the following extract from one of Byron's poems, Mazeppa, a Cossack prince and an officer in the army of Charles XII, of Sweden, describes the manner in which, in his youth, falling into the hands of an enemy, he was turned loose on a wild horse to perish. The horse died under him, but he was discovered by some cottagers, and his life preserved.

"BRING forth the horse!" the horse was brought;
  In truth, he was a noble steed,
  A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
  With spur and bridle undefiled;
'T was but a day he had been caught;
  And snorting with erected mane,
  And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led.

They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
  They loosed him with a sudden lash:
  Away! away! and on we dash!
  Torrents less rapid and less rash.
Away, away, my steed and I,
  Upon the pinions of the wind,
  All human dwellings left behind;

We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound, the night
Is checkered with the northern light.

Town, village, none were on our track,
  But a wild plain of far extent,
  And bounded by a forest black.
  The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
  And a low breeze crept moaning by.
  I could have answered with a sigh;
But fast we fled, away, away,
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell, like rain,
  Upon the courser's bristling mane.

We neared the wild-wood; 'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs, and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold;
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.
By night I heard them on my track;
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
  Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun.

Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amid the horde,
  And perish, if it must be so,
  At bay, destroying many a foe.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more,
The skies spun like a mighty wheel:
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a light flash sprung o'er my eyes,
Which saw no further. He who dies,
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,

From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No! no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop! I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable.
His first and last career is done!

On came the troop; they saw him stoop;
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong;
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.
They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From which I could not extricate
Nor him nor me; and there we lay,
The dying on the dead.

From Byron.

CCI.—THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Burst at the cover; the starting of the game from the underbrush which covered it.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn:
The dews hang thick on the frin-ged thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear, gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady. So, ho!
We are gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

Hark! hark! Who calleth the maiden morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn! The horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse, where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the highlands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away! as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So flieth the hunter! away! away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and —— the day is done.

Hark! hark! What sound on the wind is borne?
'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.
The horn! The horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound, sound the horn! To the hunter good,
What's the gully deep, or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
O, *what* delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?

Hark! hark! Now, home! and dream, till morn,
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn! The horn!
O, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

FROM PROCTOR.

CCII.—CALL ON HUNGARY.

KNOUT; an instrument of punishment, used in Russia.

OUR fatherland is in danger. Citizens of the fatherland! To arms! To arms! If we believed the country could be saved by ordinary means, we would not cry that it is in danger. If we stood at the head of a cowardly, childish nation, which, in the hour of peril, prefers defeat to defense, we would not sound the alarm-bell. But because we know that the people of our land compose a manly nation, determined to defend itself against oppression, we call out in the loudest voice, "Our fatherland is in danger!" Because we are sure that the nation is able to defend its hearths and homes, we announce the peril in all its magnitude, and appeal to our brethren, in the name of God and their country, to look the danger boldly in the face.

We will not smile and flatter. We say it plainly, that, unless the nation rise, to a man, prepared to shed the last drop of blood, all our previous struggles will have been in vain. The noble blood that has flowed like water, will have been wasted. Our fatherland will be crushed to the earth. On the soil, where rest the ashes of our ancestors, the Russian knout will be wielded over a people reduced beneath the yoke of slavery.

If we wish to shut our eyes to the danger, we shall thereby save no one from its power. If we represent the matter as it is, we make our country master of its own fate. If the breath of life is in our people, they will save themselves and their fatherland. But, if paralyzed by coward fear, they remain supine, all will be lost. God will help no man who does not help himself. We tell you that the Austrian Emperor sends the hordes of Russian barbarians for your destruction.

People of Hungary! Would you die under the destroying sword of the barbarous Russians? If not, defend your own lives! Would you see the Cossacks of the distant north trampling under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives, and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that your fellow-countrymen should be dragged away to Siberia, or should fight for tyrants in a foreign land, or writhe in slavery beneath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames, and your harvest-fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil which you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

This strife is not a strife between two hostile camps, but a war of tyranny against freedom, of barbarians against the collective might of a free nation. Therefore must the whole people arise with the army. If these millions sustain our army, we have gained freedom and victory for universal Europe, as well as for ourselves. Therefore, O strong, gigantic people, unite with the army, and rush to the conflict. Ho! every freeman! To arms! To arms! Thus alone is victory certain. FROM KOSSUTH.

CCIII.—HUNGARY.

WE have all had our sympathies much enlisted in the Hungarian effort for liberty. We have all wept at its failure. We thought we saw a more rational hope of establishing independence in Hungary, than in any other part of Europe, where the question has been in agitation, within the last twelve months. But despotic power from abroad intervened to suppress it.

What will come of it, I do not know. For my part, I feel more indignant at recent events connected with Hungary, than at all those which passed in her struggle for liberty. I see that the Emperor of Russia demands of Turkey that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up. And I see that this demand is made in derision of the established law of nations. There is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power. But there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power, than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake; *that* is the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.

The Emperor of Russia holds himself to be bound by the law of nations, from the fact that he treats with nations; that he forms alliances. He professes, in fact, to live in a civilized age, and to govern an enlightened nation. I say that, if under these circumstances, he shall perpetrate so great a violation of natural law, as to seize these Hungarians, and to execute them, he will stand as a criminal and malefactor, in the view of the law. The whole world will be the tribunal to try him. He must appear before it, and hold up his hand, and plead, and abide its judgment.

The Emperor of Russia is the supreme lawgiver in his own country, and, for aught I know, the executor of it also. But, thanks be to God, he is not the supreme lawgiver or executor of the national law. Every offense against that, is an offense against the rights of the civilized world. If he breaks that law, in the case of Turkey, or in any other case, the whole world has a right to call him out, and to demand his punishment.

The bones of poor John Wickliffe, were dug out of his grave, seventy years after his death, and burned, for his heresy. His ashes were thrown upon a river in Warwickshire. Some prophet of that day said:

"The Avon to the Severn runs, the Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad, wide as the waters be."

If the blood of Kossuth is taken by an absolute, unqualified, unjustifiable violation of national law, what will it appease? What will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth. It will mix with the waters of the ocean. The whole civilized world will snuff it in the air; and it will return, with awful retribution, on the heads of those violators of national law and universal justice. I can not say when, or in what form. But depend upon it, that, if such an act take place, the thrones and principalities and powers must look for the consequences.

And now, let us do our part. Let us understand the position in which we stand, as the great republic of the world, at the most interesting era of the world. Let us consider the mission and the destiny which Providence seems to have designed us for. Let us so take care of our own conduct, that, with irreproachable hands, and with hearts void of offense, we may stand up, whenever and wherever called upon, and with a voice not to be disregarded, say, *This shall not be done.* FROM WEBSTER.

CCIV.—FATE OF GOLDAU.

O, SWITZERLAND! my country! 'tis to thee
I strike my harp in agony:
My country; nurse of Liberty,
Home of the gallant, great, and free,
My sullen harp I strike to thee.
Oh! I have lost you all!
Parents, and home, and friends:
Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall,
A mountain's plumage o'er you bends.
The cliff-yew of funereal gloom,
Is now the only mourning plume
That nods above a people's tomb.

No chariots of fire on the clouds careered;
No warrior's arm on the hills was reared;
No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was blown;
No mantle of wrath over heaven was thrown;
No armies of light with their banners of flame,
On neighing steeds, through the sunset came,
Or leaping from space appeared.

No earthquake reeled; no Thunderer stormed;
No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed;
No voices in heaven were heard;
But the hour when the sun in his pride went down,
While his parting hung rich o'er the world,
While abroad o'er the sky his flushed mantle was blown,
And his streamers of gold were unfurled,
An everlasting hill was torn
From its primeval base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors dressed,
To where a people are at rest.

Slowly it came in its mountain wrath;
And the forests vanished before its path;
And the rude cliffs bowed; and the waters fled;
And the living were buried, while, over their head,
They heard the full march of their foe as he sped;
And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead,

The mountain sepulcher of all I loved!
The village sank; and the giant trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
As this tremendous pageant moved.

The mountain forsook his eternal throne,
And came down in his pomp; and his path is shown
In barrenness and ruin: there
His ancient mysteries lie bare;
His rocks in nakedness arise;
His desolations mock the skies.

Sweet vále, Goldau, farewell!
An Alpine monument may dwell
Upon thy bosom, O, my home!
The mountain, thy pall and thy prison, may keep thee;
I shall see thee no more; but till death I will weep thee;
Of thy blue dwelling dream, wherever I roam,
And wish myself wrapped in its peaceful foam.

From Neal.

CCV.—THE VULTURE.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous,
But, wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus.

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through
the air.

"Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye!
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry!
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free,
At intervals I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed:
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

"The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew,
A mote upon the sun's broad face he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

"All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was
ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

"I clambered up that rugged cliff; I could not stay away;
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred,
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers passing by,
Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh;
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

CCVI.—A RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

It will be perceived, that in the following is described a forced ride of three post-riders, carrying information to Aix necessary to save the city.

Ghent; pro. *gent*, with the *g* hard. Aix; pro. *akes*, in one syllable. (See Webster.)

Lokeren; pro. *Lok-e′-ren.*

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lockeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood, black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lip shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest; saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits, full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

CCVII.—THE WIFE.—No. I.

This and the two succeeding dialogues may be spoken together; or this may be spoken alone, and the other two together.

(*Enter Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Lydia.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. This, Sir Anthony, is my niece, the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all. Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you would promise to forget this fellow; to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd. Ah! madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss! There is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor, dear uncle, as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do. And let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to externate yourself from the matter. You know I have proof controvertible of it. But, tell me, will you promise me to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman. And you ought to know, that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest, in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle, before marriage, as if he'd been a black-amoor, and yet miss, you are sensible what a wife I made. And, when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humors.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am. I can not change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am. All that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library. She had a book in each hand. From that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress.

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir A. Madam, a circulating library in a town, is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And, depend upon it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony; you surely speak laconically.

Sir A. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony; I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning, nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts. As she grew up, I would have her instructed in Geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries. Above all, she should be taught orthodoxy. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you, though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say, is on my side of the question. But, to the more important point in debate. You say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres. And as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir A. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony. But I hope no objection on his side.

Sir A. Objection! Let him object if he dare! No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple. In his younger days, 'twas, "Jack, do this." If he demurred, I knocked him down; and, if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way. Nothing is so conciliating to young people, as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations, and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir A. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. I must leave you; and, let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl. Take my advice, keep a tight hand. If she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and, if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. (*Exeunt.*)

From Sheridan.

LIBRARY
OF THE

CCVIII.—THE WIFE.—No. II.

THIS and the following should be spoken in connection.

(*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute and his son Capt. Absolute.*)

Capt. Absolute. SIR ANTHONY, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir. I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it! for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while I yet live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir?

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention that before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Odd so; I musn't forget her, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage. The fortune is saddled with a wife. But I suppose that makes no difference!

Capt. A. Sir, sir! you amaze me!

Sir A. Why, what—what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir. You talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to lovĕ and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of.

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I can not obey you.

Sir A. Hark ye, Jack: I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool; quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can not obey you.

Sir A. Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one word! So give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack,—I mean, you dog—if you don't—

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew. She shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! No grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth, in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir. I know you are laughing in your sleeve. I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! None of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I was never cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir A. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog; you play upon the meekness of my disposition! yet take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider this. If you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you,—if not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, and hang me! if I call you Jack again!

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands. (*Exeunt.*)

CCIX.—THE WIFE.—No. III.

(*Enter Capt. Absolute.*)

Capt. Absolute. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed! Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but, I can assure him, it is very sincere. So, so, here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff. (*Steps aside.*)

(*Enter Sir Anthony.*)

Sir A. No! I'll die sooner than forgive him? *Die*, did I say! I'll *live* these *fifty* years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper; an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is his return for all my goodness! for putting him at twelve years old into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him, he's any body's son for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face! (*Comes forward.*)

Sir A. Fellow, get out of my way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir A. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir A. What's that?

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir A. Well, sir!

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir A. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense! I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Capt. A. I am happy, sir, in the appellation.

Sir A. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture; prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir A. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our county just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! Let me see! I think I do recollect something! Languish! Languish! she squints, don't she? A little red haired girl?

Sir A. Squints! A red haired girl! Zounds! no!

Capt. A. Then I must have forgot. It can't be the same person.

Sir A. Jack! Jack! What think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, I shall be happy.

Sir A. Nay, but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks! Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir A. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir A. To please my father? not to please—oh, my father—odd so!—yes, yes, if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter—though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir.

Sir A. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress so beautiful?

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, I shall be happy. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome. But, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind. Now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and, though *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir A. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! A vile, insensible stock! *You* a *soldier?* you 're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I have a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal. If you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or, if you should change your mind, and take the old lady, 'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir A. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all fudge—I'm sure it must—come, now, come, Jack, confess you've been playing the hypocrite. I'll never forgive you, if you have not.

Capt. A. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you, should be so mistaken.

Sir A. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me. I will write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you. Come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience; if you don't, faith, I'll marry the girl myself. (*Exeunt.*)

CCX.—BEAUTIES OF SACRED LITERATURE.

The traveler, who stands at the well-spring of some mighty river, illustrious alike in the verse of the poet, and the roll of the historian, looks in imagination, down its "monarchy of waters," to contemplate all the variety of its fortunes, amid the wilderness of nature, and the habitations of man. He beholds in its course the humble cottage of the peasant, and the splendid palace of opulence and rank.

He sees the rural scenery of field, and orchard, and meadow, or the garden of fashion, glittering with its "wilderness of lamps;" the hamlet or the village, "when unadorned, adorned the most." He marks the ancient city, enriched by the treasures of every clime, embellished with the creations of every art, and glorious in its power, magnificence, and wealth.

The astronomer lifts his eye from the narrow boundary of the visible horizon, and the diminutive forms which decorate the surface of the earth, to the heavens above. He gazes with the intelligence of philosophy, and the enthusiasm of poetry, on the serenity of its azure depths, on its wandering orbs, on the bickering flame of its comets, or the pure light of its hosts of stars.

His soul expands and rises in its conceptions of the grandeur, wisdom, benevolence of God. He worships, in aspirations of praise and gratitude, at the mercy-seat of the invisible Creator. As he contemplates the miracles of worlds innumerable, and of a boundless universe, his thoughts are exalted and purified. He is filled with amazement, at the marvelous system of the visible universe, and with joy and gratitude at the eternal destiny, and still more glorious attributes of the human soul.

The traveler, when he looks on the river, arrayed in the sublime, the wonderful, the fair, in the works of nature and of art, beholds the image of classic literature. The astronomer who views the heavens with the science which comprehends, and the taste which admires, contemplates in that glorious personification of the unseen God, the sublimity, beauty, and variety of sacred literature.

Classic literature stands, like the statue of Prometheus, graceful in its beauty, majestic in its power. But *sacred* literature is the ever-living fire that descends from heaven, instinct with life, immortal, universal. *That* is the mausoleum of departed nations, splendid yet desolate; and bearing an inscription written indeed, "in the kingly language of the mighty dead." "*This* is none other than the house of God. This is the gate of heaven." Its record is the book of life, spotless and eternal. Its penmen are prophets, apostles, and martyrs. Its ministering servants are cherubim and seraphim, the angel and the archangel.

From Grimke.

CCXI.—BLESS THE LORD.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases: who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies: who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

As the heaven is high above the earth; so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him; and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul. FROM THE BIBLE.

CCXII.—CONDITION OF THE WICKED.

KNOWEST thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish forever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.

The eye also which saw him shall see him no more; they who have seen him shall say, where is he? He shall suck the poison of asps; the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fullness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits: every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heaven shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him.

The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flee away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out; the light shall be darkened in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare.

Terrors shall make him afraid on every side; and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty.

From the Bible.

CCXIII.—ADAM.

Creation's heir! the first, the last,
  That knew the world *his own;*
Yet stood he, mid his kingdom vast,
  A fugitive—o'erthrown!
Faded and frail his glorious form,
  And changed his soul within,
While fear and sorrow, strife and storm,
  Told the dark secret—*Sin!*

Unaided and alone on *earth,*
  He bade the heavens give ear;
But every star that sang his birth,
  Kept silence in its sphere:
He saw, round Eden's distant steep,
  Angelic legions stray;
Alas! he knew them sent to keep
  His guilty foot away.

Then, reckless, turned he to his own,
  The world before him spread;
But Nature's was an altered tone,
  And breathed rebuke and dread:
Fierce thunder-peal, and rocking gale,
  Answered the storm-swept sea,
While crashing forests joined the wail;
  And all said, "Cursed for thee."

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar,
  And this, the victim's cry;
This, written in defenseless gore,
  Forever met his eye:

And not alone each sterner power
Proclaimed just heaven's decree;
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said, "Cursed for thee."

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength;
They, too, proclaimed the ban.
'T was heard, amid their hostile spears,
Seen, in the murderer's doom,
Breathed, from the widow's silent tears,
Felt, in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's *after-fate*,
His being, birth, or name;
Enough that all have shared his state,
That man is still the same.
Still briar and thorn his life o'ergrow,
Still strives his soul within;
While care, and pain, and sorrow show
The same dark secret—*Sin.*

CCXIV.—MONT BLANC.

BLANC; one of the summits of the Alps.
ARVE; (*Ar'-vy*,) } streams from the mountains.
ARVEIRON; (*Ar-vy'-ron*,) }

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, oh sovereign Blanc!
The Arvè, and the Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly, while thou, dread mountain form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the sky and black: transpicuous deep,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! but when I look again,
It seems thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

Oh! dread and silent form! I gazed on thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone:
Yet thou, methinks, wast working on my soul,
E'en like some deep, enchanting melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it.

Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,
Who called you forth from night and utter death?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with lovely flowers
Of living blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God!
God! sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft and soul-like sound:
The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, God!

Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

And thou, oh silent form, alone and bare,
Whom, as I lift again my head, bowed low
In silent adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly, with dim eyes, suffused with tears,
Awake, thou mountain form! Rise, like a cloud;
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills!
Thou dread embassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, calls on God.

FROM COLERIDGE.

CCXV.—PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of this age, is the extraordinary progress which it has witnessed in popular knowledge. A new and powerful impulse has been acting in the social system of late, producing this effect in a most remarkable degree.

In morals, in politics, in art, in literature, there is a vast accession to the number of readers, and to the number of proficients. The present state of popular knowledge is not the result of a slow and uniform progress, proceeding through a lapse of years, with the same regular degree of motion. It is evidently the result of some new causes, brought into powerful action, and producing their consequences rapidly and strikingly. What are these causes?

This is not an occasion for discussing such a question at length. Allow me to say, however, that the improved state of popular knowledge is but the necessary result of the improved condition of the great mass of the people. Knowledge is not one of our merely physical wants. Life may be sustained without it.

But, in order to live, men must be fed, and clothed, and sheltered; and in a state of things in which one's whole labor can do no more than procure clothes, food, and shelter, he can have no time nor means for mental improvement. Knowledge, therefore, is not attained, and can not be attained, till there is some degree of respite from daily manual toil, and never-ending drudgery. But whenever a less degree of labor will produce the absolute necessaries of life, then there come leisure and means, both to teach and to learn.

But if this great and wonderful extension of popular knowledge be the result of an improved condition, it may well be asked, what are the causes which have thus suddenly produced that great improvement? How is it that the means of food, clothing, and shelter, are now so much more cheaply and abundantly procured than formerly? The main cause I take to be the progress of scientific art, or a new extent of the application of science to art. This it is, which has so much distinguished the last half century in Europe and in America; and its effects are every where visible, and especially among us. Man has found new allies and auxiliaries, in the powers of nature, and in the inventions of mechanism. FROM WEBSTER.

CCXVI.—THE PRESENT AGE.

THE Present Age. In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! and, at the same time, what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations!

It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amid its events, the American revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its center, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will, indeed, gather more and more, as time rolls away. But in that night two forms will appear, Washington and Napoleon; the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star.

Another American name will live in history, your Franklin; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven, will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. There is, however, something greater in the age than its greatest men. It is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on the stage, where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time.

What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.

What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all. I mean the soul, the immortal spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements in our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, *we* are greater than all. *We* are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence.

From Channing.

CCXVII.—AMERICAN LIBERTY.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be. Resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring. Teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No. I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country. FROM STORY.

CCXVIII.—AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We can not honor our country with too deep a reverence. We can not love her with an affection, too pure and fervent. We can not serve her with an energy of purpose or faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country?

It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland-isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, *our country?*

I come not here to speak the dialect, or to give the counsels of the patriot-statesman. But I come, a patriot-scholar, to vindicate the rights, and to plead for the interests of American Literature. And be assured, that we can not, as patriot-scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget, let us rather remember with a religious awe, that the union of these states is indispensable to our Literature, as it is to our national independence and civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement.

If, indeed, we desire to behold a Literature like that, which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe; if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities:

If we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions, that now sleep harmless in their den: if we desire, that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers; that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle; that the very mountain tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers: if we desire that these, and such as these, should be the elements of our Literature, *then*, but then *only*, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our union, and scatter its fragments over all our land.

But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest Literature, the world has ever seen, such a Literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind; a Literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears "would not stain an angel's cheek;" then let us cling to the union of these states, with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrifice to God; at the hight of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American Literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very *tree* of *life*, and *that union*, her *garden* of *paradise*. FROM GRIMKE.

CCXIX.—THE RIVER.—A NIGHT SCENE.—No. I.

THIS and the two succeeding extracts from an exquisite poem by Bryant, just published, may be spoken *separately* or *together*.

OH River, gentle River, gliding on,
In silence, underneath this starless sky!
Thine is a ministry that never rests,
Even while the living slumber.

For a time,
The meddler, man, hath left the elements
In peace; the plowman breaks the clods no more;

The miner labors not, with steel and fire,
To rend the rock; and he that hews the stone,
And he that fells the forest; he that guides
The loaded wain, and the poor animal
That drags it, have forgotten, for awhile,
Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
Oh darkling River! through the night I hear
Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach;
I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge
That skirts thy bed; thou intermittest not
Thine everlasting journey, drawing on
A silvery train from many a mountain brook
And woodland spring.

The dweller by thy side,
Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,
Though all the waters that upbore it then
Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,
Thy channel filled with waters freshly drawn
From distant cliffs, and hollows, where the rill
Comes up amid the water-flags.

All night
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane,
And cherishest the herbage on thy bank,
Speckled with little flowers; and sendest up,
Perpetually, the vapors from thy face
To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven
With marching clouds that trail the abundant showers.

From Bryant.

CCXX.—THE RIVER.—A NIGHT SCENE.—No II.

Oh River, darkling River! what a voice
Is that thou utterest while all else is still!
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream!
How many, at this hour, along thy course,
Slumber to thine eternal murmurings,
That mingle with the utterance of their dreams.

At dead of night the child awakes and hears
Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
And sleeps again. An airy multitude
Of little echoes, all unheard by day,
Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,
The story of thine endless going forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed,
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that screen
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields,
And now there is no night so still that they
Can hear thy lapse; their slumbers, were thy voice
Louder than the ocean's, it would never break.

For them the early violet no more
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for their eyes,
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.
Their memories are abroad, the memories
Of those who last were gathered to the earth,
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,
Hovering about the paths in which they trod,
Haunting them like a presence.

Even now,
They visit many a dreamer in the forms
They walked in, ere, at last, they wore the shroud;
And eyes there are that will not close to dream,
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade
And pass away, and fresher memories
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile
Beside thy border, and, in turn, depart.

FROM BRYANT.

CCXXI.—THE RIVER.—A NIGHT SCENE.—No. III.

OH River, gentle River, flowing on,
In silence, underneath this starless sky!
On glide thy waters, till at last they flow

Beneath the windows of the populous town,
And all night long give back the gleam of lamps,
And glimmer with the trains of light that stream
From halls where dancers whirl.

A dimmer ray
Touches thy surface from the silent room
In which they tend the sick, or gather round
The dying; and a slender, steady beam
Comes from the little chamber in the roof.
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,
The solitary damsel, dying too,
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.

There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,
In darkness and in hunger, wake till morn.
There, drowsily, on the half-conscious ear
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,
Falls the soft ripple of thy waves that strike
On the moored bark; but guiltier listeners
Are near, the prowlers of the night, who steal
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start,
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

Oh glide away from those abodes, that bring
Pollution to thy channel and make foul
Thy once clear current. Summon thy quick waves
And dimpling eddies, linger not, but haste,
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,
There to be tossed by shifting winds, and rocked
By that mysterious force which lives within
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight
Of its abysses, swaying, to and fro,
The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,
Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain
The crystal brightness of thy mountain springs.

FROM BRYANT.

CCXXII.—TRUE POPULARITY.

I COME now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that *I* likewise am running the race of popularity.

If the noble lord means by *popularity* that applause bestowed by after ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race; to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine. But if the noble lord means that *mushroom* popularity that is raised without merit and lost without crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations.

I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct; the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity. I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty.

Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular. It depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts. In that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular either to take away any of the privileges of parliament. I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the *extension* of privilege. So far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that the privilege protected members even in criminal actions. Nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with that doctrine.

It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine. I thought so then, and think so still. But, nevertheless, it was a *popular* doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty; how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all; to the king, and to the beggar.

Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament, more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes. And where I have the honor to sit as judge, neither royal favor nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty.

FROM LORD MANSFIELD.

CCXXIII.—NATIONAL GLORY.

THIS refers to the war of 1812, between England and America. Hull and Perry were naval officers, and Jackson and Brown, generals.

WE are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honor: nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land; is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes. There were humiliating events which the patriot can not review without deep regret. But the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of a host of heroes on land and sea, whom I can not enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds? to their value in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? While the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January will be remembered, and the glory of that day will stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings, inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds. They constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers: they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished. In spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that hight to which God and nature have destined it.

From Henry Clay.

CCXXIV.—OUR DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY.

THERMOPYLÆ and MARATHON; Grecian battle-grounds.

THE MAN OF MACEDONIA; Alexander.

RUBICON; one of the boundaries of Italy.

GOTHS, VANDALS, HUNS; nations which conquered Rome.

THE Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. *Greece*, lovely *Greece*,

"The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,"

where Sister Republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, where and what is she?

For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican *Rome*, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun; where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire.

A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate-chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute money.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the *last* experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and to self-respect.

The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What is more necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north. Moving on to the south, it has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of Republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is: THEY WERE, BUT THEY ARE NOT? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven!

FROM STORY.

CCXXV.—OUR LIBERTY IN OUR OWN KEEPING.

LET no one accuse me of seeing wild visions, and dreaming impossible dreams. I am only stating what *may* be done, not what *will* be done. We may most shamefully betray the trust reposed in us; we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace! With what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls! The gulf of ruin will be as deep as the elevation we might have attained is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty, the golden cord of our union broken, its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, our "soil drenched with fraternal blood," the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity, the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports:—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember that we can have none of those consolations which sustain the patriot, who mourns over the misfortunes of his country. *Our* Rome can not fall, and *we* be *innocent*. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumphs. No countless swarms of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices, will furnish the elements of our destruction.

With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds. But we will not talk of things like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will not admit the possibility of being untrue to our fathers and ourselves. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundation of our prosperity on that rock of *private* virtue, which can not be shaken, until the laws of the moral world are reversed.

From our own breasts shall flow the silent springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory, will be inevitable. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of the ravens, whether of native or of foreign breed. The whole will not grow weak by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak; which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it, with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out.

The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which is, to this day, breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasm of sullen silence will interrupt its course. No discordant notes of sectional madness, will mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest west shall hear it, and rejoice. The Oregon shall swell with the voice of its waters. The Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

CCXXVI.—THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

Bacchante; *Bac-chan'-te,* one intoxicated: from *Bacchus,* the God of wine.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass;
  Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bade this splendid day-dream pass,
  And named each gliding apparition.
'Twas like a torch-race; such as they
  Of Greece, performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths in long array,
  Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn;
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.
And, O, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see;
While Fancy whispered in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.
From Albion, first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchanté, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!
Thus, kindling wild, so fierce and high
Her altar blazed into the air,
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,
Shrank back, and shuddered at its glare!

Next, Spain,—so new was light to her,
Leaped at the torch; but, ere the spark,
That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quenched, and all again was dark!
Yet no—*not* quenched,—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light looked forth,
And shone, a beacon in all eyes!

Who next received the flame? Alas!
Unworthy Naples! Shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brighest of all earthly flames!
Scarce had her fingers touched the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropped it to the earth—and fled!

And fallen it might have long remained;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stained,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.
And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair laureled spirits seemed to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:

"Shine, shine forever, glorious Flame,
Divinest gift of gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendor came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.
Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
When dimmed, revive; when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

FROM MOORE.

CCXXVII.—KING LEAR.—SCENE I.

THIS scene may be spoken alone, or in connection with either the *three* or the *four* following. To give the story, however, its full interest, they should *all* be spoken in connection.

CHARACTERS.—*King Lear; Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, his daughters; and Kent, a friend of Lear. All present.*

Lear. TELL me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.
Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich, or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. (*Aside.*) What shall Cordelia do? Love and be silent.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champaigns riched,
With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady.
What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short; that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. (*Aside.*) Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so: since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril. Now our joy,
Although the last, not least; what can *you* say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing. Speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I can not heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty,
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You are my father, have bred me, loved me.
I return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love *you, all?* Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender!
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth, then, be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, forever.
Kent. Good, my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath;
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight—
(*To Cordelia.*)
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
Regan and Goneril,
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all additions to a king.
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, be yours.
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honored as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron, thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness, honor's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom:
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness; answer my life, my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;

Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn,
To wage against thine enemies.

Lear. Out of my sight!
If, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death. (*Exeunt.*)

From Shakspeare.

CCXXVIII.—KING LEAR.—Scene II.

Characters.—*Lear, Kent, Goneril, Steward, and attendant. The place, a hall in Goneril's palace.*

(*Enter Kent, disguised.*)

Kent. Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

(*Enter Lear and attendants.*)

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner. Go, get it ready.—(*Exit an attendant.*)—How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I can not choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

CALIFORN

Lear. What service canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner.

(*Enter Steward.*)

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you— (*Exit.*)

Lear. What says the fellow? Call the clodpoll back. I think the world's asleep. How now? Where's my daughter?

Kent. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why come not the slave back to me when I called him?

Kent. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Kent. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependents, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Kent. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty can not be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but remindest me of mine own conceptions. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will inquire into't. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.

(*Re-enter Steward.*)

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave: you dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? (*Striking him.*)

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. (*Tripping up his heels.*)

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away. I'll teach you differences. Away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to. Have you wisdom? so. (*Pushes the Steward out.*)

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee.

(*Enter Goneril.*)

Lear. How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Gon. Sir, your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endur-ed riots.
I had thought, by making this well known to you,
To have found a safe redress: but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoken and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of your own good wisdom, and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Lear. Does any here know me? Why, this is not *Lear.* Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Sleeping or waking? Who is it that can tell me who I am? Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir:
This admiration is much o' the favor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright.
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn more
Than a gracèd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired

By her, that else will *take* the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train.
Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate viper! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people; and your disordered rabble
Makes servants of their betters.
Lear. Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, (*Striking his head.*)
And thy dear judgment out!
Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so. Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever; thou shalt, I warrant thee. (*Exeunt.*)

From Shakspeare.

CCXXIX.—KING LEAR.—Scene III.

Characters.—*Lear, Regan, Goneril, and servant. The place, Regan's palace.*

(*Enter Lear and Regan's servant.*)

Lear. (*To servant.*) My daughter deny to speak with me?
She is sick? Weary? Traveled hard? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off!
Bring me a better answer.
Go tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them.
Now! presently! Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

(*Enter Regan.*)

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb.
Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here,
(*Points to his heart.*)
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I can not think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old.
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be ruled and led.
Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return.
Say, you have wronged her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, (*Kneeling.*)
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful head! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes!
Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature.
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed. Who comes here? O, Heaven,

(*Enter Goneril.*)

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience,
Make it your cause: send down, and take my part!
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? (*To Goneril.*)
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offense, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I adjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I pray thee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure.
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so, sir.
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister.
Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many?
I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? Said you so?
Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well favored.
I'll go with thee; (*To Goneril.*)
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely. Touch me with noble anger!
O, let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O, I shall go mad!
(*Exeunt Lear and attendants.*)
Reg. Let us withdraw: 'twill be a storm.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame. He hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.
Reg. Shut up the doors. 'Tis a wild night. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

CCXXX.—KING LEAR.—SCENE IV.

CHARACTERS.—*Lear, Kent, and a Gentleman. The place, a heath. A storm raging, with thunder and lightning.*

(*Enter Kent and Gentleman, meeting.*)

Kent. WHO'S here besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements.
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curl-ed waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man, to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the hunger-pinch-ed wolf,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he roves,
And bids what will, take all.
(*Enter King Lear.*)
Lear. Blow, winds! and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanes! spout
Till you have drenched our steeples.
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! and thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's molds, all germins spill at once,
That make ungrateful man! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, called you children:
You owe me no subscription: why, then let fall
Your horrible displeasure: here I stand, you slaves;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high engendered battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulg-ed crimes,
Unwhipped of justice! caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practiced on man's life! Close pent-up guilt,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace! I am a man
More sinned against, than sinning.
Kent. Gracious, my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you here.
Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good, my lord, enter.
The tyranny of the open night's too much
For nature to endure.
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I'd rather break mine own: good, my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee:
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The less is scarcely felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan! Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all!
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

CCXXXI.—KING LEAR.—SCENE V.

CHARACTERS.—*King Lear, his daughter Cordelia, and a Physician. All present.*

Cor. O MY dear father! Restoration hang
Her medicine on thy lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? My enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire: and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?
Cor. Still, still far wide.

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair daylight?
I'm mightily abused; I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see.
I feel this pin prick: would I were assured
Of my condition.
Cor. Oh! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me;
Nay, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish, fond, old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Pray, do not mock me!
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am: I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes. I pray you, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause; they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Cor. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam;
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me;
Pray you now forget and forgive:
I am old and foolish.

From Shakspeare.

CCXXXII.—THE QUACK.

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Puff Stuff, the physician to that great and mighty Kou Kann, Emperor of all the Chinas. I was converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late lord Macartney, and left that there country, and came to this here, which may be reckoned the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-to-be-matched medicines.

The first is called the great Parry Mandyron Rapskianum, from Whandy Whang Whang. One drop of this, poured into any of your gums, if you should have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out like mushrooms from a hot-bed. And if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops.

I'm also very celebrated in the cure of the eyes. The late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a cataract. I very dexterously took out the eyes of his majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a particular glutinous happlication, I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his majesty's wision, but made him dreadful to all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say, that I ave hyes from different hannimals, and to suit all your different faces and professions.

This here bottle, which I olds in my and, is called the great elliptical, asiatical, panticurial, nervous cordial, which cures all diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the man who talks of imself is a *Hegotist*, but this I vill wenture to say of myself, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind. But you know I don't like to talk of myself.

You should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me. If you knew the benefits so many people have received from my grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick. I'll just read one or two. (Reads several letters.) "Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linseed oil mill; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap manufactory; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was cut in half in a saw-pit; cured with half a bottle." Now comes the most wonderful of all.

"Sir, Venturing too near a powder-mill at Faversham, I was, by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms. By this unpleasant accident I was rendered unfit for my business, (a banker's clerk,) but hearing of your grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial, nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof. The first bottle united my strayed particles, the second animated my shattered frame, the third effected a radical cure, the fourth sent me home to Lombard street, to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial, nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity."

CCXXXIII.—THE LEARNER.

A PUPIL of the Æsculapian school
Was just prepared to quit his master's rule;
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated:
  All that he had to study still,
  Was, when a man was well or ill,
And how, if sick, he should be treated.

  One morn he thus addressed his master;
"Dear sir, my honored father bids me say,
If I could now and then a visit pay,

He thinks, with you, to notice how you do,
My business I might learn a little faster."

"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;
"A better method he could scarce devise;
So Bob, (his pupil's name) it shall be so,
And, when I next pay visits, you shall go."

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:
With dire intent, away they went,
And now behold them at a patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perused
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mused;
Looked wise, said nothing; an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say.

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paused and blinked, and smelt again,
And briefly of his corps performed each motion:
Maneuvers that for death's platoon are meant,
A kind of make ready and present,
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus addressed:
"Madam, your husband's danger's great;
And (what will never his complaint abate)
The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."
"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
Madam replied, and to the truth confessed.

Skill so prodigious Bobby, too, admired;
And home returning, of the sage inquired
How these same oysters came into his head;
"Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain;
Sure *that* can ne'er distress thy brain;
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed!"

So wise by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventured forth alone,
And to the self-same suff'rer paid his court:
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Returned the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report.

"Why sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under;
Mercy! such a maw I never came across!
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
For—if he has not eat a horse!"

"A horse!" the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride;
"How came so wild a notion in your head?"
"How! think not in my duty I was idle;
Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw—a saddle and a bridle!"

CCXXXIV.—PLEA FOR IRELAND.

This is an appeal to England to restore to Ireland some of her privileges. The "gracious predilection" was the favor of the king which they had been encouraged to hope.

Ireland, with her imperial crown, now stands before you. You have taken her parliament from her, and she appears in her own person, at your bar. Will you dismiss a kingdom without a hearing? Is this your answer to her zeal, to her faith, to the blood that has so profusely graced your march to victory; to the treasures that have decked your strength in peace? Is her name nothing? her fate indifferent? Are her contributions insignificant: her six millions revenue, her ten millions trade, her two millions absentee, her four millions loan? Is such a country not worth a hearing?

Will you, *can* you dismiss her abruptly from your bar? You can not do it. The instinct of England is against it. We may be outnumbered now and again. But in calculating the amount of the real sentiments of the people, the ciphers, that swell the evanescent majorities of an evanescent minister, go for nothing.

Can Ireland forget the memorable era of 1788? Can others forget the munificent hospitality with which she then freely gave to her chosen hope all that she had to give? Can Ireland forget the spontaneous and glowing cordiality with which her favors were then received? Never! Never! Irishmen grew justly proud in the consciousness of being subjects of a gracious predilection; a predilection that required no apology, and called for no renunciation; a predilection that did equal honor to him who felt it, and to those who were the objects of it.

It laid the grounds of a great and fervent hope. All a nation's wishes crowded to a point, and looked forward to one event, as the great coming, at which every wound was to be healed, every tear to be wiped away. The hope of that hour beamed with a cheering warmth and a seductive brilliancy.

Ireland followed it with all her heart; a leading light through the wilderness, and brighter in its gloom. She followed it over a wide and barren waste. It has charmed her through the desert. And now, that it has led her to the confines of light and darkness; now, that she is on the borders of the promised land; is the prospect to be suddenly obscured, and the fair vision of *princely faith* to vanish forever? I will not believe it. I require an act of parliament to vouch its credibility. Nay, more, I demand a miracle to convince me that it is possible!

FROM GRATTAN.

CCXXXV.—WRONGS OF IRELAND.

THIS is an appeal to England to redress the wrongs of Ireland.

YOU traverse the ocean to emancipate the African. You cross the line to convert the Hindoo. You hurl your thunder against the savage Algerine. But your own brethren at home, who speak the same tongue, acknowledge the same king, and kneel to the same God, can not get one visit from your *itinerant humanity!* Oh, such a system is almost too abominable for a name. It is a monster of impiety, impolicy, ingratitude, and injustice! You complain of the violence of the Irish. Can you wonder they are violent? It is the consequence of your own infliction.

The flesh will quiver, where the pincers tear,
The blood will follow, where the knife is driven."

Your friendship has been to the Irishman worse than hostility. He feels its embrace but by the pressure of his fetters! I am only amazed he is not more violent. He fills your exchequer, he fights your battles, he feeds your clergy from whom he derives no benefit, he shares your burdens, he shares your perils, he shares everything except your privileges. *Can you wonder he is violent?* No matter what his merit, no matter what his claims, no matter what his services. He sees himself a nominal subject, and a real slave; and his children, the heirs, perhaps of his toils, perhaps of his talents, certainly of his disqualifications. *Can you wonder he is violent?*

He sees every pretended obstacle to his emancipation vanished; Catholic Europe your ally, the Bourbon on the throne, the emperor a captive, the pope a friend; the aspersions on his faith disproved by his allegiance to you against, alternately, every potentate in Christendom, and he feels himself branded with hereditary degradation. *Can you wonder*, *then*, *that he is violent?*

He petitioned *humbly:* his tameness was construed into a proof of apathy. He petitioned *boldly;* his remonstrance was considered as an impudent audacity. He petitioned in *peace;* he was told it was *not the time.* He petitioned in *war;* he was told it was *not the time.* A strange interval, a prodigy in politics, a pause between peace and war, which appeared to be just made for him, arose. I allude to the period between the retreat of Louis and the restoration of Bonaparte. He petitioned then, and was told it was *not the time.*

Oh, shame! shame! shame! I hope he will petition no more to a parliament so equivocating. However, I am not sorry they did so equivocate, because I think they have suggested one common remedy for the grievances of both countries, and that remedy is, a REFORM OF THAT PARLIAMENT.

FROM PHILLIPS.

CCXXXVI.—DEFENSE OF IRISH CHARACTER.

It has been said, (and when we were to be calumniated, what has *not* been said?) that Irishmen are neither fit for freedom nor grateful for favors. In the first place, I deny that to be a favor which is a *right*. And in the next place, I utterly deny that a system of conciliation has ever been adopted with respect to Ireland. Try them, and, my life on it, they will be found grateful.

I think I know my countrymen. They can not help being grateful for a benefit. There is no country on the earth, where one would be conferred with more characteristic benevolence. They are, emphatically, the school-boys of the heart; a people of sympathy. Their acts spring instinctively from their passions; by nature ardent, by instinct brave, by inheritance generous. The children of impulse, they can not avoid their virtues; and to be other than noble, they must not only be unnatural but unnational.

Put my panegyric to the test. Enter the hovel of the Irish peasant. I do not say you will find the frugality of the Scotch, the comfort of the English, or the fantastic decorations of the French cottager. But I *do* say, within those wretched bazaars of mud and misery, you will find sensibility the most affecting, politeness the most natural, hospitality the most grateful, merit the most unconscious. Their look is eloquence, their smile is love, their retort is wit, their remark is wisdom; not a wisdom, borrowed from the dead, but that with which nature herself has inspired them; an acute observance of the passing scene, and a deep insight into the motives of its agent.

Try to deceive them, and see with what shrewdness they will detect. Try to outwit them, and see with what humor they will elude. Attack them with argument, and you will stand amazed at the strength of their expression, the rapidity of their ideas, and the energy of their gesture. In short, God seems to have formed our country like our people. He has thrown round the one its wild, magnificent, decorated rudeness. He has infused into the other the simplicity of genius and the seeds of virtue. He says audibly to us, "Give them cultivation."

FROM PHILLIPS.

CCXXXVII.—IRISH COURTESY.

Stranger. I HAVE lost my way, good friend. Can you assist me in finding it?

O'Callaghan. Assist you in finding it, sir? Ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and further too.

Str. I wish to return by the shortest route to the Black Rock.

O'Cal. Indade, and you will, so plase your honor's honor: and O'Callaghan's own self will show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you know.

Str. I would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. It is never a trouble, so plaze your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

Str. Whither do you travel, friend?

O'Cal. To Dublin, so plaze your honor. Sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannagan will be married tomorrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother: because why, we had but one nurse between us, and that was my own mother. But she died one day; the Lord rest her sweet soul! and left me an orphan, for my father married again, and his new wife was the divil's own child, and did nothing but bate me from morning till night. Och, why did I not die before I was born to see that day! For the woman's heart was as cold as a hailstone.

Str. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Ah, your honor, and sure enough there are always reasons as plenty as pratees for being hard-hearted. And

I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time, so I could not help myself, and my father did not care to help me, and so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling. Och, may the divil find her wherever she goes. But here I am alive and lapeing, and going to see Pat married; and faith, to do him justice, he's as honest a lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement neither; and I love Pat, and I love all his family; ay, by my shoul do I, every mother's skin of them; and by the same token, I have traveled many a long mile to be present at his wedding.

Str. Your miles in Ireland are much longer than ours, I believe.

O'Cal. Indade, and you may believe that, your honor, because why, St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know. Och, by the powers! the time has been; but, 'tis no matter, not a single copper, at all, at all, now belongs to the family; but as I was saying, the day has been, ay, by my troth, and the night too, when the O'Callaghan's, good luck to them, held their heads up as high as the best. And though I have not a rod of land belonging to me but what I hire, I love my country, and would halve my last pratee with any poor creature that has none.

Str. Pray, how does the bride appear, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Och, by my shoul, your honor, she's a nate article. And then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark and as fine as a peacock; because why, she has a great lady for her godmother, long life and success to her, who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money; and Pat has taken as dacent apartments as any in Dublin; a nate comely parlor as you'd wish to see, just six feet under ground, with a nice beautiful ladder to go down; and all so complate and gentale; and comfortable, as a body may say.

Str. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. Faith, and you may say that, your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we were all seated so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunters snoring so swately in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to sleep upon.

Str. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O'Cal. Och, jewel, sure it is not the best beds that make the best slapers. For there's Kathleen and myself can sleep like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest; because why, we slape on the ground, and have no bed, at all, at all.

Str. It is a pity, my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There—(*giving him a guinea*), good-by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will; and may God bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs.

CCXXXVIII.—REDMOND O'NEALE.

In Scott's "Rokeby" the Knight of Rokeby is supposed to have been engaged as an English officer in quelling an Irish rebellion led by O'Neale, a provincial Irish king. He fell, however, into the hands of O'Neale, by whom he was treated with generosity and hospitality, and sent home safe. In the following extract, O'Neale, having, many years after, been entirely subdued, and obliged to flee, sends his grandson Redmond to his former captive, who receives and educates him as his own child.

Louted; bowed in an awkward, clownish way.

Greta, a Scotch river.

Years sped away. On Rokeby's head
Some touch of early snow was shed;
Calm he enjoyed, by Greta's wave,
The peace which James the peaceful gave.

The chase was o'er, the stag was killed,
In Rokeby-hall the cups were filled,
And, by the huge stone chimney sate
The knight, in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate;

And sore for entrance and for aid,
A voice of foreign accent prayed.

The porter answered to the call,
And instant rushed into the hall
A man, whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.
His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stained with gore.

He clasped a burden to his heart,
And, resting on a knotted dart,
The snow from hair and beard he shook,
And round him gazed with wildered look;
Then up the hall, with staggering pace,
He hastened by the blaze to place,
Half lifeless from the bitter air,
His load, a boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby, next, he louted low,
Then stood erect his tale to show,
With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.

"Sir Richard, lord of Rokeby, hear!
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear;
He graces thee, and to thy care
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.
He bids thee breed him as thy son,
For Turlough's days of joy are done;
And other lords have seized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand.
To bind the duty on thy soul,
He bids thee think on Erin's bowl!
If any wrong the young O'Neale,
He bids thee think of Erin's steel!
Now is my master's message by,
And Ferraught will contented die."

His look grew fixed, his cheek grew pale,
He sunk when he had told his tale;
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,
A mortal wound was in his side.

Vain was all aid; in terror wild,
And sorrow, screamed the orphan child.

Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries.
All reckless of his dying pain,
He blest, and blest him o'er again!
And kissed the little hands outspread,
And kissed and crossed the infant head,
And, in his native tongue and phrase,
Prayed to each saint to watch his days;
Then all his strength together drew,
The charge to Rokeby to renew.
When half was faltered from his breast,
And half by dying signs expressed,
"Bless the O'Neale!" he faintly said,
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

'Twas long ere soothing might prevail
Upon the child to end the tale:
And then he said, that from his home
His grandsire had been forced to roam.
'Twas from his broken phrase descried,
His foster-father was his guide,
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore
Letters, and gifts a goodly store,
But ruffians met them in the wood.
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,
Till wounded and o'erpowered at length,
And stripped of all, his failing strength
Just bore him here.

FROM SCOTT.

CCXXXIX.—SCOTLAND.

SOLWAY; a bay on the southern boundary of Scotland.
LOCH KATRINE; a lake in the north.

SCOTLAND! There is magic in the sound. Statesmen, scholars, divines, heroes, and poets? do you want exemplars worthy of study and imitation? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland? Where can you find them *purer* than in Scotland? Here no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectibility of man. No Lycurgus, viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code graven on eternal adamant. No Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the Academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love. But sages, knowing their weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

Friends of learning! would you do homage at the shrine of literature? Would you visit her clearest founts? Go to Scotland. Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind? Bend to the genius of Stewart! Student, merchant, or mechanic! do you seek usefulness? Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith! Grave barrister! would you know the law; the true, the sole expression of the people's will? There stands the mighty Mansfield!

Servants of Him, whose name is above every other name, and not to be mentioned! recur to days that are past; to days that can never be blotted from the history of the church. Visit the mountains of Scotland: contemplate the stern Cameronian, the rigid covenanter, the enduring puritan. Follow them to their burrows beneath the earth; to their dark, bleak caverns in the rocks. See them hunted like beasts of prey. See them emaciated, worn with disease, clung with famine; yet laboring with supernatural zeal in feeding the hungry with that bread which gives life forevermore. Go view them, and when you preach faith, hope, charity, fortitude, and long-suffering, forget them not; the meek, the bold, the patient, gallant puritans of Scotland.

Land of the mountain, the torrent, and dale! Do we look for high examples of noble daring? Where shall we find them brighter than in Scotland? From the "bonny highland heather" of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale, not a flower but has blushed with patriot blood. From the proud foaming crest of Solway, to the calm polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river or lake but has swelled with the life-tide of freemen! Would you witness greatness? Contemplate a Wallace and a Bruce. They fought not for honors, for party, for conquest. 'Twas for their country and their country's good, religion, liberty, and law.

Would you ask for chivalry? that high and delicate sense of honor, which deems a stain upon one's country as individual disgrace: that moral courage which measures danger, and meets it against known odds: that patriot valor, which would rather repose on a death-bed of laurels, than flourish in wealth and power under the night-shade of depotism? Citizen soldier! turn to Lochiel; "proud bird of the mountain!" Though pierced with the usurper's arrow, his plumage still shines through the cloud of oppression, lighting to honor all who nobly dare to "do or die."

CCXL.—THE LAST MINSTREL.—No. I.

In former times, before the art of printing was invented, and when there were few educated men, there was in England and Scotland a class of men of genius and education, who were called *Minstrels*. They spent their lives in wandering from castle to castle, and singing, with the harp as accompaniment, such poetic descriptions of romantic scenes and historic legends, as suited the taste of the times. Walter Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," introduces one of the last of this class, in poetry worthy of the theme, from which the following extract is taken.

SOOTH; truth. YARROW; a Scottish stream. NEWARK; the castle at which the Duchess entertained the Minstrel. This may be spoken by itself or in connection with the succeeding exercise.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry.

For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed, where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye:
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well;
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought e'en yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He would make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.

But when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please:
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain;
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.

And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls.
And much he *wished*, yet *feared* to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighted up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!

In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
With eloquence the Minstrel sung.

From Scott.

CCXLI.—THE LAST MINSTREL.—No. II.

In the preceding description, the Minstrel is introduced, and the story which he is represented to have sung, form Scott's Poem. The following lines are added at the close, describing the manner in which the benevolent Duchess rewards the old man.

Hushed is the harp! the Minstrel gone!
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No. Close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There, sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door
And give the aid he begged before.

So passed the winter's day. But still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blacandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!

Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveler would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

From Scott.

CCXLII.—THE WAR GATHERING.

The following animated and graphic extract from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," illustrates one of the customs of the feudal days of Scotland. Roderick, chief of the Clan Alpine, being informed of an intended attack, summons his followers by a messenger who warns all on his route to a certain point, and then transfers his message and symbol to another. Thus the whole region is speedily alarmed and soldiers gathered.

Croslet; a small cross: the symbol borne.

Henchman; a servant. *Scaur;* a steep place.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
The Croslet to his hench-man brave.
"The muster-place be Lanrick mead;
Instant the time; speed, Malise, speed!"

Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch-Katrine flew.
High stood the hench-man on the prow:
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast;
Burst down, like torrent, from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roe-buck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound.

The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course: speed, Malise, speed!

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With chang-ed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plow was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden, in the copse so green;
There may'st thou rest, thy labor done,
Their lord shall speed the signal on.

FROM SCOTT.

CCXLIII.—THE BOW.

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
And a voice was poured on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sound of war:

"Heard ye not the battle horn?
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven;
Swords must flash, and spears be riven:
Leave it for the winds to shed;
Arm! ere Britain's turf grows red!"
And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day;
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungalled sweep by;
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"
And the hunter armed, ere the chase was done;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fire gives ruddy light,
Leave the hearth and leave the hall;
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall!"
And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goat-herd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
Foes are on thy native sea,
Give our bards a tale of thee!"
And the prince came armed, like a leader's son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear;
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part;
Britain calls the strong in heart!"
And the bended bow and the voice passed on;
And the bards made song of a battle won.

From Mrs. Hemans.

CCXLIV.—SPEECH ON AMERICA.

This is an extract from a speech delivered in parliament, on a bill taking away the right of trial from Boston, and requiring the accused to be sent to England.

This proposition is so glaring; so unprecedented in any former proceedings of parliament; so unwarranted by any delay, denial, or provocation of justice, in America; so big with misery and oppression to that country, and with danger to this; that the first blush of it is sufficient to alarm and rouse me to opposition. It is proposed to stigmatize a whole people as persecutors of innocence, and men incapable of doing justice. Yet you have not a single fact on which to ground that imputation!

I expected the noble lord would support this motion, by producing instances in which officers of government in America had been prosecuted with unremitting vengeance, and brought to cruel and dishonorable deaths, by the violence and injustice of American juries. But he has not produced one such instance; and I will tell you more, sir, he *can not* produce one! The instances which have happened are directly in the teeth of his proposition. Col. Preston and the soldiers who shed the blood of the people were fairly tried, and fully acquitted. It was an American jury, a New England jury, a Boston jury, which tried and acquitted them. Col. Preston has, under his hand, publicly declared that the inhabitants of the very town in which their fellow-citizens had been sacrificed, were his advocates and defenders.

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Is this the return you make them? Is this the encouragement you give them to persevere in so laudable a spirit of justice and moderation? But the noble lord says, "We must now show the Americans that we will no longer sit quiet under their insults." Sir, I am sorry to say that this is declamation, unbecoming the character and place of him who utters it. In what moment have you been quiet?

Has not your government, for many years past, been a series of irritating and offensive measures, without policy, principle, or moderation? Have not your troops and your ships made a vain and insulting parade in their streets and in their harbors? Have you not stimulated discontent into disaffection, and are you not now goading disaffection into rebellion? Can you expect to be well informed when you listen only to partisans? Can you expect to do justice when you will not hear the accused?

Let the banners be once spread in America, and you are an undone people. You are urging this desperate, this destructive issue. I know the vast superiority of your disciplined troops over the Provincials; but beware how you supply the want of discipline by desperation! What madness is it that prompts you to attempt obtaining that by force, which you may more certainly procure by requisition? The Americans may be flattered into any thing; but they are too much like yourselves to be driven. Have some indulgence for your own likeness. Respect their sturdy English virtue. Retract your odious exertions of authority, and remember that the first step toward making them contribute to your wants, is to reconcile them to your government. FROM BARRE.

CCXLV.—AMERICAN TAXATION.

The Revolutionary war originated in the claim of England of the right to tax America, without her own consent. Many distinguished English statesmen sustained America in her resistance to this principle. This and the succeeding are extracts from a speech in the English parliament on this subject.

Could any thing be a subject of more just alarm to America, than to see you go out of the plain high road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of three-pence. But no commodity will bear three-pence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two millions of men are resolved not to pay.

The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden, when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of *half* twenty shillings, on the *principle* it was demanded, would have made him a *slave!* It is the weight of that *preamble*, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the *duty*, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear. You are, therefore, at this moment, in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom; a thing that wants, not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right, nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you. It has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason, show it to be common sense, show it to be the means of obtaining some useful end, and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than I ever could discern!

Let us embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out: name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight, when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession: and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins; violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object.

From Burke.

CCXLVI.—ENGLAND'S RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

Oh! inestimable right! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right, the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money! Oh! invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh! right more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all.

Infatuated man! (*fixing his eyes on the minister;*) miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us; therefore we *ought* to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf! What! shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and, therefore, I *will* shear the wolf! How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded!

But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention. He will continue to play off his cheats on this house so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come. Whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve. FROM BURKE.

CCXLVII.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS ON TAXATION.

JAMES OTIS was a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, who died about the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He took an active part in the discussions which prepared the way for that war.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as fetter the step of Freedom. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost *one* king of England his life, *another*, his crown, and they may yet cost a *third* his most flourishing colonies. We are two millions, one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance. But it must not, and it never *can* be, extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thank God, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust? True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy. Forests have been prostrated in our path. Towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her, to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude; we only demand that you should pay your own expenses. And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king: and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws! Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who *take*, are to judge for those who *pay*. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice! The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome; but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England can not extinguish it!

CCXLVIII.—THE PIONEER.

Far away from the hillside, the lake and the hamlet,
  The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the footpath, that winds by the side of the streamlet,
  From his hut and the grave of his friend far away;
He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centered,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,
  No bloodhound has roused up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green valley, for paths where the bison
  Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison,
  And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
  That trusts naught but Heaven, in his way through the wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,
  Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
  Far from the track of the mean and the vile;
And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
  And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and luster,
  There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread;
The sweetbriar shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster,
  And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,
The wolf and his wild cubs shall lie there together,
  And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

From Brainard.

CCXLIX.—RODERIC DHU.

Holy Rood; the king's palace. Gael; the original inhabitants of Scotland, who had been subdued by the English, or Saxons.

Characters.—*King James in disguise, and Roderic. The latter is sleeping by his watch-fire, when King James enters.*

(*Enter King James in a warrior's garb.*)
Roderic. (*Grasping his sword and springing on his feet.*)
Thy name and purpose, Saxon? Stand!
James. A stranger.
Rod. What dost thou require?
James. Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.
Rod. Art thou a friend to Roderic?
James. No.
Rod. Thou durst not call thyself his foe?
James. I dare, to him and all the band,
He brings to aid his murderous hand.
Rod. Bold words! But, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim;
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever cared where, how, or when
The prowling *fox* was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou comest a secret spy.
James. They do! they do! Come Roderic Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And, let me but till morning rest,
I'll write the falsehood on their crest.
Rod. Enough, enough. Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.
(*They sit down and continue the conversation.*)
Rod. Stranger, I am to Roderic Dhu,
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;
But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,

Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name.
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Myself will guide thee on the way,
Through watch and ward till break of day,
As far as Coliantogle ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.
  James. I take thy courtesy,
As freely as 'tis nobly given.
  Rod. Why seek these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderic Dhu?
  James. Brave man! my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side.
Yet sooth to tell, though naught I dread,
I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here but three days since I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist, slumbering on yon hill.
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war;
Thus said, at least my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.
  Rod. Yet, why a second venture try?
  James. A warrior thou, and ask me why?
Perhaps I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide;
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.
  Rod. Thy secret keep. I urge thee not.
But stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast, by which we know
Vich Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?
  James. Warrior, but yestermorn I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderic Dhu,
Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,

Who in the regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.
Yet this alone should from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.
Rod. (*Frowning, and both rising hastily.*)
And heard'st thou *why* he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou, that shameful word and *blow*
Brought Roderic's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain, if he stood
On highland heath or Holy Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
Though it were in the court of heaven.
James. Still it was outrage. Yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due.
But then thy chieftain's robber life,
Winning mean prey by causeless strife.
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
His flocks and harvest reared in vain;
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul conflict borne.
Rod. Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye;
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael.
The Saxons came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,
"To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must do the rest."
Pent in this fortress of the north,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! while on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While of ten thousand herd there strays
But one along yon river's maze;
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.

Seek other cause 'gainst Roderic Dhu.
James. And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o'er to ambuscade?
Rod. As a reward to rashness due.
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
James. Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride.
Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen
In peace; but, when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band.
Rod. Have then thy wish.
(*He whistles, and soldiers rush in on all sides.*)
How sayest thou now?
These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderic Dhu.
(*King James starts back a little, then draws his sword and places his back against a rock.*)
James. Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.
(*Roderic waves his hand and the soldiers retire.*)
Rod. Fear not, nay, *that* I need not say,
But *doubt* not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest, I pledged my word
As far as Coliantogle ford.
So move we on. I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderic Dhu.
Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine shall discharge his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,

Will lead thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard;
Then man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

FROM SCOTT.

CCL.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—No. I.

THE Battle of Bunker Hill, the first of importance in the Revolutionary war, was fought June 17th, 1775. This and the succeeding exercise are extracts from a speech delivered by Webster on laying the corner stone of the monument, designed to commemorate that event. They can be spoken in connection or separately.

THE society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought, that, for this object, no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought.

The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and, that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that, if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription, on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination, also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

From Webster.

CCLI.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—No. II.

Let it not be supposed that our object, in erecting this monument, is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

We wish, that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute, also, to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit. FROM WEBSTER.

CCLII.—MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

I AM met with the great objection, *What good will the Monument to Washington do?* I beg leave to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which, I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, what good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do good?

The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of *good* explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I shall consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the millpond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things. Does a railroad or canal do good? You answer, yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end, gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use, are these a good? Certainly not.

I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But, as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life, feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox, entitled to be called good? Certainly not. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals? There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions which flow from them.

Now I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country; feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good; good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them. And whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings, does as much practical good, as filling up low grounds and building railroads. This is my demonstration.

From Everett.

CCLIII.—SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The present provision for the soldiers of the revolution is not sufficient. In the practical execution of the laws, also, the whole beneficent spirit of our institutions seem to have been reversed. Instead of bestowing these hard-earned rewards with alacrity, they appear to have been refused, or yielded with reluctance. To send away the war-worn veteran, bowed down with the infirmities of age, empty from your door, seems to have been deemed an act of merit.

So rigid has been the construction and application of the existing law, that cases most strictly within its provisions, of meritorious service and abject poverty, have been excluded from its benefits. Yet gentlemen tell us, that this law, so administered, is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this wide extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged soldier, who gave you all, and see him descend in poverty to the tomb! The time is short.

A few years and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen. Then we shall indulge unavailing regrets for our present apathy : for, how can the ingenuous mind look upon the grave of an injured benefactor? How poignant the reflection, that the time for reparation and atonement has gone forever! In what bitterness of soul we look back upon the infatuation, which shall have cast aside an opportunity, which never can return, to give peace to our consciences!

We shall then endeavor to stifle our convictions, by empty honors to their bones. We shall raise high the monument, and trumpet loud their deeds, but it will be all in vain. It can not warm the hearts, which shall have sunk cold and comfortless to the earth. This is no illusion. How often do we see, in our public gazettes, a pompous display of honors to the memory of some veteran patriot, who was suffered to linger out his latter days in unregarded penury!

"How proud we can press to the funeral array
Of him whom we shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow."

We are profuse in our expressions of gratitude to the soldiers of the revolution. We can speak long and loud in their praise, but when asked to bestow something substantial upon them, we hesitate and palter. To them we owe every thing, even the soil which we tread, and the air of freedom which we breathe. Let us not turn them houseless from habitations which they have erected, and refuse them even a pittance from the exuberant fruits of their own labors. FROM SPRAGUE.

CCLIV.—HECTOR.

THE siege and destruction of Troy is the subject of Homer's Iliad. Priam was its king. His son Hector was its bravest and most successful defender, but was, at last, slain by Achilles, one of the assailing Greeks. Cassandra was a sister of Hector. The following is from Pope's translation.

AURORA; morning. ILION; Troy.

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charged with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The *sage* and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire,
Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near,
Her breathless brother stretched upon the bier;
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.

"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!

If e'er ye rushed in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero, glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe."

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman in the walls remains,
In every face the self-same grief is shown,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

Then to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
"And, oh my Hector! oh my lord!" she cries,
"Snatched in thy bloom from these desiring eyes.
Thou to the dismal realms forever gone!
And I abandoned, desolate, alone!
Our Ilion now, her great defender slain,
Will sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,
Those wives must wait them on a foreign shore!

Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why received not I thy last command?
Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never, could be lost in air,
Fixed in my heart, and oft-repeated there!"

FROM HOMER.

CCLV.—ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.
But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.
But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.
But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reck whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead!

On the frozen deep's repose
'T is a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.
But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

From Mrs. Hemans.

CCLVI.—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

During the siege of Sebastopol, an English officer received orders to attack with his small force a very large body of Russians, who were defended by heavy batteries. Though suspecting from the disproportion, some mistake, he charged with such promptness and courage, that the enemy, astonished to see this brave handful rushing into the jaws of death, were brought to a sudden stand, and had the attack been seconded, it is supposed that important results might have followed. A small portion only succeeded in regaining their ranks. It proved afterward that a *mistake* in the bearer of the order, cost this useless sacrifice of life.

This event is celebrated in the following lines by *Tennyson*, Poet Laureate of England.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Charge!" was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do or die;
Into the valley of death, rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the mouth of hell,
Into the jaws of death, rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode through the jaws of death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them, left of six hundred.

Honor the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yes, when our babes are old,
How they rode onward.

From Tennyson.

CCLVII.—THE ONSET.

Red Rose, in the last stanza, refers to the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster for the English throne. The *red* rose was adopted by one party as its emblem, and the *white* rose by the other.

Sound an alarum! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum:
Huzza!
Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?
Huzza! huzza!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?
Huzza!
Look! they are staggered on yon black heath:
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men! Down, like death!
Huzza! huzza!

Stand by each other, and front on your foes!
Fight, while a drop of red blood flows!
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!
Huzza!
Sound! Bid your terrible trumpet bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!
Huzza! huzza!

From Proctor.

CCLVIII.—LAMENT FOR CARTHON.

The battle had ceased along the field, for the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words, with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

"King of Morven," Carthon said, "I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthamir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha; and the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwell. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon."

His word reached the heart of Clessammor: he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around: no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field, but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned over Carthon: on the fourth, his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; and a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen, when the sunbeam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land; and she is still alone.

Fingal was sad for Carthon; he desired his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise. "Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! His eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon king of swords? The people fall! see! how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven! But there he lies, a goodly oak which sudden blasts overturned! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy! lovely car-borne Carthon! FROM OSSIAN.

CCLIX.—BURIAL OF OPHELIA.

CROWNER; coroner: ARGAL; ergo, therefore.

(*Two clowns enter with spades, to dig the grave of Ophelia, who had drowned herself.*)

1*st Clown.* Is *she* to be buried in Christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2*nd Clown.* I tell thee, she is: therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1*st Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2*nd Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1*st Clown.* It must be *se offendendo;* it can not be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act has three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2*nd Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1*st Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2*nd Clown.* But is this law?

1*st Clown.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law.

2*nd Clown.* Will you have the truth on't? If this had not been a *gentlewoman,* she would have been buried out of Christian burial.

1*st Clown.* Why, there thou sayest: and the more pity, that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than other even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2nd Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1st Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2nd Clown. Why, he had none.

1st Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scriptures? The Scripture says, "Adam digged;" could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

2nd Clown. Go to.

1st Clown. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2nd Clown. The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1st Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2nd Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2nd Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Clown. To't.

2nd Clown. Mass, I can not tell.

1st Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull donkey will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a *grave maker;* the houses that *he* makes, last till *doomsday.* (*Exeunt.*)

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

CCLX.—DOCTOR SLOP.

Imagine to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Dr. Slop, of about four feet and a half, perpendicular hight, with a breadth of back, and sesquipedality of body, which might have done honor to a sergeant in the horse-guards.

Imagine such an one, for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty color, but of strength, alack! scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition. They were not. Imagine to yourself Obadiah, mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, urged into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, let me interest you a moment in this description. Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly toward him, at that monstrous rate; splashing and plunging like a demon through thick and thin as he approached; would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis, have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop, in his situation, than the *worst* of Whiston's comets; to say nothing of the *nucleus;* that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse? In my idea, the vortex alone of them was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away with it.

What, then, do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. Slop have been, when you hear, (which you are just going to do,) that he was advancing thus warily along toward Shandy Hall, and had approached within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall, and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane, when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious; pop! full upon him? Nothing, I think, in nature can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter; so imprompt! so ill-prepared to stand the shock of it, as Dr. Slop was!

What could Dr. Slop do? He crossed himself. He had better have kept hold of the pommel. He had so; nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all. For in crossing himself, he let go his whip. And in attempting to save his whip between his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup; in losing which, he lost his seat; and in the multitude of all these losses, the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that, without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left, (as *it* would have been,) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr. Slop; once as he was falling, and then again when he saw him seated. Ill-timed complaisance! Should not the fellow have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him? He did all that his situation would allow; but the *momentum* of the coach-horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once. He rode in a circle three times round Dr. Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how. At last, when he did stop, it was done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah would better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr. Slop so beluted and so transubstantiated, since that thing came into fashion. FROM STERNE.

CCLXI.—THE SUPPER.

BERLIN; pro. *Ber-lin'*. GOUT; (goo,) relish.
SECHSER; about a cent and a half.

IN a neat little village not far from Berlin,
Was a house called THE LION, a very good Inn;
The keeper a person quite ready to please;
Each customer serving with infinite ease.

There entered his house once, quite late in the day,
A fine-looking fellow, spruce, beauish, and gay,
Who ordered, and thrice did the order repeat,
A supper first rate, e'en a supper of meat!
"Beefsteak for my money!" he pompously said;
"Bring cheese for my money, bring butter, bring bread!"
"And wine?" said the host; "Will your honor have wine?"
"Yes, wine," he replied, "if 'tis really fine."

The supper was brought, he showed his approval
By quickly effecting its utter removal;
Eating hearty, I mean, as hungry folks do,
With a great deal of haste and a great deal of *gout.*

When supper was ended, and time came to pay,
In the hand of the landlord a *sechser* he lay,
Saying: "Here is my money, good fellow;—good day!"
"What, sir, do you mean?" said the host in dismay;
"A *dollar* you owe me: you've a *dollar* to pay!"
"A dollar?" said dandy, with air very funny,
"I asked you for supper and wine for my *money!*
Not a cent had I more, when hither I came,
And, if you've given me too much for the same,
The fault is your own; sure *I'm* not to blame."

He probably thought it a witty conceit,
Thus meanly a person, not thinking, to cheat;
But in my humble notion, 't was no wit at all;
'T was what you may meanness and impudence call;
A thing very fitting a reckless outlaw,
Obedient alone to the calls of his maw.
The landlord was wrathy; abused him aloud;
Called him dandified puppy, conceited and proud.
But now hear the best of the story by far.
"Though scamp," said the landlord, "undoubted, you are,
I'll give you the dinner, which justly you owe,
And with it a dollar, if straightway you go,
To my neighbor who keeps THE BEAR o'er the way,
And do again *there* what you have done *here* to-day."

It seems from THE BEAR, or the house of that name,
To THE LION, dissatisfied, boarders oft came;
And this put their keepers at war, as we say,
Each injuring the other, and that, every way.

Well; soon as the landlord his offer had made,
On the money the sly guest his dexter hand laid,
While his left took the door, as he smilingly said:
"Good day, my dear fellow! I've been to THE BEAR;
And what I've done *here*, the same I've done *there;*
For your neighbor engaged me by offers quite fair,
To do at THE LION what I did at THE BEAR!"

CCLXII.—CAIUS MARIUS.—No. I.

CAIUS MARIUS, having been appointed a general by the Romans, was opposed by the patricians, or higher classes, upon the ground that he was a plebeian, or one of the lower class. This and the succeeding exercise are extracts from his reply. They may be spoken as one piece or separately.

FROM my youth, my countrymen, I have been familiar with toils and with dangers. When I served you for no reward but that of honor, I was faithful to your interest: and now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit, it is not my design to betray you. You have committed to my charge the war against Jugurtha. At this, the patricians are offended.

But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body?—to a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, render his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, amid difficulties to which he himself is unequal, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse for direction to some inferior commander? Thus, your patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebeian.

So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who were chosen consuls, then to begin to read the history of their own country, of which, until that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first procured the office, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications, necessary for the proper discharge of its duties.

Those worthless men lead a life of so great inactivity as to induce the belief that they despise any honors you can bestow, while, at the same time, they as eagerly aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious course of virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet, none can be more lavish than themselves in the praise of their ancestors. By celebrating their forefathers, they imagine that they honor themselves; whereas, they thereby do the very reverse; for, in proportion as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, are they disgraced by their vices.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but a light which tends only to reveal the character of their descendants. It alike exhibits to public view, both their degeneracy and their worth. I acknowledge that I can not boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope to answer the cavils of the patricians by manfully defending what I have myself accomplished.

CCLXIII.—CAIUS MARIUS.—No. II.

When a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience, I submit it to your judgment, Romans, to determine on which side the advantage lies. The very actions of which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by experience. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: want of personal worth, against them.

But, are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man, as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, were they to have their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine, what would they answer, but, that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons?

If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them, likewise, despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy me the honors bestowed upon me? Let them, likewise, envy my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired those honors.

Observe, now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, while they will not allow me the due meed of praise for performing the very same kind of heroic actions in my own person. He has no statues of his family, they exclaim. He can trace back no line of venerable ancestors. What then? Is it a subject of higher praise for one to disgrace his illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by his own noble behavior?

What if I can show no statues of my family? I can exhibit the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors of which I boast. These were not left me by inheritance, as theirs were; but they have been earned by toil, by abstinence, by acts of valor amid clouds of dust and seas of blood; amid scenes of peril and carnage in which those effeminate patricians, who, by indirect means, endeavor to lower me in your estimation, have never dared to show their faces.

CCLXIV.—THE AMERICAN NAVY.

I SOMETIMES quote the United States of America. I think, in this matter of national defense, they set us a very good example. Does any body dare to attack that nation? There is not a more formidable power, in every sense of the word,—although you may talk of France and

Russia,—than the United States of America. There is not a statesman with a head on his shoulders who does not know it; and yet the policy of the United States has been to keep a very small armed force in existence.

At the present moment, they have not a line-of-battle ship afloat, notwithstanding the vast extension of their commercial marine. Last year, she recalled the last ship-of-war from the Pacific; and I shall be very much astonished if you see another. The people are well employed, and her taxation is light, which countries can not have, if they burden themselves with the expense of these enormous armaments.

Now, many persons appeal to the English nation under the impression that they are a very pugnacious people. I am not quite sure that we are not. I am not quite sure, that my opponents do not sometimes have the advantage over me in appealing to the ready-primed pugnacity of our fellow-countrymen. I believe I am pugnacious myself; but what I want is, to persuade my countrymen to preserve their pugnaciousness until somebody comes to attack them.

Be assured, if you want to be prepared for future war, you will be better prepared in the way that the United States is prepared, by the enormous number of merchant ships of large tonnage constantly being built, in the vast number of enormous steamers turning out of the building yards at New York, finer than any to be found in the royal navies of any country on the continent of Europe. If the spirit of America were once aroused, and her resentment excited, her mercantile marine alone, the growth of commerce, the result of a low taxation, and a prosperous people,—her mercantile marine alone, would be more than a match for any war navy that exists on the continent of Europe. FROM COBDEN.

CCLXV.—THE SAILOR.

This is an extract from a speech on flogging in the navy.

What is the American sailor, that he is to be treated worse than a dog? He has been my companion for more than a quarter of a century, in calms and storms, privations, sufferings, and hunger, in peace and in war. I have lived with him, side by side, by sea and land. I have seen him on the Western Ocean, when there was no night to vail his deeds. I have seen him on the coast of Africa, surrounded by pestilential disease. I have seen him among the West India Islands, in chase of pirates. I have encamped with him on the California mountains.

I have seen him march through the enemy's country, over mountains and through rivers, with no shoes on but those of canvas, made by his own hands, and with no provisions but what he took from the enemy. And, finally, I have lain beside him on the cold ground, when ice has formed on his beard. His heart has beat close to mine. I ought to know him. I do know him; and, this day, before the assembled senate of the republic, I stand up to speak in his behalf. I hope he will find an abler advocate. I am sure he will find such on this floor. But, nevertheless, hear me.

American sailors, as a class, have loved their country as well, as any other equal number of citizens, and have done more for her in peace and in war. And what has his country done for him? You have neglected to give him even your thanks, and more, to cap the climax of his country's ingratitude, these memorialists would have him scourged. They would scourge him for drunkenness, when they put their bottle to his mouth. They would scourge him for inattention to his duty, when injustice and wrong have made him, for an instant, discontented and sullen. Shame! shame!

The American sailor, by his superior qualities, as a man, has enabled you to rival in commerce the boasted mistress of the ocean. Where is the coast or harbor, in the wide world, accessible to human enterprise, to which he has not carried your flag? His berth is no sinecure, his service is no easy service. He is necessarily an isolated being. He knows no comforts of home, and wife, and children. He reaps no reward for the increase of treasure he brings to you. When on shore, he is among strangers, and friendless. When worn out, he is scarcely provided for; making men rich, he lives and dies poor. Carrying the gifts of civilization and the blessing of the gospel through the world, he is treated as an outcast from the mercies of both.

But look to your history, which the world knows by heart, and you will find, in its brightest page, the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him, and break his spirit, he has never disgraced *her*. He has always been ready to serve her, always has served her faithfully. He has often been weighed in the balance, and *never found wanting*.

FROM COMMODORE STOCKTON.

CCLXVI.—THE WRECK.

ALL night, the booming minute gun
  Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
  Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
  Before the raging blast,
Had vailed her topsails to the sand,
  And bowed her noble mast.

We saw her treasures cast away;
  The rocks with pearls were strown,
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
  Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strown the wet sands o'er,
  Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes: but oh! that shore
  Had sadder things than these.

We saw the strong man still and low,
  A crushed reed thrown aside;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
  Not without strife he died
And near him, on the sea-weed lay—
  Till then we had not wept—
But well our gushing hearts might say,
  That there a mother slept.

For her pale arms a babe had pressed,
  With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
  Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung,
  To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
  All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'mid that wild scene,
  Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
  In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
  With half-shut violet eye:
He had known little of her dread,
  Naught of her agony.

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart,
  Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
  Its passionate adieu!
Surely thou hast another lot,
  There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
  The moaning of the sea!

From Mrs. Hemans.

CCLXVII.—ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

"Only one night at sea," 'twas thus the promise ran,
  By frail, presumptuous mortal given, to vain, confiding man;
"Only one night at sea, and land shall bless thy sight,
  When morning's rays dispel the shadows of the night."

The pledge has been received, the vessel leaves the shore,
Bearing the beautiful and brave, who ne'er shall greet us more;
And every heart beats high, as bounding o'er the wave,
The gallant bark moves on to bear them to their grave.

The merry beams of day before the darkness flee,
And gloomy night comes slowly on, that "only night at sea."
The watch upon the deck their weary vigils keep,
And countless stars look down in beauty o'er the deep.

Within that stately boat the prattler's voice is still,
And beauty's lovely form is there, unheeding of the ill;
And manhood's vigorous mind is wrapped in deep repose,
And sorrow's victim lies forgetful of his woes.

But, hark! that fearful sound, that wild appalling cry,
That wakes the sleepers from their dreams, and rouses them *—to die:*
Ah, who shall tell the hopes that rose, so soon to flee;
The good resolves destroyed by that "one night at sea!"

That hour hath passed away, the morning's beams are bright,
As if they met no record there of that all-fearful night;
But many souls have fled to far eternity,
And many hearts been wrecked in that "one night at sea."

Great God! whose hand hath launched our boat upon life's sea,
And given us as a pilot there a spirit bold and free,
So guide us with thy love, that our frail bark may be,
'Mid waves of doubt and fear, "only one night at sea."

CCLXVIII.—ENNUI.

ENNUI; (pro. *Ang-we,*) languor, heaviness.

CAMPAGNA; pro. *Campahn'ya.*

Leech. BUT you don't laugh. Come, man, be amused, for once in your life! You don't laugh.

Sir Charles. O, yes, I do. You mistake. I laughed twice, distinctly,—only, the fact is, I am bored to death!

Leech. Bored? What! after such a feast as that you have given us? Look at me, I'm inspired! I'm a king at this moment, and all the world is at my feet!

Sir C. My dear Leech, you began life late. You are a young fellow, forty-five, and have the world yet before you. I started at thirteen, lived quick, and exhausted the whole round of pleasure before I was thirty. I've tried everything, heard everything, done everything, know everything; and here I am, a man of thirty, literally used up.

Leech. Nonsense, man! used up, indeed! with your wealth, with your twenty estates in the sunniest spots in England, not to mention that Utopia, within four walls, in the *Rue de Provence*, in Paris.

Sir C. I'm dead with *ennui!*

Leech. Ennui! poor Crœsus!

Sir C. Crœsus! no, I'm no Crœsus! My father,—you've seen his portrait, good old fellow!—he certainly did leave me a little matter of twelve thousand pounds a year; but, after all—

Leech. O, come!

Sir C. O, I do n't complain of it.

Leech. I should think not.

Sir C. O, no; there are some people who can manage to do on less, on credit.

Leech. I know several. My dear friend, you should try change of scene.

Sir C. I *have* tried it; what's the use?

Leech. But I'd gallop all over Europe.

Sir C. I have; there's nothing in it.

Leech. Nothing in all Europe?

Sir C. Nothing! O, dear, yes! I remember, at one time, I did, somehow, go about a good deal.

Leech. You should go to Switzerland.

Sir C. I have been. Nothing there. People say so much about everything. There certainly were a few glaciers, some monks, and large dogs, and thick ankles, and bad wine, and Mont Blanc; yes, and there was ice on the top, too; but I prefer the ice at Gunter's, less trouble, and more in it.

Leech. Then, if Switzerland would n't do, I'd try Italy.

Sir C. My dear Leech, I've tried it over and over again, and what then?

Leech. Did not Rome inspire you?

Sir C. O, believe me, Tom, a most horrible hole! People talk so much about these things. There's the Colosseum, now; round, very round, a goodish ruin, enough; but I was disappointed with it. Capitol, tolerable high; and St. Peter's, marble, and mosaics, and fountains, dome certainly not badly scooped; but there was nothing in it.

Leech. Come, Coldstream, you must admit we have nothing like St. Peter's in London.

Sir C. No, because we don't want it. If we wanted such a thing, of course we should have it. A dozen gentlemen meet, pass resolutions, institute, and in twelve months it would be run up. Nay, if that were all, we'd buy St. Peter's itself, and have it sent over.

Leech. Ha, ha! well said; you're quite right. What say you to beautiful Naples?

Sir C. Not bad; excellent water-melons, and goodish opera; they took me up Vesuvius; a horrid bore! It smoked a good deal, certainly, but altogether a wretched mountain; saw the crater; looked down, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. But the bay?

Sir C. Inferior to Dublin!

Leech. The Campagna?

Sir C. A swamp!

Leech. Greece?

Sir C. A morass!

Leech. Athens?

Sir C. A bad Edinburgh!

Leech. Egypt?

Sir C. A desert!

Leech. The Pyramids?

Sir C. Humbugs! nothing in any of them! You bore me. Is it possible that you can not invent something that would make my blood boil in my veins, my hair stand on end, my heart beat, my pulse rise; that would produce an excitement, an emotion, a sensation, a palpitation? but, no!

Leech. I've an idea!

Sir C. You? What is it?

Leech. Marry!

Sir C. Hum! well, not bad. There's novelty about the notion. It never struck me. O, but, no. I should be bored with the exertion of choosing. If a wife, now, could be had like a dinner, for ordering.

Leech. She can, by you. Take the first woman that comes. On my life, she'll not refuse twelve thousand pounds a year.

Sir C. Come, I don't dislike the project. I almost feel something like a sensation coming. I haven't felt so excited for some time. 'Tis a novel enjoyment! a surprise! I'll try it! From Charles Mathews.

CCLXIX.—THE MODERN BELLE.

She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy-chair,
She is dressed in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks;
And though she talks but little,
It is vastly more than she thinks.

She lies in bed of a morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down, snapping and snarling,
Because she's called too soon.
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint;
Remains of last night's blushes
Before she attempted to faint.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,

Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics;
Though *this* she never will own;
Her body's made mostly of cotton,
And her heart's made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair.
One of the very best matches,
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife.

CCLXX.—THE EMBARGO.

Embargo; a prohibition of the entrance or departure of all kinds of vessels. It is intended to destroy the commerce of an enemy, but often, as in the war of 1812, does great injury to the party ordering it.

I ASK in what page of the constitution you find the power of laying an embargo. Directly given, it is nowhere. Never before did society witness a total prohibition of all intercourse like this, in a commercial nation. But it has been asked in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain nymph as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. But an embargo liberty, a hand-cuffed liberty, liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster! Its parentage is all inland.

Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves! It is palpable submission! Gentlemen exclaim, "Great Britain smites us on one cheek!" And what does Administration? "It turns the other, also." Gentlemen say, "Great Britain is a robber; she takes our cloak." And what says Administration? "Let her take our coat also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely! At every corner of this great city we meet some gentlemen of the majority wringing their hands, and exclaiming, "What shall we do? Nothing but an embargo will save us. Remove it, and what shall we do?"

It is not for me, a humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences, to suggest plans of government. But, to my eye, the path of our duty is as distinct as the Milky Way; all studded with living sapphires, glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation; of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776! It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist; on the ocean, as well as on the land.

But I shall be told, "This may lead to war." I ask, "Are we now at peace?" Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to *prevent* war is not to *fear* it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse! Abandonment of essential rights is worse!

From Quincy.

CCLXXI.—POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

Of all the forms, in which corruption can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you *seen* it? Do you *expect* to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amid it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence.

All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme, for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form; had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile; "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit; it will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil; it will raise you to an equality with the angels."

Such was the process. In this simple, but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned, that the enemy is on our borders.

But, God forbid that the similitude should be carried any further. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went "with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels; she returned, covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse. It is *innocence* that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility.

FROM M'DUFFIE.

CCLXXII.—PARTY SPIRIT.

THE WHITE HOUSE; the residence of the President of the United States. CREVASSE; (*Cre-vas,*) a break in the banks of a river, permitting the water to pass through.

NEVER, on any occasion, have I risen under feelings of such painful solicitude. I have witnessed many periods of great anxiety, of peril, and of danger, to this country, but I have never risen to address any assemblage, so oppressed, so appalled, and so anxious. I hope it will not be out of place to do here, what, again and again, I have done in my private chamber, to implore of Him who holds the destinies of nations and individuals in his hands, to bestow upon our country His blessing, to calm the violence and rage of party, to still passion, to allow reason once more to resume its empire.

I have said that I have witnessed other anxious periods in the history of our country. If I were to venture to trace to their original source the cause of all our present dangers, difficulties, and distraction, I should ascribe it to the violence of party spirit! of *party spirit!*

It is impossible for us to be blind to the facts which are daily transpiring before us. It is impossible for us not to perceive that party spirit, and future elevation, mix, more or less, in all our affairs, in all our deliberations. At a moment when the White House itself is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be its next occupant. When a dreadful *crevasse* has occurred, which threatens inundation and destruction to all around, we are contesting and disputing about the profits of an estate which is threatened with total submersion.

It is *passion, passion; party, party,* and intemperance. *That* is all I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which, unhappily, at this time, divide our distracted country. At this moment, we have in the legislative bodies of this Capitol and in the States, twenty odd furnaces in full blast, emitting heat, and passion, and intemperance, and diffusing them throughout the whole extent of this broad land. Two months ago, all was calm in comparison to the present moment. All now is uproar, confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of the people.

I implore senators, I entreat them, by all that they expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to them here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to look to their country, to its interests, to listen to the voice of reason. I implore them to listen to their own reason, their own judgment, their own good sense, in determining upon what is best to be done for our country, in the actual posture in which we find her. FROM HENRY CLAY.

CCLXXIII.—NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES.

I PROTEST against the doctrine, that the predominant sentiment of our people, is one of implacable hatred to any nation. I deny this, and protest against it. I say no, no, a thousand times no, to any sentiment of national antipathy.

Let the Highland clansman feel it, who cherishes a deadly feud, as he cherishes his own life. Let the Indian hand it down to his children, by I know not what emblems of alligators, and catamounts, and clubs, and tomahawks, smeared with the warm blood and brains of his victims. Let Poland, cloven down by oppression, with the grinding heel of tyranny on her forehead, deliver it as a pledge and memorial to her wandering exiles. Let the poor dispersed family of Israel hug it to their bosom, as they feel the contempt of a hostile world.

But should this American people, young, and inheriting from God's hand, a land teeming with every boon and bounty of his munificence, destined to a career, bright, resistless, and beneficent as the course of the heavenly spheres; shall America, in the dew and freshness of her national being, glorious and happy, shall *she* corrode her young heart, and poison its life streams, by moping over the stamp act, and the tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard into the Chesapeake?

God forbid! I think we have settled all that. For what else was so much patriot blood spilt at Lundy's Lane, at Bridgewater, and Plattsburg, on the deck of the Constitution and the Java, and on all the other spots hallowed by the record of our fame? And after we have settled it, and done it boldly and bravely, shall we return sulky from the very field of honor?

We have been told that our people feel *too deeply* the remembrance of the past injuries of Britain. How so? If the feeling is worthy of us, can it be too deep, or too strong, in our bosoms? But, if it is an unworthy feeling, and has no real existence among us, how does any man dare to charge it upon the American people? I do believe that this is a feeling which belongs altogether to a past age. My younger countrymen do not, I am very sure, know what such a feeling means.

You were born under happier auspices, than to be the slaves of so sordid and dark a passion. You look upon England as you do upon other great nations, with eyes which fill with tears, not of sorrow, but of emulation of so much glory, and with no hatred. You never can brand their heart with so barbarous a feeling, for the sake of wrongs for which the brave have made the last expiation to the brave.

FROM CHOATE.

CCLXXIV.—ON THE SUPPRESSION OF A MOB.

THIS is an extract from a speech delivered in the English parliament, upon a bill to punish the weavers of Nottingham for riot.

YOU call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignoble. You seem to think, that the only way to quiet it, is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a *mob?* It is the mob that labor in your fields, and serve in your houses; that man your navy, and recruit your army; that have enabled you to defy all the world; and can also defy *you*, when neglect and calumny have driven them to despair. You may call the *people* a *mob*, but do not forget that a *mob* too often speak the sentiments of the *people.*

Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient on your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven, and testify against you? How will you carry this bill into effect? Can you commit a whole country to their own prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? Or will you proceed, by decimation? place the country under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you?

Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets, be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that, which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners?

With all deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favorite state measure, so marvelously efficacious in many and recent instances,—*temporizing*,—would not be without its advantage in this. When a proposal is made to *emancipate* or *relieve*, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize, and tamper with the minds of men. But a *death-bill* must be passed off-hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, that to pass the bill, would only add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect.

But suppose it passed. Suppose one of these men, meager with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your lordships are, perhaps, about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame; suppose this man surrounded by those children for whom he is unable to procure bread, at the hazard of his existence, dragged into court to be tried for this new offense, by this new law; still there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him. These are, in my opinion, twelve *butchers* for a *jury*, and a *Jeffreys* for a *judge!* FROM BYRON.

CCLXXV.—THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
  Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
  For joy that he was come.

So long they looked, but never spied
  His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
  Far down that narrow glen.

CCLXXVI.—THE DEATH-FIRE.

Beneath the ever dense and leafy gloom
Of the hushed wilderness a lurid flame
Crept, like a serpent, gorged with kindling blood,
Around the knotted trunk of an old forest oak;
Then upward and abroad it fiercely spread,
Through the dusk pine-tops and the clinging vines,
Till the dark forest crimsoned with the glare.

In double ranks around that flaming tree,
Sat fierce-browed warriors, like a crowd of fiends,
Sent forth to hold their orgies on the earth.
Their shafted arrows, and the sinewy bow,
The tomahawk, and club, and keen-edged knife,
Flashed back the fire.

  The sparkling river, flowing with sweet chime,
So cool and tranquil in its verdant banks,
In gentle contrast with the flaming trees,
And the red demons, crouching underneath,
Mocked the devoted victims.

  One was a girl, so gently fair,
  She seemed a being of upper air,
  Lured by the sound of the water's swell,
  To the haunt of demons dark and fell!

  Shackled by many a galling thong,
  But, in Christian courage, firm and strong,
  Stood a brave man, with his eye on fire,
  As he bent its glance on the funeral pyre;
  Yet his bosom heaved and his heart beat quick:
  His labored breath came, fast and thick;

His cheek grew pale, and drops of pain
Sprang to his brow, like beaded rain,
As he felt the clasp of his pallid bride,
Where she clung in fear to his pinioned side.

A savage shout, a fierce, deep yell,
Rings through the forest cove and dell.
The wood is alive on either hand
With the rushing feet of that murderous band.
One start from the earth, one feeble cry,
Like the moan of a fawn, when the hounds are nigh,
And she sinks to the ground with a shuddering thrill,
And lies at his feet, all cold and still.

With the mighty strength of his stern despair,
Like a lion, roused in his guarded lair,
The youth has rended his bonds apart!
The bride is snatched to his throbbing heart!
With a bound, he clears the savage crew,
And plunges on toward the bark canoe.
He nears the bank; a fiendish scream
From the baffled foes rings o'er the stream.
He springs to the bark! away, away!
It is lost from sight in the flashing spray!

From Mrs. Stephens.

CCLXXVII.—THE MISER.

An old man sat at a fireless hearth,
  Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
  The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were white, and his eyes were gray,
  And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
  With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
  O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
  And the venomous spider crawls;

UNIVER OF CALIFOR

But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
 Was the miser, worn and bare,
Where he sat, like a ghost in an empty tomb,
 On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window, and barred the door,
 And every nook had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
 With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
 And trembled with silent fear,
And startled and shuddered at every sound
 That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the miser; "I'm safe at last,
 From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
 With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
 And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
 It would cost me a cent or two.

But I'll take a sip of the precious wine;
 It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since, by a friend of mine,
 I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a moldy nook,
 And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
 And his bosom swelled with pride.

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
 And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone, like the clouds of the west,
 With the sun in their splendor hid;
And gem after gem in precious store,
 Is raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
 In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
 While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
 What was there in the wine?

He strove his lonely seat to gain;
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts were all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—*died.*

CCLXXVIII.—LOVE OF THE WORLD.

MOHAMMED; pro. *Mo'-hammed.*

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
Good Mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.

Such Mohammed's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred;
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.

Much controversy straight arose,
These chose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mohammedans eat up the hog.

You laugh; 'tis well. The tale applied
May make you laugh on 'tother side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries.
We do, a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert or a race;
And others shooting and the chase.

Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed;
Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he;
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

From Cowper.

CCLXXIX.—SELF INTEREST.

Characters.—*Lovepoor, the Host; the Hostess; Betty, the servant maid; Surgeon; and Stranger.*

(*Enter Hostess and Betty.*)

Hostess. Betty!

Betty. Here, madam.

Host. Where's your master?

Betty. He's without, madam; and has sent me for some clothes to lend a poor man, who has been robbed and murdered on the road.

Host. Touch them if you dare, you jade! Your master is a pretty sort of a man to take in vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I'll have no such doings. If you touch them, I'll—I'll—I'll—Go send your master to me. (*Exit Betty.*) Pretty work, pretty work this, truly. We should make fine way ahead, if my husband were at the helm.

(*Enter Mr. Lovepoor.*)

What do you mean by this, Mr. Lovepoor? Are we to buy clothes to lend to a set of pennyless rascals?

Lovepoor. My dear, this is a poor wretch—

Host. I know it is a poor wretch, but what have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already.

Love. My dear, this man has been robbed of all he had.

Host. Well, where's his money then, to pay his reckoning? Why does not such a fellow go to an alehouse? I shall send him packing immediately, I assure you.

Love. My dear, common charity will not suffer you to do that.

Host. Common charity, indeed! Common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves and our families, and I and mine are not to be ruined by your charities, I assure you.

Love. Well, my dear, do as you will, you know I never contradict you.

(*Enter Surgeon.*)

Surgeon. I come to acquaint you that your guest is in such extreme danger, that I can scarcely see any hopes of his recovery.

Host. Here's a pretty kettle of fish you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense.

Love. My dear, I am not to blame. He was brought hither by the stage coach, and Betty had taken him in before I was stirring.

Host. And what induced Tom Whipwell to bring such guests to my house, when there are so many ale-houses on the road, proper for their reception.

(*Enter Betty.*)

Betty. The wounded man begs you for mercy-sake to let him have a little tea.

Host. Tea, indeed! Nothing will serve his delicate stomach, then, but tea. Tea costs money, tell him. But there is a carriage at the door. Run, Lovepoor, and lead them into the best parlor. La! how neglectful you are, Mr. Lovepoor. Here is the gentleman now.

(*Enter a Stranger, in a cloak.*)

Betty, go and tell the murdered man to pack up and be off, and make something ready for this gentleman's supper.

Stranger. What murdered man do you speak of?

Host. O, sir, only a poor wretch who was knocked down and robbed on the high road a few hours ago.

Stran. Are there no hopes of his recovery?

Sur. I defy all the surgeons in London to do him any good.

Stran. Pray, sir, what are his wounds?

Sur. Why, do you know any thing of wounds?

Stran. Sir, I have a slight acquaintance with surgery.

Sur. A slight acquaintance—ha! ha! ha! I believe it is a slight one, indeed. I suppose, sir, you have traveled?

Stran. No, sir.

Sur. Have practiced in the hospitals, perhaps?

Stran. No, sir.

Sur. Whence, then, sir, if I may be so bold as to inquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?

Stran. Sir, I do not pretend to much, but the little I know I have acquired from books.

Sur. Books! I suppose, then, you have read Galen and Hippocrates.

Stran. No, sir, neither.

Sur. How, understand surgery and not read Galen and Hippocrates!

Stran. Sir, I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors.

Sur. I believe so too, more shame for them. But thanks to my education, I have them by heart and very seldom go without them both in my pocket.

Stran. They are pretty large books, though, to carry in the pocket.

Sur. Ay, I presume I know how large they are, better than you do. I suppose you understand physic too, as well as surgery. (*A general laugh.*)

Stran. Rather better.

Sur. Ay, like enough. (*Winking.*) Why, *I* know a little of physic too.

Love. I wish I knew half as much. I'd never wear an apron again.

Sur. Why, I believe, landlord, there are few men, though I say it, who handle a fever better.

Stran. I am thoroughly convinced, sir, of your great learning and skill, but I will thank you to let me know your opinion of the patient's case, above stairs.

Sur. Sir, (*with great solemnity,*) his case is that of a dead man. The contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and divellicated that radical, small, minute, invisible nerve, which coheres to the pericranium—

Stran. That will do, sir. You have convinced me that you are—

Sur. Are what, sir?

Stran. A quack, whose aim it is to impose upon the ignorant and unfortunate.

Sur. And what are you, sir?

Stran. Dr. Bland, president of the college of physicians, and surgeon to Lord Dixby, who has just been robbed, and lies ill in this house. One of his servants, who escaped when the robbery was committed, brought me the information. Your servant, sir. (*Speaking to the Surgeon, who is making toward the door.*) Now, landlord, conduct me to your guest. (*Exit with landlord.*)

Host. Betty, John, Samuel, where are you all? Have you no ears or no consciences, not to tend the sick better? See what the gentleman wants. But any one may die for all *you.* You have no more feeling than my husband. If a man lived a fortnight in his house without spending a penny, he would never put him in mind of it. See whether the gentleman drinks tea or coffee for supper. (*Exit servant.*)

(*Enter Mr. Lovepoor.*)

Love. My dear, this wounded traveler must be a greater man than we took him for. Some servants in livery have just arrived, and inquired for him.

Host. God forbid that I should not discharge the duty of a Christian, since the poor gentleman is brought to our house. I have a natural antipathy to vagabonds, but can pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another.

Love. If the traveler be a gentleman, though he have no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter. So you may begin to score as soon as you please.

Host. Hold your simple tongue, and don't pretend to instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart, and I hope the villains who have used him so barbarously, will be hanged. Let us go and see what he wants. God forbid he should want any thing in my house. (*Exeunt.*)

CCLXXX.—ON A SYSTEM OF FINANCE.

This is an extract from one of the best speeches of Mirabeau, a member of the French Assembly, upon a bill to save the nation from bankruptcy.

We have heard a great many violent speeches. I shall endeavor to direct your attention to a few simple questions, *and earnestly entreat you to listen to them.* Has not the minister of finances drawn a most alarming picture of our present situation? Has he not told you that delay must aggravate the evil, that a day, an hour, a moment, may render it irremediable? Have we any other plan to substitute for the one he proposes? One of this assembly answers, Yes! I conjure that member to recollect that his plan is unknown, that it would require time to explain and examine it, that were it now in discussion, its author may perhaps be mistaken; or if not, that we may think he is, and that, without the concurrence of public opinion, the greatest possible talents would be of no avail in the present circumstances.

I, too, am far from thinking that Mr. Neckar has proposed the best possible ways and means. But God forbid that at this critical moment I should place my views in opposition to his. However preferable I may think them, I know that it is in vain for me to pretend to his prodigious popularity, to his long experience, to his reputation of the first financier in Europe; or to the singular and unprecedented good fortune which has marked his career.

We must therefore come back to the plan of Mr. Neckar. But why adopt it without deliberation? Do you think, then, that we have time to examine it in detail, to discuss the principles, and go over all the calculations? No, no, a thousand times no. We can only propose insignificant questions and superficial conjectures. What, then, shall we do by deliberating? Lose the decisive moment, involve ourselves in disputes about the details of a scheme, which we really do not understand, diminish, by our idle meddlings, the minister's credit, which is and ought to be greater than our own.

This course is both impolitic and dishonest. I would ask those, who seem to be accustoming themselves to the idea of bankruptcy, in preference to excessive taxes, whether a NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY is not itself the most cruel, the most unjust, the most ruinous of all possible taxes? Two centuries of misgovernment have opened a gulf of ruin, which threatens *immediate destruction to the monarchy.* This gulf MUST BE CLOSED.

I exhort you, then, most earnestly to vote these extraordinary supplies, and God grant they may prove sufficient. Vote them I beseech you. Vote them *at once.* The crisis does not admit of delay. If it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences. Bankruptcy, national bankruptcy is before you. It threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor,—and YET YOU DELIBERATE.

FROM MIRABEAU.

CCLXXXI.—HYDER ALI.

CARNATIC; a portion of Southern India.

AMONG the victims to the magnificent plan of universal plunder pursued by the East India Company, so worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all heard of an Indian Chief called Hyder Ali Khan. It was among the leading measures in the design of this company, (according to their own emphatic language,) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel, at the gates of Madras.

From that time forward, however, a continued plot was carried on for the destruction of Hyder Ali. When at length he found that he had to do with men whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he resolved to make the country, possessed by these incorrigible criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He determined, in the gloomy recesses of a mind, capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection.

He became, at length, so confident of his force, and so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction. Compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. While the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered.

Others, without regard to sex, to age, to rank; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amid the goading spears of drivers, and the tramping of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore. So completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed the Carnatic, hundreds of miles in all directions, they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region. FROM BURKE.

CCLXXXII.—SPEECH ON STANDING ARMIES.

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary, or any other designation. A standing army is a body of men, distinct from the body of the people. They are governed by different laws. Blind obedience and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle.

The nations around us are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means. By means of their standing armies they have, every one, lost their liberties. It is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country, where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbors? On the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks on which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as can not be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so. I hope it is so. I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army. I believe they would not join in any such measures. But their lives are uncertain; nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command. They may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room.

Besides, we know the passions of men. We know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there ever a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country. Yet that army enslaved their country.

The affections of the soldiers toward their country, the honor and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander. He must not consult his own inclinations. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this House, he must do it. He dares not disobey. Immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling.

If an officer were sent into the Court of Requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote—I know what would be the duty of this House—I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby. But, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

I talk not of imaginary things. I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but from an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them.

Therefore, do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by anthority of parliament will always be submissive to them. If an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive, as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favorite general. But, when that case happens, I am afraid, that, instead of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament.

From Pultney.

CCLXXXIII.—THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

WAR *will* yet cease from the earth; for God Himself has said it shall. An infidel might doubt this; but a Christian can not. If God has taught any thing in the Bible, he has taught *peace*. If He has promised any thing there, He has promised *peace*, ultimate *peace*, to the whole world. Unless the night of a godless skepticism should settle on my soul, I must believe on, and hope on, and work on, until the nations, from pole to pole, shall beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

I see the dawn of that coming day. I see it in the new and better spirit of the age. I see it in the press, the pulpit, and the school. I see it in every factory, and steamship, and rail-car. I see it in every enterprise of Christian benevolence and reform. I see it in all the means of general improvement, in all the good influences of the age, now at work over the whole earth. Yes; there is a spirit abroad that can never rest until the war-demon is hunted from the habitations of men.

This spirit is pushing its enterprises and improvements in every direction. It is unfurling the white flag of commerce on every sea, and bartering its commodities in every port. It is laying every power of nature, as well as the utmost resources of human ingenuity, under the largest contributions possible, for the general welfare of mankind. It hunts out from your cities' darkest alleys the outcasts of poverty and crime, for relief and reform. Nay, it goes down into the barred and bolted dungeons of penal vengeance, and brings up its callous, haggard victims, into the sunlight of a love that pities even while it smites.

This spirit is everywhere rearing hospitals for the sick, retreats for the insane, and schools that all but teach the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see. It harnesses the fire-horse in his iron gear, and sends him panting, with hot but unwearied breath, across empires, and continents, and seas. It catches the very lightning of heaven, and makes it bear messages, swift, almost as thought, from city to city, from country to country, round the globe.

The spirit that subsidizes all these to the godlike work of a world's salvation, and employs them to scatter the blessed truths of the gospel, thick as leaves of autumn, or dew-drops of morning, all over the earth; the spirit that is thus weaving the sympathies and interests of our whole race into the web of one vast fraternity, and stamping upon it, in characters bright as sunbeams, those simple yet glorious truths, *the fatherhood of God*, *and the brotherhood of man;*—is it possible for such a spirit to rest, until it shall have swept war from the earth forever?

CCLXXXIV.—OUR REPUBLIC AN EXPERIMENT.

We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theater on which it is to be performed. At a moment of deep and general agitation in the old world, it pleased Heaven to open this new continent, as a last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society; to settle, and that forever, the momentous question, whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of government?

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood, of old, who spake and wrote, who labored, fought, and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate-houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchers of the nations which died before the sight.

They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison-house, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations; they *conjure* us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

FROM EVERETT.

CCLXXXV.—L'ALLEGRO.

L'ALLEGRO; cheerfulness. YCLEPED; (pro. *e-clept'*), named.
REBEC; a violin with three strings.

HENCE, loath-ed Melancholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
  Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
  There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreath-ed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,

And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreprov-ed pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

Or listen how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round, it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
Where the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of link-ed sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

FROM MILTON.

CCLXXXVI.—IL PENSEROSO.

IL PENSEROSO; melancholy. STOLE; a kind of scarf. DIGHT; adorned. THE BEAR; a constellation.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fix-ed mind with all your toys!
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright,
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheel-ed throne,
The cherub Contemplation.

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I'd hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, remov-ed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arch-ed walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heav-ed stroke,

Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep:
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious cloister pale,
And love the high embow-ed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

FROM MILTON.

CCLXXXVII.—ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall. The mountains themselves decay with years. The ocean shrinks and grows again. The moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.

But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth!

Age is dark and unlovely. It is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills. The blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

From Ossian.

CCLXXXVIII.—THE NIGHTS.

O the Summer Night, has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
While the sweet winds load her, with garlands of odor,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown!

But the Autumn Night has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder, like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter Night is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth, and the warm spring cometh,
Then she dies in a night of rain.

Night bringeth sleep to the forests deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours, and dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary,—Rest.

From Procter.

CCLXXXIX.—NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose!
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life;
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plow the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends:—such death be mine!

From Montgomery.

CCXC.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

O THOU vast Ocean! ever sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.

The earth hath naught of this. No chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish. The young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his strong manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the Summer flies.

Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backward and forward by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with Heaven.

O, wonderful thou art, great element,
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
And lovely in repose. Thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach:
"Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

FROM PROCTOR.

CCXCI.—THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
  And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
  Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
  For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
  In the motionless fields of upper air;
There, with its waving blade of green,
  The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
  To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There, with a light and easy motion,
  The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
  Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
  Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
  Has made the top of the waves his own.

And when the ship from his fury flies,
  When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
  And demons are waiting the wreck on shore:
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
  The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
  Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

From Percival.

CCXCII.—THE MILLER.

CHARACTERS.—*The King, the Miller, and a courtier.*

King. (*Enters alone, wrapped in a cloak.*) No, no! this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way, undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect; I can not see better than another man, nor walk so well. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than *other* men? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south. His power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. But, hark! somebody sure is near. What is it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

(*Enter the Miller.*)

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not *I*, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. (*Aside.*) Lie, lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. (*Aloud.*) Upon my word I don't, sir.

Miller. Come, come, sir, confess. You have shot one of the king's deer, *haven't* you?

King. No, indeed. I owe the king more respect. I heard the report of a gun, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

King. Name?

Miller. Name! ay, name. You have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so. But they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer. So if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With *you!* What authority have *you* to—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood, and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way, unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. Very well, sir. I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and, since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't *deserve* it, I believe. But let me hear what you can *say* for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well. If you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this, now.

King. I am not accustomed to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court, and not lie? That's a likely story, indeed!

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, (*offering money*) and, if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier. Here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again. John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must confess, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. I pray thee, don't *thee* and *thou* me, at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend. Only I don't love to be too familiar with you, until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood. But, if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road and direct you the best I can. Or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And can not you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

(*Enter a courtier in haste.*)

Courtier. Ah! is your majesty safe? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How! Are you the king? (*Kneels.*) Your majesty will pardon the ill-usage you have received. (*The king draws his sword.*) His majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully!

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing to pardon, I am much your debtor. I can not think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood, and a pledge of my protection. And to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue!

CCXCIII.—ODE ON CECILIA'S DAY.

DIAPASON; (pro. *di-a-pa'-son*,) the whole octave in music.
JUBAL; inventor of the harp and organ. (See Bible.)
OR-PHE-US; an ancient Greek bard.
SE-QUA'-CIOUS; attendant.
CE-CIL'-IA; patron-saint of music.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
  This universal frame began;
  From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion can not music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
  His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
  To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
  Within the hollow of that shell,
  That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion can not music raise and quell?

The *trumpet's* loud clangor
  Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
  And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
  Of the thundering drum,
  Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 't is too late to retreat."

The soft complaining *flute*
  In dying notes discovers
  The woes of hapless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp *violins* proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
  Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pain and hight of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But, O! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
  The sacred *organ's* praise!
    Notes inspiring holy love,
  Notes that wing their heavenly ways
    To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
    Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
  When to her organ vocal breath was given,
  An angel heard, and straight appeared,
    Mistaking earth for heaven.

From Dryden.

CCXCIV.—DRUNKENNESS.

This is an extract from a sermon by Jeremy Taylor, a distinguished divine of the seventeenth century. He is often called the Shakspeare of divinity. The quaintness of the language observable, belongs to that period, and rather increases than diminishes the terseness and eloquence of his writing.

Every drunkard clothes his head with a mighty scorn; and makes himself lower than the meanest of his servants. The boys can laugh at him, when he is led like a cripple, directed like a blind man, and speaks like an infant, lisping with a full and spongy tongue, and empty head, and a vain and foolish heart. So cheaply doth he part with his honor for drink; for which honor he is ready to die, rather than bear it to be disparaged by another; when he himself destroys it, as bubbles that perish with the breath of children.

And is there any thing in the world so foolish as a man that is drunk? But, what an intolerable sorrow hath seized upon great portions of mankind, that this folly and madness should possess the greatest spirits, and the wittiest men, the best company, the most sensible of the word *honor*, and the most jealous of the *shadow*, and the most careless of the *thing!*

Is it not a horrid thing, that a wise, a learned, or a noble person, should dishonor himself as a fool, destroy his body as a murderer, lessen his estate as a prodigal, disgrace every good cause that he can pretend to, and become an appellative of scorn, a scene of laughter or derision, *and all*, for the reward of forgetfulness and madness? For there are, in immoderate drinking, no other pleasures.

Why do valiant men and brave personages fight and die, rather than break the laws of men, or start from their duty to their country? Why do they suffer themselves to be cut in pieces rather than deserve the name of a traitor, or perjured? And yet these very men, to avoid the hated name of *drunkard*, and to preserve their temperance, will not pour a cup of wine on the ground, when they are invited to drink by the laws of the circle or wilder company.

Methinks it were but reason, that, if to give life to uphold a cause be not too much, they should not think it too much to suffer thirst for the reputation of that cause; and therefore much rather think it but duty to be temperate for its honor, that, what they value most, be not destroyed by drink. FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

CCXCV.—THE BOWL.

Go, feel what I have felt,
  Go, bear what I have borne,
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
  And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
  Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
  The downward course to stay;

Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept
  O'er a loved father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept;
  Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen;
  Behold the strange man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
  And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his writhing glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
  And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
  Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the curs-ed cup;
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright;
And chained her there, mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know,
  All that *my soul* hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
  See if its beauty can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try;
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die.
Tell me I hate the bowl!
  Hate is a feeble word:

I loathe, abhor, my very soul
  With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.

CCXCVI.—THERE IS A GOD.

Every thing in nature proclaims the existence of a God. It is written upon the painted pebble and the variegated shell, upon every blade of grass and every leaf of the forest. It is written upon every star whose glittering sheen lights up the blue depths of the illimitable expanse, and upon every grain of sand that rests on old earth's bosom.

It is equally proclaimed by the rattling thunder, and by that "still small voice," the volcano's flash and the lightning's glare, by the cataract's roar and the gentle purling of the brook, by the rushing whirlwind and the gentle zephyr. It is proclaimed by the raging storm, prostrating and devastating every thing before it, and by the gently dropping summer shower, bringing joy and healing on its wings; by the groaning of the forest and the rustling of the corn-fields; by the angry tumult of the ocean's giant waves, and the beautiful rippling of "Leman's placid lake."

It is written on every page of nature's volume, and proclaimed by every voice that issues from her laboratory. We see throughout nature an evident unity of purpose and design, a beautiful and harmonious system of laws, so arranged, that in the universe, as illimitable as God himself, there is not the slightest clash or confusion. Millions on millions of worlds roll on in their orbits throughout space, continually passing and repassing each other, and treading their intricate mazes and devious labyrinths without ever mistaking their course, or interfering with each other. United to this is a nice adaptation of means to the end, and which point to their author as God, essential, uncreated, eternal, whom to deny is the greatest folly of which man can be guilty, and whom to confess and adore is an act of his highest wisdom.

CCXCVII.—MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer;
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my dear mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her a-ged face, I see it yet,
As thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

CCXCVIII.—SURVIVORS OF BUNKER HILL.—No. I.

This and the succeeding exercise are from Webster's speech on laying the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. He addresses the survivors present. The "great first martyr" apostrophized at the close, is General Warren, one of the most distinguished American patriots, and who was killed in the battle.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed!

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace.

The hights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber forever in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not *all* here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But you lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

> "Another morn risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Thou! the first great martyr in this great cause! Thou! the premature victim of thine own self-devoting heart! Thou! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of thine own spirit! Thou! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere thou sawest the star of thy country rise; pouring out thy generous blood like water, before thou knewest whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!

Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wherever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be, to claim kindred with thy spirit!

From Webster.

CCXCIX.—SURVIVORS OF BUNKER HILL.—No. II.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this.

At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them!

And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad into this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled. Yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind! FROM WEBSTER.

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